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- ART. I.—1. *Census Bulletin No. 106.* Washington: Department of the Interior.
2. *The American Siberia; or, Fourteen Years' Experience in a Southern Convict Camp.* By J. C. POWELL, Captain of the Florida Convict Camp. Chicago: 1891.
3. *The New York State Reformatory in Elmira.* By ALEXANDER WINTER. London: 1891.

IT is one of the results of the quick transmission of news from place to place in this age that men concentrate their attention on events for a short time. They come suddenly on the mind, but they as quickly fade away again. When a number of Italians were lynched at New Orleans in the spring of 1890, the attention of the civilised world fixed itself on this event, and the administration of justice in the United States suddenly entered into the thoughts of all who follow the circumstances of the time. But the surprise which was aroused on this side of the Atlantic was soon obliterated by other events. We do not propose now to re-enter in detail upon the discussion of this particular circumstance; it was, after all, only one of a series of similar occurrences which are continually taking place in the United States. It obtained an ephemeral and unusual notice from the fact that it tended to cause international complications, but stripped of these particular accessories it cannot be regarded as an extraordinary event. This may appear a somewhat sweeping assertion, but there cannot be a doubt that any general examination and consideration of the present state of the criminal law of the United States will show that, great as has been in many respects the progress

of the Republic, she has degenerated as a law-abiding community.

It may be well in the first place to ascertain, if possible, what is the state of crime in the United States. We are met at once by a difficulty. The great Republic of the West does not possess any publication which sets forth the judicial statistics of the nation. Without statistics it is impossible for the country to form an opinion of its progress or its retrogression, and it is amazing that a nation of great wealth like the United States has not long ago insisted on the compilation of trustworthy criminal statistics. This absence of actual statistics is made more remarkable since we have only to cross the frontiers of the United States into Canada to find ourselves in possession of full and well-grouped figures. The Canadian criminal statistics are made up to September in each year, and are published in a volume much more convenient in form than that to which we are accustomed in this country. They are so arranged as to show the character of crime in the several provinces and in the entire Dominion, and the report is printed both in the French and English languages. We repeat that one of the first duties of an administration is the compilation and publication of such statistics, and that until the Government of the United States issues a complete and trustworthy volume on the subject year by year, it is impossible that those charged with the administration of justice can have either certain grounds on which to base charges, or can test the efficiency of existing methods of dealing with the criminals of the country.

So far as figures are obtainable, they show that crime in the United States is on the increase. According to Census Bulletin No. 31, the ratio of penitentiary convicts to the population in 1880 was 709 per million. In 1890 it has risen to a ratio of 722, being an increase of 13 per million in the decade; and, says the same document, 'The number of leased prisoners in the South has almost doubled in ten years.' Of these leased prisoners we shall have more to say in a later part of this article. In a pamphlet recently issued by the Howard Association, stronger indications of the increase of crime in the United States are given. 'American criminality is so alarmingly increasing,' says the writer, 'that, whereas in 1850 every million inhabitants of the United States only contributed 290 prisoners, the proportion had risen to 853 in 1870, and as high as 1,169 in 1880. The census of 1890 appears to indicate a still further in-

'crease of criminality, there being 10,000 more convicts * than in 1880.'* These figures, it will be observed, only relate to the number of convicts actually tried and brought to justice. They afford no evidence at all of the number of criminals who escape detection and punishment altogether; and no doubt can be entertained that from the inefficiency of the police, and the absence of any central authority for the protection of life and property, the proportion of offenders who are never laid hold on is extremely large.

But there are general indications from figures which make us conclude not only that crime had increased in these ten years, but also that in the Republic as a whole it had become of a worse description. In 1880 the percentage of life sentences was 5·06; in 1890 it was 6·33; there was likewise an increase in 1890 in the sentences for 20 years and over, and for 10 to 19 years.† Severe sentences ought to be considered as an index to the character of the crime, and judged by this and the preceding test of numbers, we are obliged to conclude that in the United States crime is on the increase, both in amount and in kind. It may, on the other hand, be urged that the criminal statistics of the United States are of an incomplete character, and that a cause also of the apparent increase in crime for the period ending with the year 1890 is that the police have become more efficient, and that consequently more criminals are brought to trial. This argument, though specious, is one which cannot be supported by figures; it is the opinion, on the contrary, of competent and calm observers, that the number of criminals who escape punishment is large, and that crime is on the increase. Therefore, whether we base our conclusions on figures or on the mere assertions of well-informed men, we must conclude, however reluctantly, that crime is increasing both in amount and degree in the United States.

But whilst we take this view of the United States as a whole, there is no doubt that investigation shows that in some States the criminal condition is worse in appearance than it is in fact. Mr. Warren P. Spalding, Secretary to the Massachusetts Board of Commissioners, in an interesting paper in the 'Forum' of January 1892, defends the conduct of that State. He admits at the outset that since 1838 the population has trebled, whilst the prison popula-

* The Collegiate and Hotel Prisons of the United States, 1891.

† Census Bulletin No. 106.

tion has increased sevenfold. In 1838 it was 1 in 822; in 1851, 1 in 606; in 1861, 1 in 467; and in 1890, 1 in 309. In fact, to quote Mr. Spalding's words, 'the number of criminals increased almost twice as rapidly as the population did.' On the other hand the rate of increase of criminals during the latter part has been less than in the first years of the century. Thus, from 1838 the increase was 76 per cent., whilst from 1861 to 1890 it was 19 per cent. But the first set of figures are the most important, and they show a clear increase of crime in this State. But the increase has been in moral rather than in serious crime, or, to use Mr. Spalding's words, in 'vice' and not in crime. Between 1881 and 1890 the increase in commitments for offences against the person was about 8 per cent., in offences against property 14 per cent. In the same period the population increased 25 per cent. The vast increase in mere viciousness is shown by the increase in commitments for drunkenness: in 1880 they numbered 10,962; in 1890, 25,686. Further, it is clear that foreign-born persons are those who to the largest extent supply the State of Massachusetts with criminals.

We have taken these figures as Mr. Spalding gives them. He intends that they should prove that the criminal condition of the State is not so bad as at a first glance it may appear. This consolation may be granted to him, but the striking fact remains that the prison population has increased sevenfold, and that the state of order and sobriety has vastly deteriorated. We have not now to decide between the advocates of rival prison systems: whether punitive or reformatory systems are the best is not the question. We are face to face with the fact that even in the old and quiet State of Massachusetts there is an increasing population of those who have passed through prisons. If this is the condition of a state where men study statistics and prison systems, can we have any doubt what it is in states where these things are not cared for?

A comparison of the statistics, so far as they are available, of the United States, may be profitably made with those of the Dominion of Canada, a country in which it would be natural to expect that the condition of crime would not be dissimilar to that of her neighbour. We find, however, that as against the 722 convicts per million of the United States, there are but 1 per 4,247 persons in Canada, which is a very large and marked difference in favour of the Dominion. The result, then, is that crime is on the increase in the

United States. The Federal Constitution of the Union contains no provision for the administration of criminal justice. There is no criminal law common to the whole country. The Federal Courts and their officers have no criminal jurisdiction, except in the case of offences against the revenue laws. When, as in Louisiana, a gross outrage and crime has been committed on foreigners, the Federal Government can only declare the inability of any Federal tribunal to afford redress or to punish the offenders. Each state has its own legislature and executive, its own body of law, its own system of procedure, and its own courts of justice. Thus from Montana to Florida there is neither uniformity of law nor of administration, so that, for example, if an improvement occurs in one state it does not necessarily take place in another. The executive officers, too, are either chosen by popular election or are nominated by the governor of the state (himself the creature of the electorate), who never holds office for more than four years.* Hence there is no possibility of a consistent and continuous course of administration whether of police or of prisons. The judges may be selected for longer periods—though some are no more than two years in office—but they are likewise the nominees of the political caucus, and a magistrate must, therefore, ‘keep on good terms with those who have made him what he is and in whose hands his fortunes lie.’ Hence the administration of justice is weak and faulty, and great numbers of the population are lawless in fact, and without respect for the law; they are not—to use a phrase well known in this country, and of which we may be proud—‘law-abiding’ men. In spite of the increase in the material prosperity of the United States, respect for law does not advance in the same ratio as the wealth of the community. It is said by some persons that this lawlessness is characteristic of lately settled lands. This is one excuse which is given for lynching by Mr. Bryce in his well-known work, in which we may observe that he passes over this question of the administration of the criminal law, and of the state of crime in the United States, in almost absolute silence; discreet it may be in an admirer of the Republic, but not judicious in the case of a critic who desires to be regarded as impartial. But Mr. Bryce goes further and treats lynching as though it were a method of justice free from technicalities, and not much open to censure.

In sixteen states the governor holds office for two years only.

'Lynch law is not unknown in more civilised regions, such as Indiana and Ohio. Now lynch law, however shocking it may seem to Europeans and New Englanders, is far removed from arbitrary violence. According to the testimony of careful observers, it is very seldom abused, and its proceedings are generally conducted with some regularity of form as well as fairness of spirit.*

* It is sometimes well to test assertions such as this by actual facts. Would Mr. Bryce consider this act of lynching and of barbarous cruelty 'far removed from arbitrary violence'?

A woman had been assaulted by a negro in Texas. After a search for a week, those in pursuit came across a negro named Coy, whom they suspected. 'He was at once confronted with his victim, Mrs. Jewell identifying him without the slightest hesitation. It was then decided to hang him forthwith, and, surrounded by an angry mob, he was marched through the main streets of the city in the direction of the place selected for his execution.

'On the way one of the leaders was about to put a rope round his neck, when a shout went up, "Burn him!" The cry was immediately taken up, and repeated by a hundred throats. When near the post office a man, who had hold of the rope, which in the meantime had been placed on the prisoner's neck, attempted to mount a telegraph pole with it. He was seized by the foot, and dragged to the ground.

"Burn him! Burn him!" went up the cry again and again.

'It was evident that death by fire would be the only thing likely to appease the multitude. Several leading citizens mounted a box, and told the mob that if they decided to burn the wretch, they should, at least, for the sake of their wives and children, take him outside the city and do it in some quiet spot. This had the desired effect, and the cry turned to "Out of town with him! Burn him! Burn him!"

'Another start was then made, and, followed by the howling mob, Coy was taken outside the city limits. When just beyond the tracks of the Iron Mountain Railway a halt was made. There a stump of a tree about ten feet high stood in a large open space. To this the negro was immediately bound with iron fastenings, and then the contents of several cans of kerosene oil were poured over him.

"Let his victim apply the match!" cried out some one.

"Let Mrs. Jewell set fire to him!" was shouted back by every man in the crowd. A clear space had been left round the doomed wretch. Suddenly out of the crowd, and greeted with cheers and shrieks of enthusiasm, Mrs. Jewell emerged. She looked pale, but determined, and was supported on either side by a male relation. She walked to the place of execution, where her assailant was pinioned, struck a match, and applied it to the negro's clothes in two places. In a few moments Coy was wrapped in flames, and ultimately died in fearful agony shrieking for mercy. Mrs. Jewell stood facing him with her arms folded until he died.

'The crowd which actually witnessed and assisted at this horrible

'What are the circumstances? Those highly technical rules of judicial procedure, and still more technical rules of evidence, which America owes to the English Common Law, and which have in some States retained antiquated minutiae, now expunged from English practice, or been rendered by new legislation too favourable to prisoners, have to be applied in districts where population is thin, and where there are very few officers either for the apprehension of offenders or for the hunting up of evidence against them, and where, according to common belief, both judges and juries are occasionally "squared or got at." Many crimes would go unpunished, if some more speedy and efficient method of dealing with them were not adopted. This method is found in a volunteer jury, summoned by the leading local citizens, or, in very clear cases, by the seizure and execution of the criminal. Why not create an efficient police? Because crime is uncommon in many districts—in such a district, for instance, as the rural part of Illinois—and the people have deliberately concluded that it is cheaper and simpler to take the law into their own hands on those rare occasions when a police is needed, than to be at the trouble of organising and paying a force for which there is usually no employment. If it be urged that they are thus forming a habit of lawlessness in themselves, the Americans reply that experience does not seem to make this probable, because lawlessness does not increase among the farming population, and has disappeared from places where the rudeness or simplicity of society has formerly rendered lynch law necessary.' (Bryce, vol. i. p. 452.)

It is certain, however, that facts prove that this defence will not hold water. Without going into the details, it would be enough to refer to the New Orleans lynching case. In this instance the crime was committed not in a sparsely populated and wild frontier district, but in a city, a capital of a state, and a large commercial centre. The city prison was broken into, the ringleaders were men of respectable position; it was an instance of pure mob law, and of an absolute disregard for the most elementary rules of civilised life. In such a social state as is compatible with an event like this, life and property are unsafe, for there can be no real security, except by the regular administration of the criminal law. It would appear at this time of day hardly necessary to assert such an elementary proposition of civilised life, were it not that what may be termed 'illegal' justice is so common in the United States, and is excused, if not defended, by apparently reasonable men, and is likely to attract the less thoughtful and more violent members of a democratic community. It is, therefore, apposite to cite the

scene could not have been less than 4,000. Some estimate it as high as 6,000.'

view of a great American upon the necessity of the regular administration of justice, for we live in a time when, in America at any rate, the passions of the multitude are easily excited, and when men 'demand their victim with a clamorous precipitancy.'

'The great object of a trial by jury in criminal cases,' writes Chief Justice Story, 'is to guard against a spirit of oppression and tyranny on the part of rulers, and against a spirit of violence and vindictiveness on the part of the people. Indeed, it is often more important to guard against the latter than the former. The sympathies of all mankind are enlisted against the revenge and fury of a single despot, and every attempt will be made to screen his victims. But how difficult is it to escape from the vengeance of an indignant people roused into hatred by unfounded calumnies, or stimulated to cruelty by bitter political enmities or unmeasured jealousies! The appeal for safety can, under such circumstances, scarcely be made by innocence in any other manner than by the severe control of courts of justice, and by the firm and impartial verdict of a jury sworn to do right, and guided solely by legal evidence and a sense of duty. In such a course there is a double security against the prejudices of judges, who may partake of the wishes and opinions of the Government, and against the passions of the multitude, who may demand their victim with a clamorous precipitancy.' (Story's 'Const. of U.S.,' sect. v. 777.)

Lynching is at once a cause and a consequence of a barbarous and uncivilised tone in the public mind in regard to justice. Such a practice cannot exist without degrading the public temper in respect of the rights of person and of life, and it is inevitable that as long as it is tolerated it must continually induce individuals to take the law in single cases into their own hands, and cause the community at large to regard with leniency, and even with approval, murders which wear a specious appearance of retribution, and it may even be of rough justice. The vicious action and reaction thus go on, and the whole national tone in regard to justice and order is debased.

The views of the ordinary traveller are of little value, but there are some specially gifted and observant men who do not fall within this class. The late Mr. Freeman, the historian, is certainly one of those whose views and opinions are entitled to weight, and in his 'Impressions of the United States,' wherein is described a visit to America between October 1881 and April 1882, are to be found some observations on this subject worthy of careful consideration. Mr. Freeman begins by the remark (p. 100), 'The Americans are on the whole surely a law-abiding people.' But the final view of the

historian appears to be different from the initial opinion, for he proceeds :—

‘ On the other hand, one sometimes hears in America of breaches of the law of a peculiar kind, which certainly have nothing like them in this country. I do not mean mere outbreaks of popular indignation against particular persons. The American papers, while I was in the country, contained a good many ugly stories in these ways ; but I dare say it would have been easy to cap each of them by stories of the same kind in England, or, at any rate, elsewhere in Europe. I mean outrages directly committed against the law itself. I read an account how, not in any wild place in the Far West, but in so respectable a place as Ohio, a man committed for trial on a charge of murder, but not yet tried, was taken out of prison by a mob and hanged. And this case did not stand alone. I heard of other cases of prisons being in this way forced, even of officers of justice being killed in resisting this specially lawless form of violence.’ *

* The following recent example shows that ten years has made no improvement in the State of Ohio. In a civilised State it is probable the mental condition of the lynched man would have been found to be the cause of his crime :—

‘ Findlay (Ohio), March 31, 1892.

‘ A terrible case of murder, followed by lynching, has occurred here. On Sunday last Joseph Lytle, an inmate of the National Soldiers’ Home at Dayton, having obtained leave of absence, arrived here and visited the home of his divorced wife. He remained quietly in the house until yesterday, when, without any warning, he suddenly made a murderous attack upon his daughters, Della and Emma, who were at breakfast. He dealt the former a terrible blow on the head with a hatchet, which he had sharpened on Monday, crushing in her skull. He then attacked his other daughter, but she dodged the blow aimed at her, and escaped with a slight wound. The murderer then rushed at his wife, who, although an invalid, struggled desperately with him, trying to avoid the blows of his hatchet. He struck her six times on the head without breaking her skull, but one cut severed a finger. The woman at length sank down exhausted, and Lytle then crushed in her skull. After smashing the piano and other furniture in the house Lytle surrendered to the police. No motive for the crimes can be imagined. When the tragedy became known the people grew furious, and a howling crowd of about 1,000 persons soon assembled outside the gaol in which the man was confined. Stones were thrown at the building, and the windows broken, but Lytle’s cell could not be reached. Oil-well drills were then procured, and the doors of the gaol forced. The mob rushed into the prison, and were directed to the murderer’s cell by Lytle himself, who called out to them, and seems to have expected the vengeance of the people. It took nearly an hour to batter down the cell door, as the mob did not attempt to get the sheriff’s keys. When, however, the cell was at last thrown open, Lytle was dragged out and taken to a bridge a short distance off. On arriving

Mr. Freeman then goes on to speak of 'the Garfield 'Avengers,' and the attempted murder of Guiteau by one of the soldiers who were guarding him, and he next proceeds to consider whether this species of law-breaking is a characteristic of a democratic country—whether the historian of the Norman Conquest is, or is not, of this opinion, seems uncertain. 'It is possible,' he writes (p. 103), 'that men 'may fancy that by taking the law into their own hands 'they are assisting their rights as the original source of 'law,' and he then, perhaps unnecessarily, for it is self-evident, proceeds to combat the wrong-headedness of such a view.

Mr. Freeman hints again at 'a certain weakness in the 'administration of the law' as a possible cause of lawlessness; he thought that 'on the whole human life was less 'thought of in America than it is in England.' Therefore, we find an acute observer, who is bound to note facts and to draw inferences, struck with the large mass of ordinary crime, struck also with the unrestrained outbreaks of pure lawlessness. We find him groping for the causes of this state of things, but arriving at no definite conclusion. The observations and searchings of such a man as Mr. Freeman are full of interest, and they tend to show, though not, we may admit, to prove, that Americans are in truth not a law-abiding people—that the democratic system is under some circumstances not favourable to law and order, and that the system of lynch law has weakened respect for human life and produced a contempt for the regular administration of justice.

It must be confessed, too, that it is strange that a people which desires to be regarded as law-abiding should allow a fundamental part of the constitution to be violated with impunity and with approval. Article V. of the amendments of the Constitution enacts that 'no person shall be . . . 'deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of 'law.' Article VI. amplifies the preceding article by enact-

there the people placed a rope round his neck, and threw the end over a cross-piece. As the wretched man was being hauled up, a revolver shot, fired by a man in the crowd, severed the rope, and he fell to the ground. He was quickly raised again, however, and hustled to a telegraph pole, where the lynching was completed. Lytle left a note in his cell, asking that his body might be handed over to his brother, and that he might be buried beside his mother. Lytle was much addicted to drink, and was sentenced to a term of imprisonment some time ago for shooting his little son.'

ing that the accused shall, among other rights, have that of being informed of the nature and cause of the accusation, and confronted with the witnesses against him, of having compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favour, and of having the assistance of counsel in his defence. When a man suspected of having committed some crime is tried, if it can be so termed, and executed under lynch law, he is deprived of every one of these fundamental constitutional rights; so far as he is concerned the constitution is mere waste paper, the advantages of civilisation have disappeared, and for a time he is the victim of a barbarism in some sense more shocking, because it is veiled under a semblance of justice, and is found, not in an uncivilised region, but in a wealthy and prosperous republic.

As we have already pointed out, the attention of the western world was attracted for a time very strongly to the lynching at New Orleans. No doubt that was a remarkable example of the general lawlessness which is characteristic of the United States. But instances of the same thing are of constant occurrence—they may be read by anyone who will take the trouble to search the newspapers day by day. These, forming as they do incidents in the daily life of the American people, are examples of greater weight than the single instance at New Orleans, in which racial dislikes probably played a part. Mr. Freeman refers to the respectable State of Ohio. Here is an instance from Alabama. A certain Hawes, accused of the murder of his wife and child, near Birmingham, in Alabama, was confined in the gaol of that place. The mob attacked the building about midnight, and were only repulsed by the guard firing several volleys upon them, whereby nine men were killed and several others wounded. On the following day order was preserved by five hundred militiamen patrolling the town. Moreover, by way of encouraging upholders of justice, the sheriff, who was responsible for the untried prisoner, was arrested on a charge of murder!* Here we have a glaring instance of the mob desiring a victim, to use Chief Justice Story's exact phrase, 'with clamorous precipitancy.'

A gaol attacked by a mob, a building defended by guards with firearms, some of the mob killed, and the sheriff arrested, is scarcely a picture of law and order. Let us see what can happen to a sheriff who attempts to do his duty on a common occasion, for burglars are not unknown in this

* *Times*, December 10 and 11, 1888.

country. Mr. White, a deputy sheriff, had not long ago to arrest two burglars at Clinton, Missouri; he was shot dead, and the men escaped.*

Leaving the officers of the law, let us see what happens to railway travellers. A World's Fair—the apex of civilisation—is shortly to be held at Chicago; but on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul's Railway a train was robbed at one o'clock on the morning of November 12, 1891. The robbers boarded the train at a small wayside station about 23 miles from Milwaukee, broke into the express car, and carried off a quantity of specie. Two of the gang threatened to shoot the engine-driver and fireman, and then burst open the door of the car with dynamite bombs.† So late as the middle of January these robbers had not, according to information* furnished by the company, been arrested.

Let us turn to another phase of life—to the home of the lawyer and the office of the journalist. On March 18, 1891, the 'Times' chronicles how one Judge Dobbs shot his son-in-law at Chattanooga, Tennessee, and on the 23rd of the same month the same paper told us how a certain Hardenstein, an editor, was shot by a person named Cashman at Vicksburg. We may complete this series of incidents by a story of lynching in Arkansas, in which nine negroes lost their lives:—

'The pursuit of a striking band of negro cotton pickers, who had killed Inspector Miller, of the Fran Plantation, and burned the gin house, has had a tragic ending, though not an unexpected one. After a day of desultory shooting and bush fighting, nine of the fugitives were captured, and Sheriff Derick left Cat Island with them to lock them up in the county gaol. The sheriff had a posse of deputy sheriffs and citizens acting as guards. The party had gone but a short distance from Cat Island, however, before a troop of men armed with Winchester rifles and revolvers came galloping up, and, surrounding the party, demanded the prisoners.

'In view of the prevailing state of public opinion, the sheriff deemed it better to surrender the fugitives rather than begin an affray which would have entailed much bloodshed. The prisoners were accordingly handed over to the troop, who took them away into the woods. After riding a short distance the party stopped, and without any ceremony began hanging the entire band. They were strung up without benefit of clergy; the men, as they waited their turn, praying for mercy and protesting their innocence. No appeals were listened to, however, and the entire nine were left hanging to limbs of trees or dead upon the ground. The lynching party were all citizens of the county, and re-

* 'New York Times,' November 11, 1891.

† 'Times,' November 13, 1891.

solved upon this action to check, if possible, the long series of negro outrages which have made life and property unsafe in the plantation districts. The negroes throughout this district are in the majority, and whenever they become possessed of arms are a menace to plantation owners and the whites in general. The strike for higher wages for cotton picking has not only thrown them all out of employment, but has developed a latent spirit of lawlessness. It is believed that the summary action of the lynching party will have a salutary effect upon the negroes throughout the State." ('Times,' October 2, 1891.)

It will be noticed that every one of the prisoners was hanged, but that only one person—namely, Inspector Miller—had been murdered in the first instance. It is, therefore, impossible to suppose that every one of these nine men was guilty in an equal degree, and it is more than probable that one or more of them was entirely innocent. It is thus difficult to regard this incident except as a bloodthirsty and lawless outrage done regardless of all the rules of justice, and calculated to increase racial hatred and to cause the negro population of the district to hatch schemes of revenge. There is yet another point in this instance which should not be lost sight of. The murder of Inspector Miller arose from a state of lawlessness among the negro population. Thus it is clear that the primary cause of the two outrages was an imperfect state of police administration in Arkansas.

Another incident, which occurred on December 21 last, is noteworthy. The facts are concisely stated in the 'Times' of December 23, 1891 :—

'A few masked men yesterday entered the gaol at Dewitt, Arkansas, and shot and killed three men, named J. Smith, Floyd Gregory, and Mose Henderson, the last being a negro.

'Smith's wife recently succeeded in obtaining a divorce from her husband, and one night, shortly afterwards, Henderson went to the house in which the woman was living and shot her, but without inflicting a fatal wound. The negro subsequently confessed that Smith had hired him to murder his wife, promising him a generous reward. Smith and his son-in-law, Gregory, were thereupon arrested, the latter being charged with guiding the negro to the house. It is thought that a rumour that Smith and Gregory would be released on bail led to the lynching of the prisoners. The police have no clue to the men who entered the prison.'

It is well to note these facts with some care : they show an extraordinary but chronic state of complete lawlessness in the State of Arkansas. The divorced wife is shot in her own house by the negro Henderson. An attempted murder is not in itself a matter for wonderment on either side of the Atlantic, but this instance is remarkable from the fact that

the would-be assassin was hired to commit a murder with as little difficulty as a bravo in mediæval Italy. Then comes the arrest of the supposed criminals, which in its turn is followed by the lynching of the prisoners in the prison itself. According to the above facts, there was nothing but the confession of the negro Henderson (on his own showing an unmitigated ruffian) to convict Smith and Gregory of having connived at the attempted murder. It is possible they were guilty men; it is possible they were innocent; it is not certain that if guilty they were criminals of equal degree. Yet while awaiting their trial they are killed by a band of citizens with as little hesitation as if they were vermin on a farm—with a semblance of a trial and in absolute defiance of the simplest principles of justice and of a fundamental article of the Constitution of the United States.

There is, therefore, clearly found in this State imperfect police administration arising from a carelessness in the minds of the citizens, and a preference for rude methods of imperfect justice calculated to increase rather than diminish permanent lawlessness. For the troop of men mentioned in the first example might have done something as citizens to improve the administration of criminal justice in this State. Instead, they adopt this rude method of killing innocent and guilty together, and thus familiarise still more the public mind with a method of so-called justice subversive of all true principles of law and order. This cheapness and simplicity, as it is termed by Mr. Bryce, undeniably must cause innocent men to be murdered.

It is not easy to follow out all these incidents on this side the Atlantic, but there is an instance which it may be desirable to recall which shows how an innocent man may be sacrificed by this so-called method of justice.

‘Fifty-two years ago, in the woods of Otawa county, Michigan, a knife and gun were found, and identified as the property of a trapper known as “Handsome Smuggles.” There was blood on the knife, and the finder thought he saw traces of a conflict. Nothing was heard of Smuggles, though the forest was scoured by searching parties; and it was finally decided not only that he was dead, but that a log chopper, named Chester Holden, had killed him. The supposed murderer was hanged to a tree by a mob of lumbermen. The other day an old gentleman, more than ninety years of age, arrived on the spot, and it was discovered that he was no other than “Handsome Smuggles,” re-visiting his old haunts. It appears, according to a correspondent at Grand Haven, Milwaukee, that, when a young man, “Smuggles” quarrelled with his brother over the division of a farm they had inherited from their father near Boston, and struck out alone for the

west, settling down as a trapper. One day, on going to the town of Grand Rapids to sell some furs, he learnt that his brother was dead, and, without returning to his cabin in the wood, he set off on foot for the east. He had never heard of the tragic sequel to his sudden departure, and the old man was much affected when he was told that a young man, whom he distinctly remembered, had been hanged as his murderer more than half a century since.*

It would be unjust not to admit that both lynch law and fatal fights are not altogether unnatural when groups of men assemble in comparatively unpopulated regions, and when a police and a judicial administration can yet scarcely exist. But acts of mob violence and of individual revenge, of which we have given a few instances, which might be indefinitely multiplied, are not found only on the confines of American civilisation among the newly cleared patches of the settler; they take place all over the United States, and they are a sign, as has been pointed out, at once of a weak administration of justice, and a general contempt for some of the first rules of law and order. In Canada, in the Australian colonies of the British Empire, this turbulent lawlessness is absent; it is therefore not a necessary feature in young communities or in very democratic societies. The reason for it must be sought in some special circumstances of the United States, and there can be little doubt that among the causes is the character of criminal justice in that country; the position of the judiciary is calculated to cause this bad public tone to increase.

Justice is slow and uncertain; the nature of the Republic places difficulties in the way of bringing offenders to trial; the Bench does not possess the real confidence of the people. These things would in themselves have a strong tendency to weaken the right feeling of the community. When they are united with a rude population in the sparsely populated portion of the Republic, and with a tide of emigration containing very lawless men, we have all the elements likely to produce a chronic state of lawlessness.

It is time to turn to some of the more glaring imperfections which exist in the criminal law of the United States. A cause of delay in bringing criminals to justice and of their complete escape in some instances arises from the federal character of the Republic. A person who commits a crime in State A, and before arrest betakes himself into State B, must be tried in State A. But in order that he may be

* 'Times,' November 11, 1891.

tried there the process of interstate extradition must be gone through. The Governor of State A must demand the accused person from the Governor of State B, and in order to justify his extradition the form of the law must be strictly complied with and a *prima facie* case of guilt must be shown by indictment found or by affidavit. But all such technical and official procedure as this at the best of times causes delay, acting as a hindrance to the rapid conviction of offenders. The enormous development of railway communication has of late years made this procedure an even greater hindrance to justice. A man may be first in one State and then in another, so that a cunning criminal may from the very nature of the Constitution of the Republic for a time keep out of the clutches of the police. But when such a hindrance exists it has not only a direct but an indirect effect by giving immunity to criminals. Men will not take the trouble to set the police on the trail of offenders when they know full well that there are so many opportunities for their escape. There are plenty of easy-going people who will only shrug their shoulders and leave the criminal to himself. A man gains nothing by prosecuting a criminal; he must be influenced either by a spirit of revenge or by a strong desire for the triumph of justice if he goes much out of his way merely to prosecute a criminal by whom he has been injured, and any such hindrance as that just stated forms an admirable excuse for lethargy in bringing a criminal to justice.

But it has yet other effects: it causes to be left at large a number of criminals who would otherwise have been prevented from committing further crime, or who would have been deterred by punishment from repetition of their offence. And while it thus helps to increase the criminal classes, leaving men who may be either habitual or occasional criminals at large, it also necessarily tends to weaken the respect for the law. It is, however, a national defect which is not likely to be cured; it arises from the particular form of the Constitution.

Another consequence of the character of the Constitution of the United States is the absence of uniformity in the criminal law. In some States capital punishment exists, in others it does not, and it may be stated as an indisputable fact that in every State differences both of law and practice are to be found. To take another example: In the State of New York the sentence is pronounced by the bench; in Iowa, since 1878, in murder cases the jury determine whether the punishment shall be death or imprisonment

for life; in the State of Illinois the sentence is pronounced by the jury; an instance, and a very remarkable one, of this practice is to be found in the Cronin case. It is impossible to conceive a worse system than the infliction of punishment by a jury; it altogether prevents any uniformity of punishment, or any infliction of it corresponding to the nature of the criminal act. It opens the door to popular influences, and it is only in degree removed from lynch law itself.

Mr. Bryce admits that 'the frequent failures to convict criminals, or punish them when convicted, are attributable not so much either to weakness or partiality on a judge's part, as to the tenderness of juries and the inordinate delays and complexity of criminal procedure.' The wrongful 'tenderness of juries' has even greater scope in sentencing criminals than in not convicting them.

Exact uniformity of sentence is not, it may fairly be admitted, to be found even in a small country such as England, but the discrepancies of punishments in the different states of the Union are very striking.

'The differences,' we quote from Census Bulletin No. 106, 'between the average sentences in different States are a surprise. They range from 2 years and 356 days in Rhode Island to 12 years and 116 days in Mississippi, and seem to be governed by no discoverable law. States which join each other, and in which the conditions are presumably similar, manifest differences in this regard, which are unexplained. For instance, the average sentence in New Hampshire is 2 years and 141 days more than in Maine, or about 50 per cent. greater.'

It is unquestionable that if the sentences for a given period at half a dozen quarter sessions in England were taken they would differ in a manner not always explainable by a plain rule. Therefore too much stress should not be laid on these differences. On the other hand there are indications to be found which tend to show the difference in the views of law and order which are held in different States. Thus in Rhode Island there were nine life sentences among an aggregate of 122 penitentiary convicts. In Arkansas, which is notorious for murder and lynching, out of an aggregate of 832 penitentiary convicts there were only ten life sentences. But an intelligent administration of justice cannot exist without uniformity of punishment, and such uniformity, it is obvious, is not to be found in the United States.

Justice, as we have said, is slow, but not with a deliberate

and certain tread in order to prevent innocent men from suffering wrong, but with the limping and uncertain gait which prevents the punishment of the guilty. The country suffers, to use the words of Mr. Hayes, a former President of the United States, in his address at the Annual Congress of the United States Prison Society in November 1889, from 'laxity and delay fostered by the law itself, which 'emboldens offenders and leads to lawless violence.' Take for example the New York Code of 1881. Let us note the opportunities which a criminal has under it of escaping from the meshes of the law. He may demur to the indictment. This is not a hopeful plan of campaign in most cases. But after he has been tried and convicted, there are a number of avenues of escape open to him. He may file a bill of exceptions; or he may move for a new trial on two grounds, either that because, as he alleges, the verdict is against the weight of evidence, or because he has fresh evidence to adduce, which will, as he alleges, alter the verdict. But if these grounds fail him, he has yet open to him the ordinary procedure by way of appeal.

The results of this procedure have been well summarised by Mr. Bryce. In most States he says—

'there exist much wider facilities for setting aside the verdict of a jury, by raising all sorts of points of law, than are permitted by the law and practice of England. Such facilities have been, and are, abused, to the great detriment of the community.' (Ch. xl. 11.)

It is well to exemplify this statement by concrete instances, since theoretical objections to a system, whether legal or social, are not always found to be supported by facts. We take an instance not from the lawless South or the badly policed West, but from the State of New York. In 1891 Dr. H. J. McGonegal was convicted by a jury of manslaughter of an aggravated character. The victim was a young girl upon whom the prisoner had effected an unlawful operation, and after death took away the body at night time. After the conviction Dr. McGonegal was allowed to go out on bail by Judge Barlow of Brooklyn on a bond to the amount of \$5,000; the judge, says the report from which we take the facts, reiterating his belief in the prisoner's innocence, and declaring that the conviction would not be affirmed. Affirmed, however, it was by the General Term of the Supreme Court, each of the judges who formed the Court being clearly of opinion that there was not one single reason for altering the verdict of the jury. The prisoner had meanwhile been at large for several months, and it is stated had even in this

interval practised his profession. As soon as the conviction was affirmed a bench warrant was applied for, but the prisoner had fled. Therefore we find the following points very clearly shown: After verdict a great delay in considering the conviction, the machinery of appeals used merely for the purpose of delay: a convicted prisoner of the worst description at large; and finally the practice of bail wrongly applied by the bench, and employed by the prisoner as a means of escaping from justice. For though McGonegal's surety was liable in the sum of 1,000*l.*, a man in the position of this hardened criminal would not hesitate to pay the sum for his freedom.* Here again is a further example, which might not inappropriately find a place in a comic opera. A trial took place at the beginning of this year of a man named Harris for the murder of his wife. The doctor who attended the man's wife was called, whereupon objection was taken by the advocate for Harris that this evidence was inadmissible without the consent of the representative of the person treated by the medical man: this person was the accused, who of course refused his consent. So serious the objection appeared that the Recorder of New York reserved his decision.†

Another remarkable instance exists in the so-called Cronin case, in which five men, Burke, O'Sullivan, Coughlin, Beggs, and Kunze, were charged with the murder of Dr. Cronin. The proceedings began at Chicago on August 30, 1889; for many days the challenging of the jurors on behalf of the prisoners and the State continued, the ground of such challenges being that the men summoned were not impartial, as they were already acquainted with the facts of the case from the public prints. After the Court had sat for nine days, 285 talesmen had been summoned and not a single juror had been chosen; it was not until October 22 that the trial really began, seven weeks having been spent on the preliminaries, and it was not till December 16 that the verdict was given, several months after the dismissal of the proceedings. A new trial was applied for, and the motion was heard on January 14, 1890. It was granted in the case of the prisoner Kunze only. But it is remarkable that one day sufficed for the hearing of this motion, although the investigation of the facts had taken many days. The length of the proceedings and the hearing of the motion can scarcely be satisfactorily

* See 'New York Herald,' January 1, 1892, and other issues.

† Ibid.

reconciled. On the day that the motion was decided the judge confirmed the sentence of the jury against the four remaining prisoners; he gave them at the same time sixty days in which to file a bill of exceptions for argument before the Supreme Court of Illinois. But the proceedings do not seem to have been carried further. The important fact, however, for notice is the extraordinary delay caused by technical methods of defence, and the general laxity of the entire proceedings, which had little of the dignity of justice. This will be more obvious by the following description by one who writes as an eyewitness of the scene. Some of the newspapers, it should first be stated, illustrated their report by cartoons and caricatures.

‘These pictures are at times quite amusing, and are sketched in the court. When they appear they are circulated about the room as the case goes on, and the artist who has made a hit receives congratulations on all hands, including the lawyers, and at times the prisoners.’ (*Times*, September 24, 1889.)

Here is a further illustration of the decision of this Court which occurred at St. Joseph M.O. on December 30. We state the facts as shortly as possible: they speak for themselves.

‘Circuit Court, before Judge Burke. *St. Joseph Milling Co. v. W. N. Patton*. Judge Charles Crow for plaintiff. Defendant in the box, who did not answer Judge Crow’s questions satisfactorily, whereupon the advocate called him a liar. Defendant jumped to his feet, when Crow drew a revolver from his pocket. His arm was seized by the bailiff, who took the revolver from his hand. Judge Crow then gave himself up to the sheriff, and,’ continues the report, ‘the business of the court proceeded.’ (*New York Times*, December 21, 1891.)

Mere want of dignity and decorum in the conduct of judicial proceedings does not of course necessarily imply injustice, but it is a very suggestive and visible sign of the general feeling towards the administration of justice; it indicates that it is not looked to as a thing removed from ordinary considerations, as in a sense sacred. In this country the most ignorant of the populace take off their hats intuitively both in the church and in a law court; a feeling of reverence for both is visible throughout every grade of the community. The proceedings in a London police court, rough and ready though they be, are always decorous; the magistrate is regarded by all classes as a guardian of law and order, as an absolutely impartial person. The law in this country is rightly looked to as the shield of the citizen. In America, on the contrary, it is regarded by vast numbers

with indifference if not with contempt; by equally vast numbers in many parts of the State it is treated as non-existent.

The position of the judges both superior and inferior is in some respects the cause of this feeling, while again this position itself arises from the lax public opinion in regard to the importance of a bench absolutely impartial, dignified and removed out of the turmoil and the influence of public life.

Judges both great and small have become more and more political nominees and lawyers by no means of the highest class, appointed only for varying terms and not for life. This fact is now a matter of such common knowledge that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon it in this place. The founders of the American commonwealth were wiser than their children: 'The standard of good behaviour for the continuance in office of the judicial magistracy,' wrote Alexander Hamilton in the "*Federalist*," 'is certainly one of the most valuable of the modern improvements in the practice of government;' and a little later he follows up the argument by saying that 'if the power of making judges were committed to the people there would be too great a disposition to consult popularity, to justify a reliance that nothing would be consulted but the Constitution and the laws.' But in recent years the selection of judges by popular vote has become more and more common: it is a system more pernicious in the case of judges who are concerned with criminal trials, especially of an unimportant kind, than in the case of those who have to try actions between man and man. This is obvious. Persons who are brought before them are often their voters and friends of voters, or are men for whom there is some particular popular or class sympathy, or it may be the reverse. These judges are thus affected by an influence which, except in rare instances, and even without any actual judicial 'malice,' must weigh against the impartial and the effective administration of justice.

The inefficiency of the police is the consequence of some obvious causes.* They are not an independent body of men;

* The cold-blooded and numerous murders which took place in certain parts of Pennsylvania from 1862 to 1876 would probably never have occurred, or, at any rate, not continued for so long a time, in a country where the police was really efficient. The outrages were committed by members of the 'Molly Maguire' organisation, which was

they are the creatures of State or municipal politicians: to these persons they to a great extent owe their places, and they are thus amenable to various direct and indirect influences—to the wills of individuals and of bodies. Once this independence is sapped, the deterioration continues. It is no longer political influences only which affect their efficiency; they become open to the influence of wealth and general power. These two causes alone would be sufficient to demoralise a body which is always open to temptations even in the strictest communities; but, in addition, there is also the further influence of a bench which in its turn is not all that could be desired. Lastly, we have the fact that large masses of the public are indifferent to the just administration of the law, that lawlessness is not condemned by the general sense of the entire community, and thus the police of the United States have not behind them that strong public support which tends so considerably to strengthen their usefulness and efficiency, nor have they, as in France, a strong magistracy at their backs to support them in strenuous warfare against criminals and public disorder.

Probably no more striking and novel example of the debauching of the police by party managers exists than that which arose in connexion with the so-called Philadelphia Gas Ring, a body of men who farmed the municipal affairs of Philadelphia, until 1883, in a flagrant and outrageous manner. With the general character of that affair we are not now concerned; we refer to it here solely from the light which it throws upon the influences which, by sapping the independence of the police, weaken at the same time the administration of justice. The Ring, by means of their creature the mayor, filled the police force with their adherents, and made it a completely partisan force; they levied a tax upon the individual members of the force which

supreme among the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania during this period. It was finally broken up rather by the efforts of private individuals and trading companies, who employed detectives on their own account, than by the administrative vigour of public officials. It is not necessary, since more than fifteen years have gone by since the end of this period of lawlessness, to recur to it in detail; but it should not go unmentioned, having regard to the light which it throws on law and order in the United States. The character and story of this episode are fully described in 'The Molly Maguires: the Origin, Growth, and Character of the Organisation.' By F. P. Dewees. Philadelphia, 1877.

helped to swell the party fund, which was expended in bribery, treating, and similar ways. If this tax was not paid, the officer who refused to contribute lost his place. Further, the police acted as canvassers, and at the poll had instructions to secure votes for the Ring and keep away their opponents. All these statements are not matters of surmise; they are facts well proved, and known all over America. This sort of thing is, however, not exceptional, or confined to Philadelphia.

But instances occur in the daily life of the community which, if extraordinary and of great rarity, might be regarded as of no special importance. But aggregated they indicate a general condition probably unparalleled in any English-speaking country. Not many months ago there were some proceedings being taken against some dens of iniquity in New York. Said President Meakin, of the Excise Board, 'We can't depend on the police, we can't depend on our inspectors; half of them can't be trusted.'* But this fact is not astonishing when, as we have said, the status of the police is considered; is it likely that a police force will be efficient when we find the bench, which is more concerned with the ordinary and daily administration of criminal justice, openly regarded as corrupt and amenable to private influences? It is easy to give an instance of this regrettable fact; we take the following example, as it is of recent date. The account was served up to the New York public under the heading of 'Justice at Brooklyn':—

'The McGarry family is well known in Brooklyn. The head of the house, James McGarry, is an alderman; the boss of the Tenth Ward and the Third Assembly District, the silent partner in the street-cleaning contract with Alderman Coffey, Senator McCarty, and ex-Registrar Kane constitutes what is known as the Big Four. He is sponsor for an innumerable number of policemen, firemen, and city labourers, and has made his brother Joseph chief clerk of the Butler Street Police Court, and his brother's wife's brother, James G. Tighe, justice of that court, at a salary of 5,000 dollars a year. Yesterday Tighe tried to repay the McGarrys for past favours, and he made a mess of it. He was waited upon by Mrs. Mary Fedden, who wanted a warrant for the arrest of James Moore and John McGarry for assaulting her son, who is an epileptic. Moore is a nephew of Joseph McGarry, the clerk of the court, and acts as a bar tender in McGarry's saloon. John McGarry is a son of the same clerk of the court.

'They had beaten Mrs. Fedden's epileptic son into insensibility,

and he had been taken away from the saloon in an ambulance. Mrs. Fedden's visit to the court yesterday was her third, Justice Tighe having refused to listen to her on the former occasion. When she demanded a warrant again yesterday, Tighe leaned over towards her, and said, "Now, look here, your boy was not hurt by McGarry or Moore. I saw him in the ambulance, and he merely had a bloody nose."

"You didn't see him in the ambulance," said Mrs. Fedden.

"You are a liar," said Justice Tighe, getting upon his feet.

"If I am a liar, you are one too," said Mrs. Fedden.

"This was contempt of court . . . but the judge only asked, "Why do you go about saying you can't get justice in this court?"

"Because it's the truth," was the reply. "I can bring twenty witnesses, who saw the boy beaten; but the McGarrys own this court."

"This would have been contempt of court anywhere else; but Justice Tighe swallowed it, and merely wrote a bill to Justice Walsh, of the Adams Street Court, asking him to attend to the case, and he gave it to Mrs. Fedden.

"The woman went at once before Justice Walsh, and swore to her complaints, and warrants were issued for Moore and young McGarry, and they were arrested. They will be brought before Justice Walsh to-day."*

Nor should it be forgotten that in the course of the Cronin case in 1889, attempts were made to tamper with witnesses through the instrumentality of officers of the Court, and that eight detectives were, during the progress of the trial, dismissed from the Chicago police for trying to aid the accused.

As we have said, it is impossible for a police force to be efficient when men who have to administer justice are not independent. But the above extract is remarkable in some other respects: it openly states a public belief that the police obtain their places by private influences—a fact known to most persons who have paid attention to the subject. But another point is also interesting. This corruption of public justice is not regarded either with shame or with anger, but as an amusing fact. The newspaper does but echo the voice of the public; the people do not burn to end a national disgrace—they regard it with complacency, mixed with amusement. The 'mugwump' who leaves the politics of his country to bands of professional wirepullers, to seekers after and distributors of office, has also washed his hands of the conduct of the ordinary administration of the country, with the natural result that it is yearly becoming more corrupt. If the mass of the

* 'New York Times,' January 16, 1892.

American people are content that this should be so, the foreigner can but regret the fact and pass on. But the historical critic will also note that in the freest, most democratic, and most flourishing country in the world political and administrative morality are at their lowest depths, and that the vices of a decaying empire are equalled by those of a growing republic.

The distinct increase of crime in the United States must not, however, be set down entirely to the several causes upon which we have already touched. The prison system of America must to some extent be held responsible. In the first half of this century it was in advance of that of European nations, when Great Britain was sending felons to Botany Bay. MM. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville found in the United States a system which they were sent by the Government of France to study as an example to the western world. To-day we find no such superiority; on the contrary, we perceive that, with the advance of the century, the prison system of the United States has distinctly degenerated.

'It is safe to say,' said President Hayes, at the last meeting of the National Prison Congress of the United States, 'that a large majority of the prisoners accused or convicted of crime in the United States are dealt with in defiance of just and wise principles in these four vital particulars. First, the young and thoughtless, the beginners in law-breaking, and the accidental criminals suspected of guilt, are arrested and lodged in city prisons or county gaols, and there detained for trial, huddled together with old and hardened offenders, to be educated and trained in the whole art and mystery of criminal life. Secondly, professional criminals are sentenced for short terms, according to the supposed enormity of their respective crimes, and at the end of their terms are sent forth to prey again upon society. Thirdly, prisoners are discharged at the end of their terms under such circumstances that the imminent chances of ex-convicts, with all the world against them, are that they will be compelled to make a living by a return to their evil ways. Fourthly, our prisons, in many cases, are under wardens and other prison officers who hold their places as political appointments, without regard to qualifications or experience. These four pregnant facts, even if no other causes were in operation, would sufficiently explain the increase of crime in the United States.'

This is a very sweeping indictment, but the system of leasing prisoners is one example at any rate of its truth. This system is noteworthy in relation to the criminal law of the country, because it undeniably increases crime in the United States. By permitting the association of prisoners

of every sort and kind it enables criminals to contaminate each other. A large number escape from the gangs and increase the permanent criminal classes; and whilst no individual reformation of those who work out their entire sentence is possible and no useful trade is learned, the system is one productive of shocking cruelties. Those in command of the gangs commit all sorts of brutalities, and even those who are humane can hardly from the very nature of the system prevent the infliction of human suffering. It is faulty to the last degree, also, because it is impossible to graduate the severity of punishment, which among leased convicts depends very largely upon the character of the work for which the lessor requires the prisoners. It is probable that in this country the system is scarcely understood, but it is simple in the extreme. The government of the state advertises for tenders for the prisoners, and one of the contractors who applies obtains them on certain terms; among others, is one which gives the right to sublet them. The prisoners are then sent in gangs to certain places or 'camps' under the charge of a captain, where they pursue various occupations—agriculture, making railways, collecting turpentine, and so forth—until the term of imprisonment or the contract of the lease expires. In one of the works at the head of this article, that with the somewhat sensational title of 'The American Siberia,' numerous examples are to be found of the working of this vicious system, which in any nation having the least regard for the proper administration of the criminal law would long ago have been suppressed. The organisation is primitive in its simplicity. Chains and irons prevent the prisoners from escaping under ordinary circumstances; the bullet brings him down if he obtains a start, and the strap punishes him for insubordination. If he gets completely at large he is hunted by hounds. But liberty is sweet, and attempts to escape, from time to time successful, are made. 'So that,' says the author of this work, 'there are at this day dozens of escaped convicts 'living throughout Florida.' It is impossible to go at length into the subject, but here is a picture of the convicts at work collecting turpentine :—

'To return to the camp. The prisoners were worked in the woods in a radius of a few miles and conveyed to and from the spot on what was known as a "squad-chain." In principle it was similar to a building-chain, but it was shorter and lighter, and the men were strung upon it by the rings of their waist-chains like ribs from a central vertebra. Every man went on a trot. They kept this gait up all day long, from

tree to tree; and, as the labour is exhausting in the extreme, I have frequently seen men on their way back to camp drop of fatigue, and their comrades on the squad-chain drag them a dozen yards through the dirt before the pace could be checked so as to enable them to regain their feet. There would be a prodigious clatter of iron, a cloud of dust, a volley of imprecations, and the fallen man would stagger up, dash the dirt out of his eyes, and go reeling and running on.' (P. 22.)

The following narrative exemplifies the carelessness of human life characteristic of this system, and shows also how the worst criminals influence weaker men. The author is describing various incidents in the life of a convict named Ball whilst under his charge. He proceeds to tell what happened to the man when his authority over him had ceased:—

'The subsequent career and fate of this man is interesting; and, as it has nothing to do with my story proper, I will narrate it here. He was not long at liberty before he was again arrested and sent back to prison. Major C. K. Dutton was the lessee at the time, and Ball was sent to work on a turpentine farm at a camp called "Passum Trot." The captain was Charles P. Jolly, an officer subsequently well known in connexion with the lease system, and more or less trouble was experienced in keeping up the commissary department. It was said, how truthfully I cannot personally affirm, that sweet potatoes were sometimes the only food of the prisoners, and that even they could not always be obtained. At any rate, some of the bolder of the prisoners, with Ball at their head, determined to revolt unless they were better fed. An opportunity was offered one morning when a provision wagon was said to be delayed and no breakfast given to the men. Captain Jolly entered the cell-house, explained the situation, and told them they would have their breakfast in the woods some time in the morning. Upon that, Ball and a number of others flatly declared that they could not and would not go to work without food. At this point conflicting stories are told. Some say that Ball, who was undoubtedly still linked to the building-chain, attempted to strike T. J. Leverett, a commissary man formerly with me, and all that is positive is that in the midst of the confusion a shot was fired and the convict fell dead in the arms of the next man chained by his side. No one has made any particular effort to claim the act. But the tragedy ended the food-riot, and the scared men ceased resistance and went to work on empty stomachs. Ball's corpse was drawn off the heavy building-chain, buried in the little camp grave-yard, and so ended his history.' (P. 258.)

Such was the fate of many another convict who has died unreformed. In a word the book abounds in many incidents of a more startling kind than these which have been given, though it would serve no good purpose to quote more of them at length. They exemplify the horrors of a system which is one of the causes of the increase of crime in the United

States and is a disgrace to the so-called civilisation of the present age.

But the Americans, with curious inconsistency, have in some respects rushed into the opposite extreme. The reformatory system as established in certain states is an absolute contrast to the lease system, but is equally harmful. The best known of these reformatories is at Elmira, in the State of New York. Here the different effects of punishment are wholly overlooked: the prisoner is regarded as a man of misfortune who is to be reformed, as a kind of human specimen to be moulded into proper form. It has long ago been established that it is desirable that prisoners should not be cut off from all hope, and should be able to shorten the term of their imprisonment by good behaviour, so as to obtain a conditional liberation before the full term of imprisonment has expired. But in the Elmira system, which is applied to convicted prisoners between sixteen and twenty years of age, this principle is carried to such an extreme that it is rather a desirable event for a man to be sent to a reformatory: the sole objection to it from the prisoner's point of view is that he loses some freedom. It matters not for how long a period a man may be sentenced to be imprisoned.

'As soon as the subject has satisfied this necessary condition of the institution, and consequently is reformed, which may happen in little more than twelve months, he is liberated on parole, and after a further six months of good conduct obtains absolute freedom, no matter whether the legal sentence would run for two, five, or ten years.'*

This is entirely in accordance with the statute, which gives complete discretion to the managers of the reformatory to keep a prisoner for such period as they think proper, not exceeding, however, the maximum term of imprisonment allowed for the offence in respect of which a prisoner has been convicted. Thus, a man who has committed an offence of a most shocking kind can, by behaving himself properly while at Elmira, escape with a confinement of comparatively a few months. 'The latest statistics show that on the average 35 per cent. of the prisoners at once trace the path of reform, so that they are released on parole within fifteen months.' Not more than 10 per cent. ever stay for the maximum term of imprisonment. No one can say with certainty that a prisoner is reformed until he has been at large for a considerable time. But many men who commit

* The New York State Reformatory in Elmira. By A. Winter, F.S.S. London: 1891. P. 5.

crimes are not actually permanent criminals, and whether they pass their time of imprisonment in the pleasant occupations of Elmira or in ordinary prisons they will not, after release, again commit a crime.

The statistics of the Royal Society for Aid to Discharged Prisoners in this country show many instances of convicts who, after their release, continue honest and reasonable members of the community. There is absolutely no evidence whatever that the absurdly easy system of Elmira is the cause of preventing convicts from relaxing into crime after their release. It is, however, certain that the system, having no deterrent effects either on the criminals convicted or on the general population of the country, must act as an incentive to crime. Crime, indeed, is rendered positively attractive under this system. Some examples of it as it is carried out at Elmira will clearly show this.

Take, for instance, the account of part of the occupation of the day :—

‘ At 1 o’clock work is again begun, and at 4.30 ceases for the day. From 5 o’clock the General Superintendent is accessible to the prisoners for private audiences, and for this purpose a ticket must be placed beforehand by the particular individual in the private letter box. In the evening the time is occupied by instruction in the school and technical department, as well as by lectures, by scientific and entertaining discourses, and occasionally by musical performances, &c. Morning, noon, and evening, whenever the prisoners are assembled for any purpose, they are carefully counted.

‘ The cells are in winter warmed by steam pipes, and in the morning, as well as in the evening up to 9.30, are well lighted with gas, so that in their free time every opportunity is afforded for mental occupation, reading, and studying.

‘ On Sunday mornings the letters and packets delivered during the week are distributed to the prisoners privileged to receive them; similarly writing paper, when it is required for writing letters either home or in connexion with the securing of a situation on conditional discharge; and the weekly journal of the institution, “The Summary,” is distributed.’

In addition to this we may give the diet at Elmira, which may be regarded as better than that of most mechanics :—

‘ The bill of fare for the prisoners of the first and second grade for one week is, for instance :—

‘ *Breakfast* :—Beef hash, potatoes, bread, coffee, sugar.

‘ *Dinner* :—Three times soup and meat; twice mutton stew; once beef and turnips and roast beef and gravy, always including bread. In addition the first grade receives daily, and the second grade four times in the week, coffee and sugar; and, besides, the first grade sometimes receives dessert, preserved or dried fruits.

'The diet of the third grade is exactly like that of the second, with the exception of tea and coffee.

'Besides his ration a prisoner may ask for more, but in the third grade such supplement consists of bread only. Meat and all other provisions are of the best quality.

'The diet may appear to be extravagant. When particularly questioned on this point, Mr. Brockway replied: "We simply keep in view the pursuit of our purpose—i.e. reform. Good food is, for every one, of the first necessity for orderly life, if he wants to make the fullest possible use of the powers of his body; and my long experience has taught me that I obtain far better results with the subjects by supplying a good diet."

It appears from the figures published by the Society that out of 2,295 prisoners who have been liberated on parole 1,389 served well and are regarded as absolutely reformed, though in point of fact a considerable number of them are merely 'sent out of the State.' This calculation, as will be seen by the following abstract, is altogether fanciful:—

'That one half can be assumed to be reformed, appears to be completely justified. The whole of the reform system and the schooling in the institution is of such a nature that on no subject can it be without special effect and influence on future life. The fact that correspondence is interrupted, and the subject lost sight of, does not necessarily show that he has relapsed into criminal courses; and, even if the half who are assumed to be reformed do not on the average reach the level of those individuals who are shown to be reformed, yet the specific improvement of the whole number is certainly not set too high by assuming the half.' (P. 157.)

But the wholly untrustworthy character of the calculation is made more apparent when we observe that the 1,389 prisoners who had obtained this absolute release are treated as reformed men. Many of these men would if discharged from any other prison have remained honest. But many would not, and many, it is certain, do not, continue honest. They had simply—so far as Elmira is concerned—disappeared, and may now be imprisoned, for all that is known to the contrary, in other prisons of the United States.

A striking commentary on the effect of this system is to be found in the message of Governor Flower, of New York, for 1892. For the fiscal year 1891 there were 208 more prisoners; in fact, whilst there were 3,913 prisoners there was only prison accommodation for 3,737, so that in some cases two prisoners are necessarily confined in one cell. Therefore Mr. Flower suggests that the Legislature of the State of New York should take into consideration the question of more prison accommodation. But the message

shows that the effect of the Elmira system is neither to deter nor to reform criminals, otherwise it is certain that the prison population of the State would not continue to increase. The existence of the Elmira system is, in truth, another instance of the fact that there is no sound general public feeling in the United States in regard to law and order. New York itself gives constant evidence of the lawless character of the community. Crimes of violence are of daily occurrence: there is an obvious necessity for stern, quick, and sure justice: yet the Legislature and the public hand over large numbers of criminals to a group of faddists, who make the lot of the ruffian who shoots his boon companion at the bar of a drinking shop better than that of the honest and orderly citizen. The effect of such treatment on a society which contains many elements of disorder must be obvious: the conviction of past crime does not act as a prevention of crime in the future.

Thus, whether we turn to the West with its inefficient police system, to the South with its rude habits of lynch law and its leased prisoners, or to the populous East with its system of reformatories, we find everywhere all things tending in favour of the increase of crime and favourable to the growth of lawlessness. For, in a word, the survey which we have now made establishes clearly certain conclusions. It has been shown that there are a police which is not effective and is often corrupt, a procedure which is productive of delays and of impediments to justice, a judicature which the public do not respect, an extraordinary difference in the incidence of punishment in different States as well as a faulty prison system, an absence of judicial statistics, and a tolerance of mob law. Here, as is obvious from the foregoing review, are some of the most characteristic features of the criminal system in the United States.

In an earlier part of this article we gave an extract from a book of travel by the late Mr. Freeman. In it we find the historian suggesting that there may be some relation between crime in the United States and the democratic constitution of the country. It is obvious that there is here a wide and interesting field for dispassionate consideration. As the tendency of the world is towards a more democratic state of government, it is not pleasant to be compelled to admit that the condition of law in the United States clearly proves that progress in the administration of the law is certainly not a necessary characteristic of a highly democratic community. This ought to put an end to the wild

talk (which, perhaps, is not quite so prevalent as it was) about the progress of the world being increased by the spread of democratic government.

On the other hand, seeing that in Canada and the Australian colonies the administration of justice is in a far more satisfactory condition than in the United States—and the former are very democratic societies—it is obvious that the example of the United States must not be too strongly relied on by those who assert that the government of the people by themselves is likely to be productive of an indifferent state of law and order. We must look beyond the mere form of government. The main cause is that same public indifference to the public weal which has allowed the political and municipal life of the United States to become steeped in corruption. For this the prevailing temper of the American people is largely responsible. The whole nation is stamped with the character of its most vigorous minds; these are bent with feverish activity on the acquisition of wealth; this pursuit takes different forms in different parts of the republic, but its influence has permeated the mass of the nation. On the other hand, large numbers who have secured great riches are bent solely on the pursuit of pleasure; the result is that such matters as the just administration of the law are passed over without notice or with a contemptuous indifference. We note in individuals the growth and force of habit; but there can be habits in nations as in individuals, and each year that passes shows that in the United States has grown up a habit of lawlessness. Thus it is clear that nothing except an extraordinary change in public opinion can improve the present state of the criminal system; but of such change there is neither sign nor probability.

- ART. II.—1. *Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator*. With Maps and Illustrations. By EDWARD WHYMPER. London: 1892.
2. *Supplementary Appendix to Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator*. By EDWARD WHYMPER. With Contributions by H. W. BATES, F.R.S., and other Naturalists. London: 1891.
3. *Travels and Adventures of an Orchid Hunter: An Account of Canoe and Camp Life in Colombia, while collecting Orchids in the Northern Andes*. By ALBERT MILLICAN. Illustrated by GUSTAVE GUGGENHEIM, from Photographs by the Author. London, Paris, and Melbourne: 1891.
4. *Resa i Central-Amerika, 1881-1883*. Första delen med 75 Illustrationer och 2 Kartor; senare delen med 133 Illustrationer och 4 Kartor. Af CARL BOVALLIUS. Upsala: 1887.

MAPS have been employed to show the distribution of land and water, of coal and chalk and sand, of political opinion, of religious belief, and in many other ways, to represent with graphic conciseness the arrangement of the world in special relations and at particular epochs. It would be a worthy task for some ingenious chartographer to construct a literary map of the world, showing where the fountains of poetry have welled forth, where in solitary peaks or mountain ranges philosophy has reared its head to the skies, and, in general, setting forth to view the level tracts, the undulating ground, the wide provinces or secluded islets, which would represent the favoured homes of science and romance, of history and fable. As with the maps of the geologist, such a chart would need to be accompanied by vertical sections. For there are buried literatures as well as fossil animals and plants, and the surface stratum may be very different from that which lies below.

In some provinces of South-America the accumulation of books is made difficult by the rapidity with which the so-called white ants, the termites, devour paper and parchment; but in others, which do not suffer from this inconvenience, archives are preserved, libraries are formed, the taste for knowledge is aroused and gratified. The literary life of these countries, however, makes little impression upon England. It is not studied in our universities; its records would be usually asked for in vain at our great lending

libraries : its principal works are not included in our fashionable lists of the hundred best books. On the other hand, European writers who report what they have seen and experienced in tropical regions are sure of a favourable hearing. Each new explorer is excited by the strangeness and the beauty of the scenery. He finds other men and other manners. There are unaccustomed beasts and insects. There are new dangers, new trials of patience, new pleasures. In the adventurer's report of all this the sense of novelty and of the unforeseen is imparted to the reader, who alternately longs to see with his own eyes the visions of wonder that are described, and at the next page resolves never, never to expose himself to the intolerable irritation of body, if not of mind, which such a personal inspection seems inevitably to involve. That the writings of so many of these travellers should be of commanding interest is, perhaps, only partly explained by the intrinsic attractions of the subject. From the narratives it is clear that the expeditions require something more than commonplace qualities, and that the men who carry them out with success are likely to have minds so moulded that they will either write well or not write at all.

Since Mr. Whympers published his 'Scrambles among the Alps,' more than twenty years ago, his name has been a household word among his countrymen. The quality of the man is again shown in his new book of 'Travels among the Great Andes of the Equator.' From the rocky island of Diego Ramirez, south of Cape Horn, nearly to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, which opens into the Arctic Ocean, the Cordilleras of the Andes form a sort of gigantic backbone to the two American continents, following the western coastline for almost three thousand leagues. For reasons which he explains, Mr. Whympers determined to explore the summits of this chain, which occur in the republic of the Equator, or Ecuador. Though weapons and ammunition of war were neither taken nor needed, these natural fortresses were not to be stormed, for any useful purpose, without the preparation, forethought, and expense that are suggestive of a military campaign. Had Mr. Whympers's ambition only been to set foot on the tiptop of Chimborazo, an attempt in which Humboldt and Boussingault had successively failed, he might probably have gratified his desire at far less cost and with far less trouble than that which he, in fact, expended upon that lordly mountain and some of its peers. But he was bent upon surveying the country, ascertaining

the true heights of its chief eminences, comparing the accuracy of the aneroid with that of the mercurial barometer, bringing home specimens of the rocks and of the flora and fauna of the elevated regions, and determining the range of altitude within which various species of plants and animals can live and flourish. Above all, he wished to experiment upon himself and his companions in regard to mountain sickness. By encamping for some time at great heights, far above the line at which towns, villages, isolated farms, or the rudest huts are found, and by taking precautions against the confusing effects of fatigue, hunger, and cold, he hoped to learn whether the malady was real or fancied; whether, if real, it were due to the rarefaction of the air; whether, like sea-sickness, it could strongly affect some constitutions, leaving others exempt; and whether the effects would be persistent, or cease by a gradual accommodation of the human system to its unwonted environment. How this varied programme was carried out these well-written and finely illustrated volumes will explain. For a strong man, an experienced mountaineer, with skilled assistants such as the two Carrels, with ample stores, with letters of introduction to persons of importance, in a peaceful and civilised state, the success of such an expedition may seem a foregone conclusion. Without trenching, then, too much on the reader's interest in the book itself, one may be permitted to compare this inference with some of the pleasing incidents of the journey.

In the tropical republics there is more than one *camino real*, or royal road. On such a king's highway in Ecuador Mr. Whympre found the track occupied longitudinally by 'a greasy and captivating slime,' and at intervals crossed at right angles by a ridge and furrow arrangement, with a difference of level of two feet or more between the summit of slippery sand and the bottom of liquid mud. This and other routes might have been the subject of encomium had it not been that, in using them, the mules of the country, laden with the precious imports and exports of the expedition, were liable to sudden fits of insanity. A six months' experience of these invaluable animals showed that on a broad good piece of road none wished to force the pace, but in view of a narrow pathway deep in mud a furious gallop for precedence would begin. Then they would run at headlong speed, cannoning against one another, dislodging their loads, splintering and smashing the packing-cases, and on the whole making it easy to understand 'why glass was dear in

‘Quito.’ Lest a wrong impression should be formed of the roads, Mr. Whympster has the fairness to acknowledge that a mud-hole four feet deep was the finest they discovered in any of them. That his own mule refused to explore it, until the rider dismounted and urged it with the whip, is a sign that these creatures are not always devoid of shrewdness. In a tropical country and close to the Equator, an English or a Swiss traveller will naturally nerve himself to endure some exceptional heat. On this score Mr. Whympster’s party found little reason for complaining. On the mountain Illiniza they ‘enjoyed thunderstorms, snow and hailstorms, sleet, ‘drizzle and drenching showers, and scarcely saw the sun at ‘all.’ There are misanthropes who would say that this is just the description of some English summers. Upon inquiry it appeared that in Ecuador this weather could be found on all the higher ground in any month. On the way to Corredor Machai, owing to an accidental delay, the explorers had to stop for the night in a swamp, ‘on a spot ‘where, if you stood still, you sank up to the knees in slime.’ At this place, nearly thirteen thousand feet above the sea, sleet or rain fell during the greater part of the eleven hours night. The next day they pursued the path to Corredor Machai, forcing their way over marshy land through a reedy grass, growing in nearly impenetrable masses to the height of eight or ten feet, with razor-like edges to its leaves. At this point of the record, it is remarked with some emphasis that ‘the whole country was like a saturated sponge.’ The traveller in these regions will reasonably long for dry weather. When he has obtained his wish, ‘it is sometimes ‘impossible to face the clouds of dust which are raised.’ This dust, it must be understood, is a different species from the dust of our streets and roads, nor is it like the sand of the seashore, the grains of which have been more or less rounded by the action of the waves. It is volcanic dust, highly interesting to the petrologist and beautiful as it lies under the microscope, but of a subtly penetrative, not to say irritating, character when in motion. ‘With myriads of ‘sharp, glassy, and rocky fragments constantly shifting ‘about, it is not surprising that eye complaints are common ‘among the natives.’ The dust is painful. Far worse was the snow blindness which ensued upon a triumphant ascent of Carihuairazo. Part was taken in this achievement by two Ecuadorians, and an amiable dog which followed as a volunteer. From the condition of the atmosphere snow-spectacles frequently could not be used, and for the dog none

had been provided. In a few hours after their success the whole troop were snow blind. The wailing novices imagined that they had lost their sight for ever. The dog 'joined in the lamentations, and went moaning and staggering about, knocking his head unwittingly against the branches.'

To be grossly swindled by an occasional hotel-keeper, to drop into a crevasse and find oneself dangling between two varnished walls of glacier over a chasm seventy feet in depth, to occupy an apartment in which the whole ceiling is 'covered with a dense black mass of house flies, clustered over one another to the depth of perhaps half an inch,' to be lost at night time without compass or food, without companions or the means of making a fire, high up on a wild mountain side, where pumas are rather numerous, may be accepted as appropriate incidents of tropical travel and highland exploration. Upon all such dissatisfactions and dangers, once they are well over and done with, the pilgrim is disposed to look back with the eye of affectionate remembrance. They tickle the fancy, they appeal to the sense of humour, they give zest to the narrative, they are useful shadows to relieve the high lights of the picture. In spite of all this, there is one of Mr. Whympers' misadventures, over which distance of time and space seems to have thrown no pleasing glamour.

For the success of his chief experiment, as well as for the comfort and safety of himself and his companions, it was important that they should be well provided with food. As they were liable to be detained for long periods far out of reach of local supplies, a large quantity of the most portable and most condensed provisions, carefully selected and suitably packed, was sent out from England for their use. Each box of provisions weighed about seventy-two pounds, and among the contents of each was a two-pound tin of ox cheek. When the critical moment arrived for using these resources, all the ox cheek proved to be uneatable, thereby causing a prejudice against the other tinned meats, which were sound and good. The ox cheek had done something more than acquire a game-like flavour. Not only were the noxious gases ready to burst open the tins, but in some instances had done so, producing a most appalling stench, corroding the other tins, and ruining almost the whole of the food in the case, so that it became necessary 'to hurl over the cliffs a mass of provisions which had cost endless trouble to prepare.' In a footnote Mr. Whympers observes, 'I promised the manufacturer of that horrible stuff an advertisement upon my return, but I am deprived of the

‘pleasure of fulfilling my promise. I am advised that it might be considered libellous to publish the name of a person who has sold putrid meat, and I much regret that it cannot be given the publicity that he deserves.’ It is scarcely possible to believe, as Mr. Whympers himself appears to do, that the mischief was the result of intentional fraud. For such a crime the motive should be something more truly noble, on a grander scale, such as the provisioning of an army, when on the contractor’s honesty might depend the honour of his country and the lives of a few thousands of his countrymen. Yet one would fain know the name of the simple-minded purveyor, through whose innocent carelessness the condors of Ecuador were treated to so liberal, or at least to so costly, a supply of carrion.

In Mr. Millican’s adventures it will be found that to the north no less than to the south of the Equator the traveller is not without the chance of excitement. Botanis-ing may commend itself to the inexperienced imagination as a tranquil and peaceful pursuit. In the United States of Colombia, its votary must lay his account with traversing dangerous rivers while cramped for hours in an Indian canoe, with tramping through primeval forests, exposed therein to the chances or the certainty of violent thunderstorms, with having to swing himself monkey-like from one branch of a tree to another in order to cross some turbulent swift-running stream, and with various other exhausting circumstances of endurance and exposure. In crossing one of the mountain ranges the orchid hunters had at times to let themselves down by creepers and shrubs as best they could, at peril of their lives from a fall or from the deadly coral snakes lurking on the shelves of the rocks. For two nights they were greatly inconvenienced by the side of the mountain being so steep that they were obliged to cut down a tree and lodge it lengthways against two others, then place their feet firmly against the horizontal tree, and so pass the night in a reclining position, the tree keeping them from sliding down the mountain side. The stealthy jaguar, which destroyed all Darwin’s pleasure in scrambling through the woods on the islands of the Parana, which scared Humboldt, in spite of his philosophy, on the banks of the Orinoco, seems to be everywhere at hand in South and Central America. Mr. Millican’s party suffered some actual damage in conflict with these dangerous beasts. In ascending the river Opon they met with a more serious calamity.

The excursion was known to be hazardous. Mr. Millican thus describes its fatal termination:—

‘Early in the morning, after breakfast, I started into the forest with four of the men, leaving the other two in ambush to watch the canoe, for fear the Indians should take away our only means of getting back to the Magdalena. I was delighted to find the trees on the rising ground from the banks of the river hung with fine clumps of *Miltonia vexillaria*, intermixed with *Oncidium carthaginense* and several smaller orchids, and I was priding myself upon reaping a glorious harvest. But that night all my plans were destined to be crushed. Everybody was in good spirits at our evening meal, but we had scarcely finished and lighted our roll of tobacco when the twang of an arrow, as it whistled past my head, startled everyone to his feet. In another moment one of our number was pierced with three of the deadly poisoned arrows, and mortally wounded.’

There is something so cruel in the use of deadly arrows, and something so insufferably conceited on the part of these natives in wishing to keep their lands to themselves and to resist the intrusion of Europeans and Chinese, that every Christian heart will be gratified to learn that their impertinence was well chastised, when ‘a blaze of fire poured out of five trusty rifles, and a terrible howl rose from the throats of the surprised and wounded Indians.’

The accomplished Swedish naturalist, Dr. Carl Borvallius, had to pay the same kind of toll as the other travellers for enjoying the wonderful sights and obtaining the remarkable products of the tropical regions. At San Juan del Norte he was made almost a prisoner by weeks of rain. To be sure it often ceased raining for an hour or two in the middle of the day, but twice it rained for seven days at a stretch, and once for nine days without a minute’s cessation. At Panama his progress was stopped and his life endangered by one of the fevers for which that particular locality is celebrated. Once, when desiring to secure a specimen and determine the species of the Nicaraguan tapir, he was posted by his Indian guide at a spot where many wild creatures were accustomed to come and drink after sundown. Here he stood for two hours without shooting anything but a monkey and a couple of toucans, ‘but meantime,’ he says, ‘I was so bitten to pieces by mosquitoes that my whole face swelled up, and I could scarcely open my eyes sufficiently to find my way back to the farmstead.’ Another time, when about to repack his valuable collection of animals in spirit, he made the unpleasant discovery that his store of it was almost exhausted. Not to put the sobriety of the servants

at the farm where he lodged to too violent a test, he had deposited his cask of spirit with the superintendent of the telegraph station, the only official dignitary in the neighbourhood. This eminent personage drank it dry, and, as at that time and place it could not be replenished, Dr. Bovallius was forced to throw away his reptiles and valuable anatomical preparations. This was a sufficiently heart-rending loss. A friend seriously assured the culprit that half a dozen very poisonous snakes had been preserved in the spirit. Upon this the man fell on his knees and confessed his guilt. Terror presently threw him into a fever, with the result that Dr. Bovallius suffered the further damage of having to spend a portion of his scanty store of quinine upon the mischievous wretch.

The disgusts and hardships, however, of an explorer's life are not without some compensations. When the orchid hunter was engaged on his painful tramp, the path, he says, all the while lay through the midst of a vegetation of indescribable luxuriance and beauty —

‘gigantic timber trees, from 70 to 100 feet in height, festooned to the very summit with creeping Allamandas, all aglow with their golden trumpet-like flowers, mixed and varied with the scarlet stars of the *Tucsonia van Volxemi*, or the rich blue of the *Ipomœa*, and the undergrowth of palms of the elegant *Phoenix* and *Cocos* families. These were supplemented by a carpet of the most beautiful mosses and low flowering shrubs; while on the banks of the streams the deep crimson flowers of the creeping *Cyrtodera fulgida* contrasted beautifully with its richly pencilled leaves of velvet and gold. . . . Large and small lizards, of the most exquisite markings — some of which seemed to possess a coat of mail made of silver and turquoise—disturbed in their afternoon nap, hurried quickly out of sight in the long grass, while birds of every fantastic shape and colour flitted in and out of the feathery palms.’

Nor is it always nature alone as distinguished from man that affords a pleasing prospect. In crossing the Paramo Mr. Millican became separated from the boy who carried his provisions. It grew towards evening; a mist came on. The intersecting tracks were almost obscured. Belated and forlorn, he and those with him reached at length the mountain top. Here, at about 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, was a solitary hut, the refuge for which they had been striving. A recent hurricane had torn away more than half of the roof. The cold was intense, near to the freezing point. In these unpromising quarters lived a family of the poorest Indians; their only visible resources were a few potatoes. But what they had they gladly shared with

those who for the moment were worse off than themselves. 'Their hospitality and good nature were scarcely credible.' Under similar circumstances of distress Mr. Whympers came unexpectedly upon a cottage in the wilderness, and there received that

'honest offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
In courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended.'

After being lost in a snowstorm and passing the night in a lair of the wild cattle, he and his dog, or, more properly speaking, his dog and he, found their way down a disused track with the result, he says, that

'About 7.30 A.M. we suddenly emerged on to the open, and at the foot of a grassy hill saw a little Indian hut, emitting blue smoke, curling upwards in front of the plain, with a man and woman outside busy at their morning work. I smelt breakfast, and pounced down on them like a hawk. "Have you loco?" "Yes, Señor." "Give me some loco" (said very peremptorily). "That I will, Señor" (said heartily), and he brought out a basinful at once, with another for the dog, and we all sat outside in the sunshine, eating potato-soup together. They were an old, homely couple, unencumbered either by bashfulness or servility. He pressed us to take more, and came down the river's side until the outlying houses of the village were seen, and then, with a polite salutation, was about to take leave; but I detained him, and, pouring my loose money into his hand, left him in stupefied adoration, uncertain whether he had seen a vision or entertained a gringo.'

In recalling this idyllic episode the mind of the traveller may find as much satisfaction as in dwelling upon the rare opportunity which he enjoyed on his second ascent of Chimborazo. On this occasion, in a serene sky, long before dawn, the explorer could perceive the cone of Cotopaxi, 60 miles away, clear cut against a cloudless horizon. For once the crater of the great volcano was quite free from smoke and steam. Suddenly two puffs of steam were emitted, and then there was a pause. In five minutes more 'a column of inky blackness began to issue and went straight up in the air with such prodigious velocity that in less than a minute it had risen 20,000 feet above the rim of the crater.' The top of the column was, therefore, 40,000 feet above the level of the sea. At that height it encountered a powerful wind blowing from the east, and was rapidly borne towards the Pacific. From their own lofty position the travellers had a magnificent view. Between

them and the sea 'the whole expanse from north to south was filled by the Pacific range of Ecuador, with countless peaks and ramifications—valleys, vallons, dells and dales, backed by the ocean, rising above the haze which obscured the flat coast land.' When the clouds from Cotopaxi began to intervene between them and the sun, the face of that luminary turned green, an effect which is said to be sometimes produced on the human countenance by fear. High up in the sky were smears of verdigris, changing to blood-red hues and gleams as of tarnished copper or shining brass—strange tints and tones of colour, impressive beyond expression or compare, uniquely wild. After no long time the dust of which the magic clouds were composed began to settle on the summit of Chimborazo. Then all the view was blotted out. Bitter cold ensued, with a sharp wind and darkness that might be felt. But for all that the explorers, from a wonderful vantage-ground, had been present at the birth of a great volcanic eruption.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Whympers was always contented with viewing Cotopaxi from a standpoint 60 miles distant. On the contrary he entertained the idea of camping upon or close to the apex of its cone. He reasonably thought that if he and his party could remain at this height, 19,500 feet, for a length of time, without suffering inconvenience from the low reigning pressure, there might be good grounds for hope that exploration elsewhere might be carried 4,000 or 5,000 feet higher. He did not take the Carrels into his confidence in regard to the experiments upon mountain sickness, well knowing the effect of prejudice or preconception upon the unscientific mind. But a residence on the top of Cotopaxi might give an opportunity such as does not often occur 'of looking by night into the bowels of a first-rate active volcano.' This was a chance which Mr. Whympers himself by no means despised, and to Jean-Antoine Carrel it was sure to be a considerable allurements. That shrewd and excellent mountaineer was, therefore, led to ponder on the fame and mystery attaching to Cotopaxi, till at last he observed to his employer: 'You have raised within me a great desire to look into this animal.' When the edge of the crater was eventually reached the 'animal' proved to be alive, for it gave a roar, but it was not at the time in a dangerously excited condition. During the twenty-freezing hours passed on the summit there was no recurrence of the poor-felt on an earlier occasion. Except for an over-few potatoes desire to sit down and a disposition to breathe

through the open mouth, no perceptible effects were here produced by the low atmospheric pressure experienced. At night time the longed-for view of the interior of the crater was obtained. Within the great rugged amphitheatre cavernous recesses belched forth smoke; even halfway down were chasms shining with ruddy light. At lower depths the fiery fissures became more numerous, and near the centre, 1,200 feet below the margin of the crater, was a rudely circular opening, 'filled with incandescent, if not 'molten lava, glowing and burning, with flames travelling 'to and fro over its surface, and scintillations scattering as 'from a wood fire, lighted by tongues of flickering flame 'which issued from cracks in the surrounding slopes.'

The scientific spirit of the present day is little disposed to exaggeration. The real wonders of nature, brought to light by the improvement in our instruments of research, are so many and so astonishing that the imaginative faculty has enough to do to keep pace with the matter-of-fact record. In Mr. Whymper's book some noteworthy reductions are made upon old measurements and calculations. The slopes of the cone of Cotopaxi, for instance, have been heretofore stated to form angles of 40° and upwards. In an old picture, often copied, 'its northern and southern slopes 'are represented as rising at an angle of 50° .' Mr. Whymper, however, found that the general angles of these slopes were rather less than 30° , and that those of the eastern and western sides, though somewhat steeper, scarcely exceeded 32° . He lowers the proud head of Chimborazo by some 900 feet. He deducts about twice as many from the previously accepted height of Sara-ureu, and will not allow it to be a volcano even of dowager rank. The population of Quito, 'commonly said to 'range from 60,000 to 80,000,' he estimates at a total of 30,000, or at 35,000 if the suburbs be included. But scarcely anything suffers more at his hands than the magnificent condor. The size and strength of this awe-inspiring vulture he does not indeed undervalue. It is in regard to the range and speed of its flight that his scepticism is displayed. According to Humboldt, the massive pinions of the bird enable it to soar over all the summits of the Andes, to circle for hours in those regions of low pressure, and thence on a sudden to descend to the seashore, thus passing rapidly through all gradations of climate. From Professor Orton is quoted the statement that the condor 'can dart in an instant 'from the dome of Chimborazo to the sultry coast of the 'Pacific.' Such declarations appear to have aroused no

suspicion in the mind even of Mr. Bowdler Sharp, for he writes in 1883: 'All observers agree that, when seen in a wild state, the flight of the condor is truly majestic; and it is capable of ascending to an immense height, at which a man could not breathe on account of the rarefaction of the air, a state of things which does not seem to affect the condor, who is often lost to sight amidst the clouds.' This agreement of observers is now broken as far as concerns Mr. Whymper. He weakens the authority of Professor Orton's statement by remarking that the Pacific is at least 120 miles distant from the dome of Chimborazo, so that to traverse the interval in an instant is to fly at the rate of 432,000 miles an hour, which would cover the distance from the earth to the moon and back in sixty-six minutes. The flashing of such a flight no human eye could follow; still less could it identify, over a course of even twice 60 miles, the bird which started with the bird which arrived. As a matter of fact, it is said, the condors seldom or never descend to the seashore in Ecuador, though they undoubtedly do so elsewhere; while, so far from surpassing man in the heights that they attain, Mr. Whymper, who had repeated opportunities of observing them sailing to and fro, not above but far below his snow-girt encampments, was persuaded that their habitual range did not rise above 16,000 feet. He ingeniously explains the ocular delusion which has probably imposed on other observers.

The natural history results of these travels among the equinoctial Alps, over ground previously little explored for such purposes, and some of it hitherto untrodden, will be of special interest to the entomologist. The extent of the acquisitions may be partly estimated from the circumstance that, after the lapse of several years, a large proportion of them are still awaiting description. Of those which have been already examined by various specialists, the account is enshrined in a handsome supplementary volume, adorned by numerous lifelike figures, engraved on wood by Mr. Whymper himself. Many new species are described. Moreover, a large number of new genera are established: These may or may not have been needed. In any case a protest must be made against the slovenliness of propounding their names without any hint of the meaning or derivation. Mr. H. W. Bates enriches this important supplement with a short but suggestive introductory essay on the distribution of plants and insects, which well deserves attentive study,

and which will be read with the keener interest in that science is still deploring the recent loss of the devoted and conspicuously distinguished naturalist who wrote it. .

Lizards and frogs were met with at great heights—the former up to 12,000 feet, the latter up to 13,500 feet. Of snakes, on the other hand, none were either seen or heard of in the higher and highest parts of the interior of Ecuador. This interior, it must be remembered, in its plains and valleys, is already a long way above the heads of many respectable mountains, such as Snowdon, cloud-capt Ben Nevis, and hotel-capt Rigi. It is from a floor about 9,000 feet above the sea that the Great Andes of the Equator begin to rise. In this interior, then, there is said to be only one fish, *Cyclopinum cyclopum* (Humboldt). Like many other objects in zoology, it has received many names, and it would seem to be in itself deceptively variable, yet, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, there is no making out of it more than a single species. Of this little Siluroid fish Humboldt believed that it was sometimes ejected in thousands from the crater of Cotopaxi, and that it reached the plains below, if not alive, as some people affirmed, yet with its flesh very little disfigured after its strange journey from so strange a source. What Mr. Whympers's opinion might be of his illustrious predecessor's belief in this particular it would have been pleasing to surmise; but guessing is needless, since in his book it will be found that his opinion is explained without reserve.

Of volcanic dust, which may count 25,000 particles, or more, to the weight of a single grain, it is easy to bring away satisfactory samples without overloading either man or mule by the extra weight of luggage. It was a different task to bring home from the various peaks and summits all the specimens of *andesite*, or other rocks, by which Professor Bonney has been enabled to determine the petrology of the region.

In the work of Dr. Bovallius there is no less varied interest than in those of the other two travellers. When treading in the footsteps of Belt and Squier and other eminent fore-runners, he shows himself a capable and successful gleaner. He has as keen an eye for the glories of a tropical forest as Mr. Millican himself, and a considerably greater knowledge of marine zoology than is required in an orchid hunter. He would not have fallen into the time-honoured and highly respectable blunder which Mr. Millican commits in speaking of pink and white coral as 'masterpieces of the coral insect's

‘ingenuity.’ It is indeed difficult to persuade the ordinary Englishman that there is no such thing as a coral insect, that the six legs, the wings, the jaws, the tripartite body of an insect, are all of them wanting to the coral, and that the stony material which is supposed to bear witness to the coral’s moral and intellectual graces is part of the animal’s body, industriously and ingeniously built up, if you will, but with only the same sort of industry and the same sort of ingenuity which build up the bony framework of a pig. If ingenuity could be rightly attributed to either plants or animals in regard to the inherited structure of their bodies, those which show what is called protective resemblance, to which Mr. Bates was the first to arouse the attention of the scientific world, might claim to stand foremost in possession of the attribute. ‘A very singular example was discovered by Dr. Bovallius in the tropical seas. The resemblance is set up between a tiny crustacean and a tiny jellyfish. The medusa, or jellyfish, is a pellucid swimming-bell, from the lower margin of which some short tentacles hang perpendicularly down. The crustacean belongs to a type, if one may use the expression, as remote from that of the jellyfish as a coral is from an insect. The type of crustacean in question normally presents a laterally compressed elongate shrimp-like body, divided into fourteen or fifteen distinct segments, with the appendages long, extremely diversified, and projecting in several different directions. To transform this pattern into the likeness of a jellyfish, a few of the segments are enormously enlarged and inflated to a balloon-like shape, while the extremely dwindled tail and limbs hang straight down like the narrow tentacles of the medusa. For the motive of this remarkable mimicry, Dr. Bovallius refers to the well-known fact that medusa are furnished with a kind of poisoned dart, which must tend to exempt them from attack. The crustacean, by wearing the same guise, may probably enjoy a share of the same immunity.

At Punta Arenas, in Costa Rica, Dr. Bovallius investigated the homes of the leaf-cutting ants. His interest in these had been excited by reading ‘The Naturalist in ‘Nicaragua,’ and by the hypothesis therein advanced that these pertinacious foresters make use of the leaves which they gather not directly for food, but as a manure for their own horticultural purposes. In the formicarium, or burrow of the ants, Mr. Bell repeatedly found the chambers partially filled with a flocculent spongy-looking mass, which proved to be composed of minutely subdivided pieces of

leaves, penetrated and overgrown by the ramifications of a minute white fungus. He believes that the ants take precautions to secure the particular conditions of temperature and moisture which will ensure to this fungus a vigorous growth, and that they are, in fact, mushroom growers and mushroom eaters. The explanation is confessedly extraordinary and unexpected. Dr. Bovallius, though unwilling to deny the possibility of this wonderful fungus-culture, could not, from his own observation, confirm it. He found the spaces in the nest which contain the leaves well ventilated and quite dry. The leaf-fragments also were dry. Among and upon them he found only pupæ—not, as Mr. Belt had done, both pupæ and larvæ of the ants. He also perceived that a large part of the vegetable *debris* was derived from thick-leaved species of *Ficus*, and that it had become almost of the consistency of parchment. He urges that, had it been intended for fungus cultivation, the material would rather have been taken from trees and bushes of softer foliage. For so practical a people as the ants one may indeed be inclined to think that there is something of over-refinement about this mushroom growing. The theory is that they ravage the forests with ceaseless pertinacity, carry home pieces of leaf several times as large as their own bodies, have these pieces bitten up by a special set of workers, make varied arrangements for the welfare of the compost thus laboriously prepared—and all for the sake of growing a minute fungus. One may surely question whether the game would be worth the candle in the eyes of these truly sagacious insects. It is a fact, as we have seen, that men encounter death and inflict it in quest of a flower. But ants are not men.

During the rainy season Dr. Bovallius had the opportunity of witnessing some insect collecting of an unusual character. Under the strongly projecting eaves just outside his window a large spider spread its web about $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet long by $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad. Every day a number of insects were caught in it, and in the middle of every day for about a couple of hours two emerald humming birds visited the window. The naturalist, not being vain enough to suppose that they came for the pleasure of looking at him, began to watch their behaviour with attention. He then perceived that with beak and tongue they picked the small flies out of the net to the utter disgust of the poor spider, which did not dare to come within reach of the sharp beaks of the marauders. When the rainy season was over they dis-

appeared, probably returning to more accustomed hunting grounds. As the humming birds at a pinch had to make use of the domestic spider, so will the human collector often find his own power and skill of little avail unless he can use them to obtain the assistance of humbler instruments. Mr. Whympers wisely remarks of exploration in general that 'a jest may conquer where force will fail, that a *bon mot* is 'often better than a passport,' and he does not forget to thank 'a sharp little English lad, Master Willie Slater,' who, at Chillo, volunteered to collect for him, and who obtained several of the new species described in the natural history supplement. Dr. Bovallius was similarly favoured in his search for antiquities by a young damsel of Nicaragua. During his absence on an excursion his zealous little friend Virginia went from house to house and, by dint of hard begging and gentle bullying, gathered for him a whole bazaar of curiosities 'of which many possessed a high archaeological 'value.' The Indians and the inhabitants in general are by no means eager to reveal the memorials of the ancient races which they may either have in their own dwellings, or may know of as concealed in the earth or the recesses of the forest. But at various places their hearts were opened to Dr. Bovallius in gratitude for his services as a physician. Every ailment was submitted to the wonderful doctor who wanted no payment in money but only in animals and rare plants. His reputation was of great value to him in the Island of Ometepe, a place not only rich in all kinds of queer and beautiful beasts and birds and reptiles, and in an endless variety of trees and bushes covered in their season with large and brilliant blossoms, but also 'one of the headquarters of the 'civilisation which prevailed in Nicaragua at the time of the 'Spanish invasion, and which was so completely extirpated 'by the Spaniards that the chapter relating to it is now one 'of the most obscure in the obscure archives of prehistoric 'America.' Besides the services which the explorer really valued, he received a special compliment before leaving this island. The alcalde of one of the towns, with some of the principal inhabitants, came to invite him to stay permanently as their physician, undertaking to build him a house and cultivate a piece of land for his support. The alcalde was an aged Indian. Another time he received a ceremonious visit from the native pastor of Muyogalpa. This of the end personage was a nearly thoroughbred Indian, tially fit he was pleased to imagine that he had much proved good in his veins—that is to say, according to the

opinion of the locality, a proud and haughty blend of Indian and European. On the banks of the Apure Humboldt passed the night with a dark-brown native, almost guiltless of clothing, and possessed of a wife and daughter whom he called Doña Isabella and Doña Manuela. In this aristocratic company Humboldt proposed eating a chiquire, a large rodent which he had captured, but his host assured him that such Indian game was not proper food 'for us white gentlemen.' So also in Nicaraguan society, however bronze the features, the owners of them are 'we whites.' Nevertheless, the good priest did not think that all vessels had an equal right to sail under false colours. On hearing that the doctor's dog Nero was a Saint Bernard, he declared that it was a sacrilege to name a breed of dogs after the saint. Only when he heard of their usefulness to travellers on the snowy Alps his objection diminished, 'and he made the reflection that without the aid of the holy fathers and their benevolent hounds all traffic between Europe and Italy would be impossible, and his Holiness the Pope in Rome would not be able to receive his tithe at the right time.' Whatever services Nero might under other circumstances have rendered the Pope, in his actual employment he displayed the true instincts of a naturalist. Not to speak of his dealings with alligators, water-fowl, and jaguars, which may rather be attributed to a sporting propensity, there is one example of his behaviour which can only be set down to a real love of science. While his master, seated on a stump of a tree in the little island of Ciste, was occupied in writing, Nero came and stood just in front of him with uplifted head. In his mouth was a small black object, which when taken out proved to be a species of bat. Still the dog stood claiming attention, opening his mouth just enough for fingers to be inserted between his teeth. When five living bats had been drawn out, he showed his satisfaction by barking and leaping. A novice might have thought the incident closed, but the sensible dog well knew the comparative worthlessness of specimens from an unknown or uncertain locality, and therefore motioned to his master to follow him. The hint being taken he led the way to a steep bank. There, thrusting his head into a hole not far up, he drew forth three specimens more.

The only point in the dog's behaviour with which a severe critic might be inclined to find fault is the appearance of rapacity, the evident seizure of more specimens than were needed, a heedlessness about exterminating the whole colony

of bats. One might be disposed to call this conduct inhuman, were there not some considerations which may dispose us rather to call it particularly human.

Now and then the looker-on at a game of chess is worked up into a state of impatient excitement by what appears to be the wilful and unaccountable blindness of one of the players. Were it allowable, by a word or a wink or a movement of the finger, the bystander might save his friend from his ridiculous blundering. Yet nothing can be done, and irremediable disaster follows. In the combat which man wages with other forms of life, to prove himself their owner and lord, to subdue them to his pleasure and his profit, the same thing happens. He is the champion player, sure of success in the protracted tournament. His weapons of precision, his contrivances for speed, his ingenuity in attack and defence, his invincible spirit of adventure, place all animals and plants eventually at his mercy. To save him from his own success would sometimes be a noble exploit. The fireside philosopher follows him with sympathy and admiration in his acts of daring and the varied exhibition of his skill, and at the same time wonders that these great qualities should not unfrequently be attended by a disposition either carelessly selfish or stupidly obtuse. It is not easy or perhaps possible otherwise to account for the extraordinary wastefulness invariably shown by civilised man when objects limited in supply and unappropriated are especially worth having and especially easy to procure. The dispassionate onlooker, it may be said, in this case is at liberty to nod and wink and point the finger as much as he pleases to save his fellow-men from their disastrous mistakes. But that is not quite so true as it sounds. Just as, according to the old saying, *inter arma silent leges*, so in the enthusiasm of sport, in the zealous pursuit of profit, the admonitions of peaceful literature are little likely to be heard. In Behring Sea and the forests of Venezuela, in the kit of the seaman or the sportsman's knapsack, a copy of the 'Edinburgh Review' will not often be found. Before the immediate object of quest considerations a little more remote vanish from the mind. The very men who may be risking their own lives in order that their children may be a little better off than they otherwise would be, will contribute without a thought or pang of regret to make the whole world poorer by the extinction of some valuable animal or plant. Only by a great movement of public opinion, influencing education on a large scale, can the evil be counteracted. Many

pens and voices must combine before there can be any hope of effectively warning and shaming men into self-restraint in this respect. Of the pitiable unthriftiness which so often disgraces human intelligence and human enterprise more than one striking illustration may be adduced from the volumes now under review.

To begin with, the order of marine mammals called Sirenia is worthy of mention. The Sirens of classical mythology combined with the plumage, the talons, and the disposition proper to a bird of prey the dangerous attractions of a maiden fair and false. Not only were their songs delightful to the ear, but they differed from a tolerable or intolerable number of modern songs in not being silly. The wise Ulysses longed to hear them, and, lest he should be overmastered by their fatal charm, took elaborate precautions which he would never have needed against sound without sense. In course of time the plumage of the Sirens was moulted, or in some other way disappeared, and they developed the scaly tail of a fish, while still retaining the tuneful voice, soft features, and long tresses of a human maid, to allure the over-susceptible mariner to his doom. If in turn these mermaids have withdrawn themselves from the view of an incredulous age, their namesakes the Sirenia are in a fair way to follow them. Of the three genera which this order still contained in the course of the last century there are now only two remaining. The northern sea cow, *Rhytina Stelleri*, died out in 1768, within less than twenty years of the publication of the description of it by Steller, the Russian naturalist, who was present at its discovery. To say that it died out, is like saying that in such and such a year the Portland vase broke to pieces, as if to imply that it crumbled up by some process of natural decay, not that it was shattered into fragments by the hand of an idiot. The sea cow did not passively die out. It was extinguished by the hand of man. Seeing that it was a monster of the deep, attaining sometimes a length of 28 feet, and very voracious, we might charitably suppose that it was done away with for its wasteful and dangerous qualities, for being treacherous and a man eater like the fabled Sirens of old. The real state of the case is rather different. The members of this order have been spoken of as in a manner intermediate between the whale and the elephant. There is something human-looking about their upper parts, if seen from a sufficiently great distance and with a sufficiently imaginative eye. But they are not beautiful, they have no

enchanting voice or melodious song, and they are almost hairless. On the other hand they are not in any way savage or treacherous, but on the contrary very simple-minded and confiding, affectionate to their mates and their young. The sea cow was in truth voracious, but it fed on seaweeds, and these it converted in its own substantial person into excellent food for the sailors whose business was on the chill waters of Behring Sea. The economist will not readily refrain from indignation against the foolish greediness which in a few years ruthlessly destroyed this useful supply. The naturalist regrets the extirpation of an animal, itself of unusual structure, a remarkable link in the chain of vertebrate organisation, and one which carried very interesting crustacean parasites that have perished with it. To some minds the pity of it will be brought home from another point of view. In their earliest encounters with it the discoverers of this creature were touched to observe a male coming to the relief of his victimised partner, refusing to be beaten off while her life lasted, and after death returning to the spot for some days as if reluctant to forego the hope of regaining his lost one.

The still extant dugong of the Pacific and other Oriental waters, valuable for its oil and for its flesh, and which like the *Rhytina* shows intense maternal affection, has been honoured by the establishment of an Australian dugong fishery. The proceedings of the enterprising persons concerned, according to Dr. Murie, 'are fast sweeping off the once plentiful numbers' of the animal for the sake of which the fishery exists.

The manatee, or 'fish with hands,' which represents the *Sirenia* in the Atlantic, and ascends many of the rivers of Africa and America, resembles the two genera already mentioned in being of great commercial value. The pork-like flesh is particularly well flavoured. When salted and dried in the sun, it will remain good for twelve months. In certain parts of the Orinoco this creature is or was extremely abundant. By some of the Indian tribes it is said to be eaten with great satisfaction, while others have a prejudice against it. At the mission stations Humboldt found it in good acceptance, and remarks with a gentle sarcasm that, 'as the clergy regard this mammiferous animal as a fish, it is much sought during Lent.' Its fat, under the name of manatee butter, is used, he says, for lamps in the churches, as well as in preparing food. The skin, which Bovallius found to be an inch thick, but to which Humboldt attributes

a thickness of more than an inch and a half, is cut up for cordage, for harness, for riding-whips, and thongs of it were in former times employed for cruelly scourging slaves, and even the free Indians. The manatee is distinguished from all other living vertebrates by having in its neck only six vertebrae instead of the usual seven. Its breasts have been said by an old writer to resemble exactly those of a negress. The hind limbs are represented only by rudiments in the skeleton. The strangely constructed mouth, in the adult destitute of incisors, is adapted for taking in and bruising aquatic vegetation, preparatory to the transfer of it to a stomach divided into several cavities. The animal sometimes attains a length of 12 feet. In a specimen 9 feet long Humboldt was struck with the magnitude of the lungs, 3 feet in length, with very large cells and resembling immense swimming-bladders. The intestines in the same specimen were 108 feet long. Dr. Bovallius describes the dexterity with which the Carib Indians slay these great creatures and then ship them on board their light canoes. 'As soon as the animal was dead, all the Caribs sprang into the water, tilted the canoe so that it filled, and pressing down one side rolled the manatee in. The men swimming towed their vessel nearer to the land, and after bailing out the water, so took it home to San Juan del Norte.' After adding a description of the animal itself, he winds up with this melancholy conclusion, based on the fact that the creature is very valuable, and the pursuit of it well repaid: 'Probably, therefore, the time is not far distant when the manatee will be completely extinct, and have become, like its relative the *Rhytina*, a mere remembrance.' The measures taken by the British and American governments to prevent the extermination of the seals in the Behring Sea rose to the importance of an international question, and a formal treaty has been signed to prevent the destructive and inhuman practice of killing seals for the sake of their young in the breeding-months, which would soon have left no seals to be killed.

The rapacity or want of common sense which leads men to destroy some of their best treasures in the animal kingdom is no less conspicuous in their dealings with plant life. The collection of caoutchouc is an important industry in Central America. This elastic gum is there derived from a species of wild fig, *Castilloa elastica*. From *ulli*, the Aztec name for the gum, the collectors have been named *ulleros*. These consist of Indians, negroes, and half-breeds. Their expe-

ditions involve peril, privation, and arduous toil. The outfit is provided by traders of a higher rank in civilisation. In the readiness to outreach one another there seems to be but little difference between the races. The method of obtaining the precious sap is by cutting a series of V-shaped notches up the stem of the tree. The tree is lofty, but it is hung with long pendent lianas out of which ladders are made for climbing it. The trees that have been tapped nearly always die, as an indirect if not a direct result of the tapping. Yet, as both Mr. Belt and Dr. Bovallius declare, the governments concerned pay not the slightest attention to the regulation of the forests, but allow young and old trees to be destroyed, and take no trouble to have new ones planted. The woodman who is reported to have sawn off the branch on which he was himself seated does not appear to have been by any means an exceptional fool.

From Mr. Millican's book we perceive that objects of luxurious taste are treated in the same way as those which have the more modest merit of simple utility. The popular orchid *Odontoglossum crispum* is found over a wide range of country, but a little town or village called Pacho, in Colombia, has always been the rendezvous for collectors of it. 'The plant collector who arrives here very naturally thinks he will find the coveted *Odontoglossum* in the streets of the town; but, as a rule, the ardour of most of them is somewhat damped when they learn that a journey of three days must be made to the mountains before they can find a plant if they would see it in its natural state.' It took Mr. Millican very much longer. When at length he had reached a place called El Ortiz, where, in a humid region between 7,000 and 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, he hoped to find his desired plant, he was informed by the natives that the *Odontoglossum crispum* had all been taken away, leaving only the *Odontoglossum odoratum*. He had, therefore, to prolong his journey for another three days. Part of his course, he says, was 'along a track which is too bad to describe.' However, at last he came to a forest rich in the orchids of his wishes, showing their magnificent spikes of flowers, 'some high up out of the reach of the native climbers, and others so low as to be easily pulled off by hand.' He engaged about thirty Indians and took provisions for a week to start the campaign. It extended in the end to about two months. During this time he secured some ten thousand plants, cutting down to obtain them some four thousand trees. He explains that in those immense forests a clearing

of a few acres is considered a great benefit, and that cutting down a few thousand trees is no serious and no permanent injury. But from his own disappointment at El Ortiz it is quite obvious that the wholesale attack upon a particular plant, such as he describes himself to have executed, is likely to result in its extirpation. At Bucaramunga he was delighted to learn that the early botanists had found the gorgeous *Cattleya Mendelii* growing around the place in profusion. Where the occasion for delight came is not very easy to comprehend, since he is forced to add that now, through the immense exportation of these plants, not a single one is to be found within many days' journey from the place on mules. Elsewhere he says of another beautiful orchid, *Cattleya Warscewiczii*: 'Unhappily the magnificent varieties of *Warscewiczii* have been cleared away from the neighbourhood long ago, and now, as in other parts, the orchid collector must take a journey of at least two days in the heart of the forest to get his plants, or send some one and wait three weeks in idleness and suspense in a monotonous village.' Considering his own exploits, and the expression of delight before noticed, it is singular that Mr. Millican should speak of this condition of affairs as unhappy. It is no mishap or accident, but the plainest effect of the most evident cause. If those for whom the glorious flowers are obtained value them, not for their beauty or remarkable structure, but only or chiefly because they are rare and costly and out of the reach of ordinary purses, to them almost anything short of the complete extinction of these living jewels will be a gain. Devastation makes them more rare, worth more money, more to be envied by the gaping crowd. The real unhappiness is that things of beauty nearer home, well fitted to be the common delight, additions to the joy of life for people in general, are treated in the same ruthless manner. To illustrate the wise government of good King Alfred, and the peace and truth that prevailed in this realm a thousand years ago, a pleasant story is told that the king, by way of bravado, hung up golden bracelets near the highways and no man dared to touch them. In the present enlightened age it would be interesting to learn in what accessible nook or cranny of England an unguarded root of maidenhair fern would be allowed to flourish unmolested.

The collecting of antiquities stands on a different footing from that of plants and animals. Antiquarian remains do not propagate their kind except by the undesirable method of giving rise to spurious imitations. By numerous accidents

the strictly limited number of the genuine remains is being continually diminished. They are the pieces in a perpetual war game. Religion has played a great part both in the attack and the defence. It has ever been a delightful exercise of piety to demolish the temples and images of false gods and the symbols of any belief that the iconoclast does not believe in. The weaker side take refuge in concealment, and it is supposed that at the present day the Indians sometimes bury the statues of gods which they no longer worship, but have not altogether ceased to reverence. The lovers of art and science now and then promote the destruction which they are striving to prevent, as happened to Mr. Whympster when one of his sumpter mules fell down a precipice, and he found that 'the family soup tureens, the double and treble pots, and other relics of a past civilisation, bounding down the declivity, had been smashed into thousands of fragments.' Dr. Bovallius was more fortunate, and he justifies his transfer of archaic memorials from Nicaragua to Sweden on the ground that in their original home they were becoming ever less and less decipherable through the ravages of time and human hands. Of the larger monumental statues which he could not attempt to carry away he has published figures and descriptions, not only in his Swedish book of travels, but on a more elaborate scale in a separate work written in the English language. From the travels one passage especially deserves to be quoted for the benefit of those who may not be able to read it in the original. After discussing the merits of the Panama and Nicaraguan canals and the probable effect that their completion will have upon the neighbouring country, with good wishes to both the undertakings but a strong preference for the second over the first, he says:—

'The traveller who does not, under the influence of the white man's prejudices against the redskins of America, judge the Central American Indians merely after a cursory acquaintance from the deck of a comfortable steamer or the windows of a railway carriage, but lives with them in their narrow huts, shares their simple food, and accompanies them in their canoes and the overgrown paths of the forest, will, as I do, readily acknowledge that there are few of the noblest instincts which one is accustomed to commend in a people that are not represented among them. Hospitable, highminded, unselfish and intelligent, they only need rousing to a consciousness that they are free, independent men, who have at their disposal a noble fatherland to defend and to improve. Nothing in my opinion is likely sooner to call forth such an awakening than the opening up of their land to European and American civilisation by means of an interoceanic waterway.'

The future of the human race in these glorious regions belongs to the domain of prophecy, which we shall leave to keener eyes and bolder pens than we ourselves pretend to possess. Upon this subject the experts are not entirely at one. Mr. Belt considers that the whip which kept the Indians of Nicaragua up to the mark in the old days was the continual warfare between the tribes, and the cessation of this he appears to lament. Mr. Whympers takes a discouraging view of investments in Ecuador, because there an unknown quantity of earthquakes and revolutions are to be taken into account, and his companion, Jean Antoine Carrel, considered that it would do the people of that country good to have a winter. Hence it seems that, whether nature be rough or mild, whether the nations remain at peace or keep on fighting, the future is dubious and obscure. Some writers consider that the tropical zone is fitted to be the paradise in which the race of man may some day attain its highest perfection. In this paradise, as at present arranged, there are plentiful wasps in the orange groves, there are stinging ants and biting spiders in the savannahs, on the river banks there is 'the insufferable torment of the mosquitos;' there is the *chegoe*, or jigger, on land, and in the water the little cannibal fish, which bites pieces of flesh out of bathers and swimmers. The yellow fever is everywhere lying in wait. Before clearance and cultivation, and the ways of highly civilised beings, these discomforts may diminish or retire. But there is the melancholy chance that with them may retire the choicest glories of the paradise. No longer will the vision be feasted by the wonderful variety of majestic palms, far surpassing, as Humboldt says, that date tree of the East 'which unfortunately has become to the painters of Europe the type of a 'group of palm trees.' The illustrations that copiously adorn these narratives of travel show scenes of beauty and magnificence in which population is sparse. They exhibit strange animals such as the nine-banded armadillo and the little ant bear. They portray bright orchid blossoms and bewitching humming birds and the fair-plumed egret crane. Among Mr. Whympers's many artistic drawings is the portrait of 'a young person of Guayaquil,' pleasingly costumed in the Indian fashion. It is to be feared that with the dress of Europe, with adequate drainage, with two or three hundred inhabitants to the square mile, much that is now so picturesque in the appearance of the people, much that is so entrancing in the existing richness of bird life and plant life, will be driven into the background.

ART. III.—*Prolegomena to the History of Israel*. By JULIUS WELLHAUSEN. 1878. English Translation. Edinburgh: 1885.

CRITICISM of the Old Testament is not of modern origin; it is almost as old as the Scriptures themselves. The Book of Daniel was called in question by the heathen Porphyry (Δόγαι κατὰ Χριστιανῶν) in the third century A.D. The criticism of Isaiah to be found in works of Gesenius is the same which Trypho is represented as placing before Justin Martyr in the second century.* Nay, even the early rabbis encountered similar difficulties, for we read in the Babylonian Talmud that 'Ezekiel would have been suppressed, 'because it contradicts the Law, but for Hananiah ben Hezekiah, who reconciled the discrepancies; '† while yet earlier, in the Mishna itself, we find that opinions as to the sacred character of the Song of Songs varied exceedingly.‡ Such criticism was silenced as much as possible by the Church of Rome, but with the Reformation it naturally revived, and has become more outspoken as time advanced. Much that is now regarded as recent is, however, to be found in the works of Bayle and Voltaire, while the discovery of parallel passages in Genesis was made by Astruc as early as 1753. The English public was roused to the consideration of such questions nearly twenty years ago by Colenso; and the later works of Kuenen and Wellhausen have brought into the controversy nothing that is very new either as to method or as to materials.

The present object is not to formulate a new theory or to predict the future tendency of such criticism, but merely to enquire whether the latest results of the old methods can claim to be better founded or more finally conclusive than those which have preceded them, and whether the materials daily increasing for such study have been fully utilised by the school which is for the moment dominant. It is a sure mark of the strong hold on the minds and affections of men which the Old Testament has acquired that unfailing interest continues to be felt in the repetition of such arguments. It appears to most men that the question of a few centuries in date, or of a more or less pure text, is of little interest when the subject is that of Persian or Indian literatures; but

* Diol. ch. lxvii.

† 'Tab Bab, 'Sabbath,' 13, b.

‡ Yadaim, iii. 5.

when that subject is the authorship and date of the books so long sacred to the civilised world, very fierce passions and prejudices are enlisted on either side of the controversy, and intemperate language is not confined to either party. The supercilious patronage of the critic is often as far removed from the tone of true scholarship as are the protestations of those to whom such a tone is galling.

That the patient examination of the Old Testament, conducted mainly in Germany, has produced interesting results, especially as regards textual questions, none will deny. A strong though narrow and dogmatic school has laboured, not in vain, to correct the traditional assumptions which are based mainly on rabbinical opinion. But the decay of this school, the methods of which have become somewhat out of date, is clearly marked in the recent utterances of Wellhausen and of Renan. It appears to be no longer thought necessary to attempt to enforce opinion by closely argued demonstrations. Assertions often very wild and ignorant are regarded as sufficient to convince; and the critic, *ex cathedra*, condemns such passages as do not suit his theory; and by the simple method of supposing a 'gloss' or an 'interpolation,' for which he gives no textual evidence, clears away each difficulty raised by his own assumptions. That we should now witness the disintegration of what was once the critical theory is, no doubt, a sign that some method more in accordance with real knowledge is about to arise. The assertions of older critics have been questioned by the later, and we have no reason to suppose that the latter will escape from the fate of those who have come to be regarded as obsolete authorities.

While, however, the present literary fashion prevails, the influence of Julius Wellhausen is not inconsiderable. He possesses many qualifications for such study, not only as being acquainted with the literature of his predecessors, but also as a student of Hebrew, Aramaic, Syriac, and Arabic, which he teaches at the University of Marburg. But, on the other hand, his work fails to exhibit acquaintance with other matters, which are equally essential for his purpose. There is nothing to show that he has specially studied such important languages as the Assyrian, the Phœnician, or the Moabite; or that he possesses any personal knowledge of the habits of thought and belief which still distinguish Orientals, or of the historical information contained in the contemporary monuments of Egypt and of Western Asia. His work is the natural product of his opportunities; and it is not surprising

that, in the retirement of a scholastic life, he should regard the ancient Asiatics as though they in no wise differed from the Germans of to-day. But, on the other hand, the boldness (and, indeed, recklessness) of his assertions, which often betray a want of knowledge which might be acquired at home, cannot be so excused. It may impose on the reader who is not careful to check each statement, but it seriously detracts from his claim to be regarded as a safe scholar, and renders it impossible to admit his right to speak with the authority to which he aspires. Men are often obliged to teach while they are themselves learning, but the moment they shut their eyes to knowledge which can be acquired they cease to be fitted for the duties of leaders of thought.

Before proceeding to consider the soundness of the results which Wellhausen claims to be his peculiar contribution to the subject, it is necessary to allude to some of these loose statements, which serve to show the character and the spirit of his criticism, though in themselves the mistakes are often unimportant. Having so formed an estimate of his methods, we may proceed to consider the more important questions to which his volume gives rise. That volume includes three parts, in the first of which the religious customs of the Hebrews are treated, and in the second the historical books criticised in the inverse order of their antiquity; while in the last a highly speculative sketch is offered of what the author conjectures to have been the real history of the people, basing his views in part on those documents which he is led by his theory to consider oldest, and, in part, on no other basis than his own imagination.

Taking the most remarkable of Wellhausen's assertions in the order of their occurrence, we first find that Cain is said to be 'driven out of the land (Canaan).' * The narrative states that he went to the country east of Eden,† and the scene of the whole passage is laid in Armenia, not in Canaan at all. The reason of the assertion is that the critic confines the worship of Jehovah to Palestine. On p. 29 we read of Solomon's altar as having 'a flight of steps.' There is no such statement in the Bible, and steps were forbidden.‡ On p. 43 we read of Obed Edom as a Philistine, because he is called the Gittite; but even if this means an inhabitant of Gath in Philistia (for there were other towns of the name) it does not prove that he was a Philistine. David himself was for some time an inhabitant of Gath, and a Hebrew

* P. 22, note.

† Gen. iv. 16.

‡ Exod. xx. 26.

population from early times existed in this region. More important is the next passage:—

‘But if Ohel Mood is here (what it everywhere else is) the tabernacle, as is indicated also by the sacred vessels, then the verse is, as has been said, an interpolation. The motive for such a thing is easily understood.’ (P. 44.)

The foundation for the assertion contained in this clumsy sentence, with its logical *non sequitur*, is the fact that in one passage* the word is not in the Septuagint; but as it appears in 2 Sam. vii. 6—yet is a late expression, according to Wellhausen’s theory—therefore it is an interpolation, and a dishonest motive must be charged to the Hebrew writer. No theory can long find acceptance if its foundations are so weak.

‘The contrast with the “Priestly Code” is extremely striking, for it is well known that the latter work makes mention of no sacrificial act prior to Moses.’ (P. 54.)

Such is the statement which ignores the twenty-second chapter of Genesis, although in that chapter the name *Elohim* (supposed to be distinctive of the hypothetical ‘Priestly Code’) is used, and in it Abraham’s sacrifice is described.

‘The introduction of incense is a natural result of increased luxury’ (p. 65); therefore it is supposed to mark certain writings as belonging to the time of poverty after the Captivity, whereas the monuments of Sennacherib attest the wealth and commerce of Hezekiah’s time, while the use of incense in Egypt is of high antiquity. The indication is, therefore, in reality (so far as it has any importance at all) a mark of early and not of late times. As a fact the word is used in Deuteronomy, in Isaiah, in Ezekiel, and in Nehemiah alike; and the offering of incense was no doubt a very ancient rite, as was also the use of show bread, which is represented on Egyptian monuments. So that there is no reason to suppose (p. 67) that ‘some later transcriber should have interpolated the golden table in 1 Kings vii. 48.’

‘Under the presence of Jehovah’s wrath not only was sacrifice abandoned, but even the mention of His Name was shunned, so as to avoid attracting His attention.’ † (P. 81, note.)

The passages quoted do not support this view, and it is certain that sacrifices were most frequent in times of sin and of trouble, when men sought to propitiate an offended Deity

* 1 Sam. ii. 22.

† Hosea iii. 4, ix. 4; Amos vi. 10.

who (as the prophets said) would not accept their offerings. The reason why the Name was not pronounced is well known to have been that it was held too sacred to be lightly uttered, and this at all times, not merely in times of trouble. It is strange that any writer should regard the Hebrew as most devout in the days of prosperity.

‘It was not until shortly before the Exile that the burning ‘of children was introduced on a grand scale’ (p. 89). We have no knowledge that this detestable rite was ever observed ‘on a grand scale;’ but we do know that it was a very archaic heathen practice, common to Canaanites, Moabites, Phœnicians, and Assyrians, and that it was only gradually stamped out among the Hebrews.

‘In accordance with this* worship consists simply of the thanksgiving due for the gifts of the soil—the vassalage payable to the superior who has given the lands and its fruits. It *ipso facto* ceases when the corn and wine cease; in the wilderness it cannot be thought of, for if God bestows nothing, then man cannot rejoice, and religious worship is simply rejoicing over blessings bestowed.’ (P. 97.)

This unworthy sentence proves only one thing—that the critic is entirely out of sympathy with the Hebrew prophet whom he quotes. The words of Hosea have no such meaning. The wilderness was the retreat of prophets like Elijah, when they sought communion with God. The pious Hebrew prostrated himself in the dust before an offended Deity who denied him the blessings of prosperity. He was no communist grumbling with his king, but the ‘slave of God,’ whose wrath he dreaded, and which wrath he thought to have been roused by sin and neglect; therefore it was that in days of trouble the sacrifices of the faithful were increased and made more costly. The German critic shows only his own incapacity to enter into the spirit of religious belief usual in ancient times, and which still survives, if not in Europe at least in Asia. Times of interdict† there were, no doubt, but only because the God of his fathers turned away His face from the offending Israelite, according to the belief common to every ancient nation.

‘During the Exile the observance of the ecclesiastical new year seems to have taken place, not on the first, but on the tenth of the seventh month.’‡ (P. 110.)

In the passages quoted the jubilee is given this date, and the ‘tenth day’ of an unnamed month is said to be ‘in the

* Hosea ii. 23.

† See p. 98, note.

‡ Levit. xxv. 9; Ezek. xl. 1.

'beginning of the year.' The theory, therefore, is unsupported, and the critic is responsible for a supposed commencement of the year which is contrary to all we know of the ancient systems of calculation.* This single case shows how carefully the reader should test for himself the meaning of passages cited by Wellhausen.

'The original narrative of the Creation, according to which God finished His work on the seventh day, and therefore sanctified it, is amended, so as to be made to say that He finished in six days and rested on the seventh.' † In a note is added, 'Obviously the second clause is an authentic interpretation, added from very intelligible motives.' (P. 115.)

This extraordinary remark, which seems to arise from a determination—almost wilful—to discover glosses and interpolations, rests on a misunderstanding of the Hebrew language. There is no discrepancy of any kind, since the author states that God 'rested from all His work' on the seventh day and hallowed it.

'In the Temple of Solomon even heathen ‡—probably captives—were employed to do hierodulic services . . . the place of the heathen Temple slaves is in future to be taken 'by the Levites' (p. 123). There is no such statement in the Old Testament. Zechariah merely states that in the future no Canaanite should enter the Temple. He says nothing about the customs of Solomon's time, and the same prohibition occurs in Ezekiel (xliv. 7-9), being natural to a time when the Jews were a minority in the land.

The account taken from 1 Sam. vi. 13-15 (p. 128) supposes a contradiction between the two verses, according to which the Levites set the ark 'on the stone on which the sacrifice is already burning.' The writer's object is to show that the Levites are only introduced in an interpolation; but no mention is made of any sacrifice on the stone in question. On the same page 'the destruction by the 'Philistines of the Temple' at Shiloh is noticed. This event is not mentioned in the Old Testament, and no citation is attempted. In the same way Samuel is said 'by virtue of his office' to have slept 'every night beside the ark' (p. 131); but nothing of the kind is noticed in the passage cited, § any more than the curious idea that Micah and Gideon were 'proprietors' of certain shrines (p. 129) is sanctioned by what is recorded.

* See Mishnah, 'Rosh hash Shanah,' i. 1.

† Gen. ii. 2.

‡ Zech. xiv. 21.

§ 1 Sam. iii. 3.

That 'David sacrificed on the occasion of his having officiated' (p. 133) is true, but it is no mark of date. Kings in all ages were priests as well, and in the latest days of the Temple service King Agrippa is said to have taken part in the ritual.* Again, from the simple notice of the meeting of Jehu with the son of Rechab† near Samaria is elaborated the theory that the Rechabites 'arose in the 'northern kingdom' and 'continued to subsist in Judah.'‡ We know very little of the Rechabites, and this assertion travels far beyond the facts.

The author is unwilling to admit that the Levites are mentioned in early times. Accordingly a passage in which they are noticed is 'certainly not written by Jeremiah' (p. 141), because the Septuagint omits Jeremiah xxxiii. 14-26. The position of the Levites differed at different times, but there is no reason to assume that they cannot be noticed in early ages. The power of the priests naturally increased when the people, under foreign rule, had no native king; and it sank again to the shadow of a shade under the Herodians and Romans.

'In the "Priestly Code," on the other hand, which was not in a position to shape the future freely out of the present, but was compelled to accept archaeological restrictions, the motives are historically concealed, and almost paralysed. . . . Jerusalem and the Temple, which, properly speaking, occasioned the whole arrangement, are buried in silence, with a diligence which is in the highest degree surprising.' (Pp. 163-4.)

The meaning of this passage is that in the chapters of Genesis which the critic assigns to the period after the Captivity there is no mention of the conditions which prevailed at that late period; and therefore, in order to meet the natural objections of the majority of scholars, who regard this narrative as very ancient, Wellhausen attributes concealed motives to the author. The same weak explanation is attempted in other passages, when the opinions and the demonstrations of his opponents have to be encountered.

The remarks on Chronicles, with which the second part of the work opens, are not of much importance, since the late date of that work is generally acknowledged; but it is important to note that the author of Chronicles continually refers to the older works whence he drew his information. Hence we gather that it was a Jewish practice so to refer when the chronicle was not original, and the fact that no

* Sotah vii. 8.

† 2 Kings x. 15.

‡ Jer. xxxv. 19.

authorities are cited in other books is in such case an argument favouring their originality, and not favouring the view that an 'editor' or 'redactor' incorporated ancient fragments in his work, without any statement to that effect. We may note in passing that the assertion, 'According to the older views angels have no wings' (p. 179), is contradicted by monumental evidence, which shows that angelic figures were represented with wings at least as early as 1500 B.C. The notices of Saracens beyond Jordan (p. 163) and Carians in Jerusalem (p. 196) are eccentricities of little importance, as is the theory that the Hebrews sailed round Africa to Spain (p. 205), which is quite unfounded. It is in his treatment of the early narratives of Judges and Samuel that the critic strives most fruitlessly to tear to pieces the ancient books, freely supposing glosses and interpolations, and various documents welded together by an editor, and 'overgrown with later accretions.' The attempt fails, since no criticism of style or language is undertaken, but merely a supposed contrast between various statements, which has no real existence, but arises from want of appreciation of the ancient author's meaning and thoughts. There is, perhaps, no book of the Old Testament which is more vigorous and archaic in character, or which has suffered less at the hands of copyists through the lapse of ages, than that most lifelike picture of primitive customs which we recognise in the chronicle named after its earliest hero, Samuel, but continued by its author down to the latest years of David. It is naturally here that the critic is least in sympathy with the piety and simplicity of the story.

The remarks on the Book of Judges are of no particular importance, though the statement that Sisera was a 'great king' (p. 240) is quite unfounded, and shows want of acquaintance with the social conditions of the age, when the Canaanites were still under Egyptian rule in Galilee, as proved by monumental records. Wellhausen cannot understand how Gideon's followers can have had swords, when they were holding pitchers, torches, and trumpets (p. 244). He may be assured by the information that the ancients slung their swords to their thighs, and drew them when required.

Speaking of Samuel's victory over the Philistines, he says:—

'The mere recapitulation of the contents of this narrative makes us feel at once what a pious make-up it is, and how full of inherent impossibilities: to think of all that is compressed into the space of one

day!' (P. 248.) 'There cannot be a word of truth in the whole narrative. Its motives, however, are easily seen.' (P. 249.)

The motive was to record an important victory. The events are easily to be understood as occupying only a few hours. The pious tone is that which is natural to the age and the writer, and there is no reason to doubt that the events related* occurred. Such wholesale condemnation is flippant, and not scholarly, and detracts only from the critic's authority. He believes that 'more probably the 'religious way of telling the story was preceded by a way 'considerably more profane' (p. 245); but Hebrew writers never are profane, and a little study of the language used by Rameses II., or by Assurbanipal much later, when he records the vision related to him by a seer, might have shown the critic that ancient history is not written in the tone of a modern war correspondent's despatches. We are informed that the 'artificial frame- and net-work does not 'make itself much felt' in Samuel (p. 245), and descending to details we discover that the 'Deuteronomist revision' is responsible only for one note of time, which the Septuagint omits (pp. 246-8), which means, in other words, that criticism fails to discover any later elements in this ancient chronicle.

On the other hand, because Saul is first anointed by Samuel, and afterwards chosen by lot at Mizpah, we are asked to consider the two accounts to be by different authors, and told that the 'renewal of the kingdom' after Saul's second victorious campaign is a 'transparent artifice 'of the author of viii. 10, 17 seq. to incorporate in his own 'narrative the piece which he had borrowed from some 'other quarter' (p. 251). As a fact the whole narrative reads continuously. Saul is secretly chosen, and afterwards openly appointed, by the divine guidance; but his power over the more unruly 'sons of Belial' is only established by continued success in war. The criticism is rather a transparent artifice, on the part of the modern reader, to support an unnecessary theory of double authorship in the chronicle. It is not by such methods that the cause of truth can be advanced.

Further proof of the post-Deuteronomic and Jewish origin of these narratives is supposed to be found (p. 256) in the fact that Israel assembled at Mizpah, as in the later days of Judas Maccabæus. When we consider that Jerusalem in

* 1 Sam. vii.

both instances was in the hands of enemies, and in the time of Samuel was not as yet a sacred centre, such an argument falls to the ground; while the assertion that 'the whole passage about the meeting of the king with the prophet at Gilgal* is the insertion of a later hand' is equally unproven, since it arises from want of complete knowledge of the topography of the episode. Gibeah of Saul and Gilgal were not separated by any very great distance, and the notice of Gilgal as a sacred place points to the early period, before this site had become odious to the prophets as the scene of idolatrous abuses, and before Jerusalem had been made the capital.

A similar attempt is made (p. 260) to show a supposed discrepancy in the topography of Saul's last fight with the Philistines; but it rests on the false assumption that Aphek was a place in the Sharon plain. There were several Apheks in Palestine and in Syria, and the topography of this episode presents no difficulty to the serious student.

According to Wellhausen, the account† of Saul's pursuit of David in the wilderness is 'a good-natured jest telling how the two played hide-and-seek round a hill' (p. 265). Perhaps, had he stood in that grim desert under such circumstances, he might have otherwise regarded his enemy's stealthy advance. There is no passage in the Bible which gives a more vivid picture of the invariable methods of desert warfare. When, however, he speaks of David 'amusing himself by going first towards the north,' and speaks of this episode‡ as a 'worthless anachronistic anecdote' (pp. 267-271), he fails to understand what the author describes. David fled to the protection of the dreaded Samuel, and of the holy place where he lived, and had little thought of amusement. In the same connexion (p. 268) a supposed distinction between the *Roch*, or 'seer,' and the *Nabi*, or 'prophet,' is argued, and the explanation§ is said to be a 'gloss,' but that its statement 'is scarcely quite correct.' It is, in fact, one of the interesting marks of archaism in the work, but the distinction supposed cannot be shown to have existed.

The Books of Kings, belonging to a much later period, may be briefly passed over; but here also some very curious assertions may be noticed. The blessing of Jacob

* 1 Sam. xiii. 7-15.

† 1 Sam. xxiii. 14.

‡ 1 Sam. xix. 18 seq.

§ 1 Sam. ix. 9.

and the blessing of Moses are said to show us the 'sentiment of Northern Israel,' because in both passages the tribe of Joseph is blessed. But in quoting the former it is difficult to understand why the important notice of Judah as the royal tribe* is silently ignored, except that it expresses the sentiment of Southern Israel. The natural conclusion would be that these ancient hymns belong to a time prior to that when Jew and Samaritan became enemies. If the words 'bring him back to his people' † are correctly understood by the translators, we may still ask the critic what security exists that this obscure phrase, on which he hangs a theory, is not 'an interpolation.'

The concluding paragraphs of this part of the work equally show a misconception of their subject.

'It may be said of this class of narratives generally that the prophets are brought too much into the foreground in them. . . . In the time of Ahab and Jehu the *Nebiim* were a widespread body, and organised in orders of their own, but were not highly respected; the average of them were miserable fellows.' (P. 293.)

There is no foundation for such an opinion. The position of prophet, or man 'inspired,' was held in all ages, and continues to be held, to be the highest to which a human being can attain; and the right understanding of the Old Testament is not advanced by such an assertion.

The last chapter of the second part treats of the 'Narrative of the Hexateuch,' by which is meant the Pentateuch story and the narrative of Joshua, considered to form a single document. The term is the symbol of a theory of the nineteenth century. The term Pentateuch represents a traditional belief in the unity of certain books. If their limit is exceeded it is as reasonable to speak of the Heptateuch (including Judges) or of the Polyteuch, adding other historical narratives; but nothing is gained by making a new and arbitrary classification. The distinction between the Pentateuch and the Prophets is ancient among the Jews. The Samaritans accepted the former, but never, as far as we know, the latter; and this not because the latter had as yet no existence, for in the belief of all critics many of the narratives of Hebrew history, not included in the Pentateuch, are older than parts of the Pentateuch itself. No reason has been given which stands the test of enquiry for drawing a new line which no ancient version recognises.

It is in this section, however, that the main contention of

Kuenen and Wellhausen, as opposed to the opinions of their predecessors, is set forth. Wellhausen regards the Book of Genesis as being the work of a priest after the Captivity, who incorporated ancient material without any acknowledgement of the fact; and to this later writer he ascribes those chapters which form the 'main stock,' and in which the name *Elohim* is used. The linguistic argument which he attempts occupies only six pages of the volume, and, being the most important question, must be separately considered later. For the rest he is engaged in trying to show 'tendencies' in the writer, and in explaining away the hard fact that there are in Genesis no allusions to the events and conditions of the Hebrew polity after the Captivity; which silence, together with the archaic character of the language and style of the author, is generally considered to point to the antiquity of the 'main stock'—so called. Accordingly we learn that the author shows 'everywhere cautious consideration which shrinks from going beyond generalities' (p. 299), and a 'vague generalness' (p. 312); 'the narratives in question have not an Israelite, but a universal 'ethnic origin' (p. 314)—statements which are in reality confessions of inability to fix upon the ancient writer any charge of anachronism at all, and which insinuate an unworthy motive by supposing what is a simple narrative to be a studied imitation of archaic style. We are told that in Genesis ii. iii: (supposed to be inserted from some older book), 'not nature, but man, is the beginning of the world' (p. 305), which only means that the second chapter goes on from where the first leaves off, and, whether by a different author or no, is still the supplement of that which goes before. The conclusion favours, therefore, the antiquity of the first chapter, in which the name *Elohim* is used.

'The migrations which are mentioned of peoples and tribes are necessary consequences of the assumed relationship. . . . The reason why the Arameans are made so nearly related to the Israelites is probably that the patriarchal legend arose in Middle or North Israel.' (P. 319.)

In this passage the critic assumes that no such relationship existed; yet we know nothing of the Hebrew origins save what we find in the Old Testament, and no archæological or linguistic fact has been discovered which forbids us to regard that account as genuine. On the contrary, the monumental accounts, and the geographical facts, both agree in supporting the supposition that the Hebrews came from the East.

'The blessing of Jacob in the oracle on Joseph also mentions the Syrian wars. The archers who press Joseph hard, but are not able to overcome him, can be no other than the Arameans of Damascus.' (P. 323.)

The conclusion is a rash one, as the nationality of the archers is not mentioned. Monumentally, we know that as early as 1450 B.C. the Assyrians invaded Canaan, and that in 1120 B.C. they had again entered the Lebanon; but the bowmen in question may have been Amorites, Hittites, Hivites, or Egyptians, or any other of the unfriendly races, whose history we can trace back to 1600 B.C. in Palestine, and who all used bows.

It is hardly worth notice that Lot is said to make a 'detour by Zoar' (p. 315), whereas Zoar lay on his direct route; or that Abraham was 'gathered to his fellow-tribesmen' (p. 328) when he is stated to have been the first Hebrew man buried in the midst of a Hittite population; but it is astonishing to find (p. 329) Levi omitted from among Jacob's sons, and yet the total given as twelve when the details are but eleven. This might be thought a slip if any name other than Levi had been left out.

'In the Jehovist the present everywhere shines through; he in no way conceals his own age. We are told that Babylon is the great-world city; that the Assyrian empire is in existence, with the cities of Nineveh, and Calah, and Resen; that the Canaanites had once dwelt in Palestine, but had been absorbed in the Israelites. The author of the "Priestly Code" is very careful not to do anything like this. He brushes up the legend, and makes history of it according to the rules of art.' (P. 338.)

This is, perhaps, the most loosely considered statement in Wellhausen's book. We are not told that Babylon is the great-world city, or that the Canaanites had been absorbed; and the chapters of Genesis here ascribed to the hypothetical 'Priestly Code' are perhaps the most artless writings in the Old Testament. Nor do any of the above statements show a late origin for the narrative. Assyria had its capital at Nineveh (as we know monumentally) in 1500 B.C. Babylon was then ruled by an independent monarch, who had settled a boundary between his dominions and those of the King of Nineveh; and both princes were in trading communication with Egypt at this early date. These facts have, however, for the most part been proved by discoveries made since Wellhausen wrote. They serve not the less to show how the assumption of the late rise of these Aramean states is unfounded, which might equally be deduced from the pages of

the Bible. The final statement, in this part of Wellhausen's volume, is equally unfounded—when he says that the first chapter of Judges 'is, in fact, not a continuation of the 'Book of Joshua at all, but a parallel to it' (p. 358), for that chapter relates the wars of the second generation, when the half-conquered Canaanites raised their heads once more on the death of the great Hebrew conqueror.

As to the 'Conclusion of the Criticism of the Law,' little need be said except that the views are speculative. The critic tells us that the 'Priestly Code' is remarkable for the 'great poverty of its language' (p. 387), and immediately after (p. 388) that the word used for the sea 'belongs to 'lofty poetical language.' It is difficult to reconcile these remarks, but we can hardly regard Wellhausen as an authority on style, and the observations both favour the supposition that the language of Genesis is archaic. The theory of an 'oral and written Torah' appears to be rendered necessary by the assumption that the existing writings are late, and do not represent the Torah mentioned by the prophets; but the contention shows very little knowledge of the social conditions of the East. The 'tradition, accessible 'to themselves alone,' which the priests possessed is supposed to have been an 'oral teaching' (p. 396), and afterwards 'the written word took the place of the spoken word' (p. 409). How this was possible when all knowledge of writing was confined to a few priests and educated scribes, among the upper classes, and when the large majority of the nation was unable to read, we are not informed. The theory, as a fact, is set up to answer very strong arguments brought forward to show that the Torah or 'teaching' was ancient.*

The assertion that Moses was 'not regarded as the founder 'of the cultus' (p. 397) is a paradox which is refuted by the words of Malachi (iv. 4) and by the Psalms. The statement that in Josiah's time 'Deuteronomy was found and published' (p. 402) is equally an assertion. We do not know for certain what the Torah was, that was then discovered,† though it no doubt included Deuteronomy. That it was 'published' is not the case, but accords with the critic's view that a written law was disseminated at this time, and took the place of the priestly instruction of the people, which is quite impossible. The concluding chapter is mainly remarkable for the statement in a note (p. 417): 'He even speaks

* See Lament. ii. 9.

† 2 Kings xxii. xxiii.

‘with favour of David and the kingdom of Judah, but I consider all such references in Hosea (as well as in Amos) to be ‘interpolations.’ No proof or reason is given for this assertion.

The concluding sketch of the history of Israel repeats all the assertions above mentioned, and adds many others equally doubtful. The critic supposes a ‘Hebrew group’ to have existed, including Edom, Moab, and Ammon. He gives no reason for omitting the Ishmaelites or the children of Keturah, and no notice is taken of the fact that the descendants of Esau were half Hittite by birth. He states that the Hebrews adopted the language of the Canaanites, which, as we shall see, is contradicted by monumental evidence; and he regards Jehovah as ‘a family or tribal God,’ which is also contrary to the statements of the Old Testament, and to the facts of antiquity. Abner was not slain ‘at the gate of Hebron’ (p. 453), for the site of the well Sirah is at some distance from the town. The substitution of ‘Assyrians’ for ‘Hittites’ in the account of the siege of Samaria (p. 460) is quite unwarranted, and contrary to the conditions of the age, when the Hittites were the chief power in the North, capable of resisting Assyria. The Hebrews did not ‘dispense with conceptions of heaven and hell’ (p. 469) any more than the Phœnicians or the Assyrians. The statement that Padiah, king of Ekron, was handed over to Hezekiah (p. 482) is not supported by what the cuneiform record really says. Jehovah was never ‘associated ‘with a queen of heaven’ (p. 486) or with any other deity; the passage in Jeremiah has been misunderstood. Job never claims to ‘execute vengeance on God’ (p. 505), such an idea being foreign to his pious character; nor does ‘Jesus cast ‘ridicule on the works of the Law’ (p. 510) when He condemns the hypocrites. On the contrary, He commanded their observance. It appears throughout this unfortunate essay that the writer aims at being striking, if not shocking, in his remarks, and original by reversing every ordinary estimate; but this is done at the expense of his own reputation as a safe scholar, and to the temporary detriment of Old Testament study.

But we may now turn to much more interesting and important questions as regards the true study of the subject—namely, to the question of language and to that of the method by which a literature like that of the Old Testament may be supposed to have come into existence. The school which will arise in the future will follow those who

have been content to note the actual facts, and to draw conclusions not based on an *a priori* theory. There are many such scholars among us, though they are less known and read than those who, like Wellhausen and Renan, astonish by paradox or by the flippancy of their treatment of an important subject.

The most important question of all is that of language, to which only six pages of Wellhausen's volume are devoted. The attempt to discover anachronisms, or to prove 'tendencies,' and the imputation of motive, alike fail to shake the position of the author of Genesis, whom the critic would make a priest of the Persian period. But it remains to be asked, What is the evidence afforded by the language in which he writes?

The language of the 'main stock' in Genesis differs somewhat from that of other early books, but not very distinctively. Its peculiar words occur also in Deuteronomy, and in other parts of the Pentateuch, in Amos, Jeremiah, Isaiah, and in later books; but the argument which Wellhausen draws from certain words, resembling the Aramaic rather than the Hebrew of the palmy days of literature in Hezekiah's time, is that such Aramaic terms betoken a late date. This has been regarded always as a strong argument, though it has been pointed out that Aramaic forms are often etymologically older than the contracted forms used in Hebrew, the assumption being that Aramaic was unknown to the Hebrews before the Captivity. This assumption the progress of discovery in the East has conclusively shown to be unfounded, and the study of Hebrew has been placed on a new basis by monumental information. Wellhausen admits that 'the study of the history of (Hebrew) language is still at a 'very elementary stage' (p. 390), but he has not availed himself of the information which is attainable, and which must profoundly modify conclusions which were considered final when as yet Syriac, Arabic, Æthiopic, and the later Aramaic of the rabbinical books were the only languages which could be compared with Hebrew.

* Some have been tempted to suppose that the Aramaic forms, which often differ only by a letter easily added or lost, were due to the carelessness of scribes in later times; but if this were the case how can we account for the preservation of very archaic forms in other passages which have been faithfully preserved? These forms are not mentioned by Wellhausen, but they are of great importance, as showing the extreme care with which every letter of the Law was copied,

by scribes who even counted them to secure the accuracy of their transcripts. Two cases are very well known in Genesis. The first is the use of what was in later times the masculine pronoun of the third person, but which the earlier writer uses for both genders. This (according to the Massora on Gen. xxxviii. 25) occurs eleven times in the Pentateuch. The other case is the use of the masculine *Nār* for 'boy,' applied also to the feminine, without the feminine termination found in later times, the verb, however, standing in the feminine.* It is evident that these archaisms cannot be 'interpolated;' they remain as witnesses of the careful preservation of the Hebrew text through many centuries, and they distinguish the language of these passages in Genesis from that of later times. They have a value, therefore, quite equal to that of the Aramaic forms, or of the Egyptian words which have been discovered in the narrative of Exodus.

The idea that Aramaisms betoken late date arose from the fact that Aramaic was only known at first from the rabbinical writings, and from certain passages in the later books of the Old Testament. Hence it came to be regarded as a comparatively modern dialect, learned during the Captivity, and gradually superseding Hebrew. Wellhausen, it is right to state, says in a note that 'too much importance 'must not be attached' to these forms (p. 390), the reason being that he finds them in books which he considers early; but in this case the Aramaisms of the 'main stock' may also be old. How old they may be we have only of late years been able to understand.

The first light on this subject was obtained through the recovery of the Assyrian language on the monuments, carrying us back for centuries before the Captivity, and showing how throughout Chaldea and Aram the dialect which prevailed finally over Hebrew was already in use. This, however, would not be regarded as affecting the question of Hebrew, although Aramaic was understood in Palestine in Hezekiah's time; the elders of Jerusalem said to Rabshakeh,† 'Speak, I pray thee, to thy servants in the 'Aramaic language, for we understand it, and talk not in 'the language of Judah in the ears of the people that are 'on the wall.' We know with certainty what that 'language of Judah' was, because of the preservation in the

* See Gen. xxiv. 14, 16, 28, 55; xxxiv. 3, 12; Deut. xxii. 15 seq.

† 2 Kings xviii. 26.

Siloam aqueduct tunnel of a Hebrew inscription of about Hezekiah's age. It was the same pure and distinctive Hebrew in which the later Scriptures, written before the Captivity, were penned.

When, however, we turn to the Moabite Stone, we do not find that the language of King Mesha is the Hebrew of the Siloam text. His great inscription, written early in the ninth century B.C., or nearly two centuries before Hezekiah's time, is in another dialect. Its genuineness has been attacked on this very ground, but the learned critic, who supposed its peculiar grammatical forms to be only comparable to later Aramaic and Arabic, was innocent, it would seem, of any knowledge of Assyrian. The Moabite shows a very marked connexion with the Aramaic of the contemporary Assyrian inscriptions, and its language is thus a mark of its genuine character, since a forger would certainly have written it in Hebrew. A monument which has stood the test of examination by all the leading authorities in Europe does not, however, require any defence of its character.

But we have yet older and more copious information in the cuneiform tablets discovered in 1887, which include letters to Amenophis III. and his son Amenophis IV., written by natives of Tyre, Sidon, Lachish, Ascalon, and other towns, in Palestine and in Phœnicia, which about 1500 B.C. were held by the Egyptians. These letters give us the language of the Semitic population of Palestine, about the time of the Hebrew conquest; and there are, indeed, in them (as more than one scholar has noticed) two clear references to the 'people of the Hebrew race,' as being established in the mountains of Judah, and as conquering Keilah, Rabbah, Gath, Gaza, and other places in Philistia—which accords with the chronological statements of the Book of Kings. But the language so recovered is not Hebrew, and we are thus shown that the Hebrews did not, as Wellhausen supposes, adopt the Canaanite language. Their speech was that of a pure desert tribe, which, through isolation, had grown to differ from that of the settled Semitic peoples of Palestine, and which, in later times, stood to the vernacular of the lower classes in the same relationship which pure Arabic now holds to peasant dialects, in Syria and in Egypt. Finally it became the archaic tongue of the Scriptures, which even priests and nobles had ceased to speak.

What is strictly to be called the Canaanite language is,

therefore, that known through the brick epistles of the sixteenth century B.C. It is not Hebrew, nor does it agree with the later Phœnician of the monuments dating from the fourth and third centuries B.C. It is much nearer to Assyrian, yet not altogether the language of Assyrian writings. The decipherers of these letters (of which some 300 in all now exist in the museums of London and Berlin) have frequently pointed out words which approach the Hebrew, and forms not known in Assyria. Substantially, however, this early language of Palestine must be classed as Aramaic. We are no longer obliged to depend on the brief and incidental notices of various dialects mentioned in the Bible, for we have the whole language presented to us on early monuments, and a rich vocabulary presents itself for comparison with the Hebrew, belonging, not to any adjacent country, but to Palestine itself, and older than the earliest date ascribed to Old Testament writings by any scholar. The nobles of Jerusalem were not obliged to learn their Aramaic abroad, for they must have heard it among the peasantry of the country, who were mainly of Canaanite extraction, while in Moab it was the court language of the royal inscriptions.

If, therefore, the 'main stock' of Genesis presents Aramaic forms, these indicate an early rather than a late date for its composition. They belong, not to the language of Hezekiah's time, but -- like the archaisms already noticed -- to a time preceding Isaiah's writings. The argument from language is thus as strongly in favour of the antiquity of Genesis as is the style of its composition, the area of its geography, or the silence concerning later events and conditions, which Wellhausen is obliged to regard as the result of deliberate design. It may be confidently concluded that Genesis was not the production of a Jewish priest after the Captivity, who copied in ancient extracts without any note of their character, but was one of the oldest Hebrew books of the days of freedom and conquest.

The question which remains to be considered is that of the method of compilation which critics now assume for the Hebrew writings. It is not necessary to point out that 'interpolations' can only be established -- if at all -- by the evidence of manuscripts and versions, and cannot be allowed merely on the ground of the critic's authority, in cases where the statements so arbitrarily excised conflict with his theory. The documentary evidence favours the supposition that the Hebrew text is singularly pure, and has been

preserved with scrupulous care ; and this is the more evident when the Samaritan is compared, in which small but significant alterations have been made, in favour of the peculiar dogmas of that sect in later times. But none who compare the ancient versions can doubt that even the Hebrew has not come down to us untouched by the hand of time. Notes appear to have slipped into the text here and there, and commentaries may have been recopied into the body of the work, by scribes who did not regard the distinction as important, in the early days before the veneration felt had increased with increasing antiquity. That the Jews knew of such a danger, and sought carefully to guard against any corruption, is shown by the curious regulation that all notes were to be written in Greek. In the Jerusalem Talmud* we read, 'In the sacred books they were not allowed to write except in Greek.' On the other hand, the belief in the gematria, or mystic value of letters in the Scriptures, would also have tended to render the text more certain, because more closely scanned. Hence it is only in early times that alterations are likely to have occurred ; and that they did occur is witnessed by the loss of numbers, and even of short clauses ; though the presence in the Hebrew of words or passages not found in the Greek Septuagint translation is not sufficient evidence clearly to establish an interpolation. Manuscripts unfortunately help us little. It is not certain that the oldest are of necessity the most correct (either as regards the Old or the New Testament), and Hebrew manuscripts, even including the unpointed Harkavy MSS. of the prophets found in 1882, do not carry us further back than the seventh or eighth century A.D. Nevertheless it is in the careful comparison of manuscripts and versions that the best means of judging the original character of the text must lie, and not in reckless assertion of glosses and interpolations.

But this belief in the possibility of corruption of a text, which is remarkable rather for its purity than for its deficiencies, is very different from the present critical view. When once the door was opened by Astruc all were able to rush in, where, in the belief of the rabbis, angels would fear to tread. The older critics were content to suppose that the Pentateuch contained four or five documents ; the latest schools have torn the whole of the Scriptures into many shreds, piling editor on editor and gloss upon gloss.

* Cap. 6 ; cf. Buxtorff, '*Lex. Chal.*' folio, p. 944.

It appears to have become almost a mania to discover documents, sources, and redactions, and to regard every chronicle as being the work of at least two authors and an editor. A single phrase is enough to stamp a whole passage, and discrepancies are charged against the ancient writer which are very often due to not understanding his work. Logically, no sentence in the Bible is of necessity evidence of the date of any other sentence. Even sentences have been split in two, and antithesis regarded as evidence of dual derivation. It is clear that such extravagance must work its own destruction, and that more sober scholars in the future will not be convinced by the speculations of the past. Wellhausen states that it

'is coming to be more and more clearly perceived, that not only the Jehovistic document, but the "main stock" as well, are complex products, and that alongside of them occur hybrid and posthumous elements, which do not admit of being simply referred to one or the other formation.' (P. 8.)

It is difficult to understand how anything can be clearly perceived in such ruinous confusion. Perhaps the real explanation is that the critics become more and more confused by the difficulties which crop up in consequence of the documentary theory.

The question to be asked is, whether it was ever an Oriental custom to edit or to compile from various sources, curtailing passages, and connecting the whole by insertions intended to make the result homogeneous, and without giving any indication of the original elements; or whether this is not rather the method peculiar to the modern book-maker.

The veneration in which the later Jews held the works of their prophets and teachers, and the pains they took to preserve them intact, are indisputable. At what period was the great change, which is thus supposed to have taken place in their literary habits, to be thought to have occurred? The Old Testament writers refer sometimes to ancient works, such as the Book of Jasher, or the histories which the author of Chronicles consulted. In early times, therefore, some literary conscience existed, if not the dread of changing a single letter of the Law, which was conspicuous in the days of Christ. How is it that a more modern spirit is supposed to have existed in more remote times?

If we consider the literary history of other Semitic books, we do not find that editing played a part in their composition. To explain the Scriptures, separate paraphrases,

called Targums, were written, and Chronicles itself is perhaps the earliest Targum. The explanation of the Law was effected by a separate work—the Mishna—in the second century of the Christian era, at a time when every jot and tittle of the sacred books were holy. The Mishna was not edited or corrupted, but commented upon in Jerusalem and in Babylon, in treatises known as Gemara, although in some few cases the comment in time became fused with the older text. The Assyrians, when they copied their ancient tablets, were most careful to secure accuracy, and added notes like that which terminates their account of the Deluge: ‘Written and made clear like the ancient copy;’ and when further explanation was needed it took the form of a lexicon upon a separate tablet. The Egyptians took equal pains, at an early date, in attempting to preserve the text of the Book of the Dead, by notes and marginal readings. In the Korân certain passages create difficulties, by contradicting others; but no Moslem ever dared to expunge them: the doctors explained that such a passage was *mansûkh*, or abrogated by a later revelation, but was nevertheless as revelation to be retained—just as the Jews reconciled, or allowed to remain, passages of which they saw the difficulty long before Europeans had any familiar knowledge of the Bible. Within two centuries from Muhammad’s death, Al Mamûn (in 218 A.H.), by public edict, declared the Korân to be ‘created,’ and those who thought otherwise were whipped, imprisoned, or slain. All explanation was, therefore, conducted in the separate commentaries of the Sunna, and no editing of the confused mass of the sacred Suras was ever attempted. Indeed, such ideas of procedure are, and have always been, foreign to the character of Oriental literature; and the commentator or scribe never seeks, or sought, to criticise, but only reverently to copy, or to explain as best he was able, holding his want of understanding to be the cause of his difficulties, and not the obscurity or contradictions of his teacher. It is only the Jewish priests of Ezra’s time who are supposed to have acted on different principles, and in a different manner, or those of the days of the Hasmoneans, when men suffered death for the Torah. So unnatural is the theory of editing or redaction, when applied to any Oriental literature, and most of all to the Hebrew Scriptures, that it is impossible to believe that the present lines of critical study can commend themselves to any who are familiar with the manners and history of the East.

Nor is this the only feature of the latest critical tenden-

cies which must be condemned. Sympathy and insight are the first necessities for true understanding. To start with the assumption that the ancients were less observant, and knew less of themselves, than the modern scholar, who, so long after, and so far away, under such different conditions and theories of life, and surrounded with so different an atmosphere, is thought better able to construct real history than those who were more nearly contemporary, and more completely familiar with the land, the people, and the history of their own race, is to start on a false and presumptuous basis. To depreciate the style of stories which have for so many centuries gone home to the human heart, and which speak with the voice of genius, to which the less gifted may be deaf, is surely vain. It is not a sign of intellectual power to despise or write contemptuously of those whose words no modern writer can hope to rival. The most learned of modern scholars would be unable to pen such a narrative as the beautiful story of Joseph, or the simple tale of Hannah and her son, consecrated as a child-priest, to whom the mother brought each year his little coat. We are apt to forget that the questions which form the subject of controversy have little import, as compared with those which arise from contemplation of Hebrew thought. There is danger that our children may regard with as much contempt the lucubrations of their fathers as the critic who despises the words of the ancients.

In spite of centuries of criticism, the voice of solitary truth, crying in the desert of superstitious ignorance in Isaiah's wailings over an Israel that would not hear, has grown louder as time passed by, till its sound has filled the earth. Long after Wellhausen has been forgotten, and new systems have taken the place of those now regarded as final, men will revert to the noblest of literatures to refresh the mind amid the troubles of their lives. The words of Job will be precious in their eyes when the 'Prolegomena' are gathered to their literary forefathers, in peaceful repose upon the dusty shelf.

ART. IV.—1. *Secret Service under Pitt.* By W. J. FITZPATRICK, F.S.A. 8vo. London: 1892.

2. *The Sham Squire, and the Informers of 1798.* By WILLIAM J. FITZPATRICK. Third Edition, completely recast, with new matter. 8vo. Dublin: 1866.

THE ranks of Irish treason have never been wanting in traitors to the sacred cause of disaffection. The evidence of that most loyal of transatlantic Fenians known to fame as Major le Caron, and his bold and unblushing revelations of the secrets of the conspirators in two hemispheres before the Parnell Commission in 1889, are still fresh in the public memory. The more commonplace career of the chief informer of 1867, who owned or adopted the singularly incongruous name of Corydon, was familiar to readers of Irish newspapers for some time after the Fenian rising in Dublin about five-and-twenty years ago; and although, in 1881, the Government of the day, trusting, perhaps, overmuch to ‘messages of peace,’ were so imperfectly informed that the murderers of Mr. Burke and Lord Edward Cavendish remained for some time undenounced, if not unsuspected, yet, as soon as it was known that information was really wanted, and would be loyally paid for, the informer was at hand, and the hidden assassins were duly arrested, convicted, and executed. Even among the purer patriots of 1848 there was no lack either of information or of informers. Some of the seemingly staunchest hearts in Smith O’Brien’s movement of ’48, says Mr. Fitzpatrick, were false to their chief and colleagues, and when the crisis came, suggested to the police magistrates that, in order to preserve consistency and keep up the delusion, they ought to be arrested and imprisoned!*

But at no time did the spy and the informer flourish in greater and more abundant luxuriance than in the good old days before the Union, when Ireland enjoyed her own

* The Sham Squire, p. 327. See also a very curious letter in the Dublin *Irish Times* of March 25, 1892, where it is stated, upon apparently good authority, that ‘every meeting of “Young Ireland” was known in the Castle half an hour after their secret plans were arranged.’ ‘I was enabled,’ says the writer—an eyewitness—‘to warn my friends that every step they took was revealed at once to the Castle. I informed J. B. D., and a not less true and trusted patriot, J. P., son of the C. B., and they laughed, and said it was “impossible.” Yet they, like so many in the days of Pitt, were deceived.’

Legislature in Dublin, and a well-worn path led from the Parliament House in College Green to the Treasury in Lower Castle Yard. From the constitution of an independent Legislative Assembly in 1782 to the Union, eighteen years later, Ireland was distracted by disaffection in every form, was actually visited with rebellion, ill organised and hurriedly undertaken, and was hardly saved from the horrors of civil war by the faithlessness, the corruption, and the shameless treachery of the sworn leaders of the revolt. Of these disgraceful days, and of the strange and secret personages who lived and moved in Ireland, and more especially in Dublin, at that time, Mr. Fitzpatrick has given us a most original and interesting account; and his work, though wanting in form and arrangement, and professing to be rather a collection of notes and studies than a consecutive narrative, will be found of the utmost value to all future historians who desire to present in their true colours the ways and works of the leading actors in the strange events in Ireland before the Union.

The present day is a day of specialists, and Mr. Fitzpatrick is a specialist in spies, the greatest living authority on the secret history of the rebels and informers who flourished in the last decade of the eighteenth century. 'The Sham Squire,' an account of the life and operations of Francis Higgins and many of his contemporaries, was published by Mr. Fitzpatrick nearly thirty years ago, and the greater part of the information collected in that very interesting little book is republished in the larger and more important work that now lies before us. But the title of his last volume is by no means as happy as that of his first. 'Secret Service' is no doubt a phrase of doubtful signification, but it scarcely describes the venal and impudent treachery of Turner and McNally. And although the introduction of the name of Pitt as the employer or accomplice of Higgins and Magan may please those who denounce the 'baseness and blackguardism' of his Irish policy, the great Minister was no more concerned with the secret history of the spies employed by the authorities at Dublin Castle than with that of the gentleman who blacked the ministerial shoes in Downing Street, or drank the ministerial port wine at Putney. 'Irish Spies and Informers' are the subject of Mr. Fitzpatrick's book, as we purpose that they shall be the subject of the present article.

Rebellion in Ireland has commonly been frustrated by rebels, and in the most secret councils of the most select com-

mittees the spy or the informer has ever occupied a trusted seat. Most uncompromising of all patriots in his patriotism, most suspicious of the hidden enemy, most terrible in his denunciation of doubtful friends, he tasted at once the sweets of office and the joys of conspiracy; and as he pocketed the salary so easily earned, and performed at his own good pleasure the congenial duties of his irresponsible office, he could chuckle at once over the completeness with which he had betrayed his friends, and the incompleteness with which his good nature, his self-interest, or his mere love of artistic duplicity might have led him to serve his employers. But under all circumstances he took care that he was well paid. He did not, at least, sell his country for nought. The recorded emoluments of these Irish informers were enormous. As to their indirect profits it would be idle to speculate. One Reynolds, a spy of very secondary importance, received on March 4, 1799, a sum of 5,000*l.* from the Secret Service money, and was further gratified with a secret pension of some hundreds a year. He afterwards obtained the office of British postmaster at Lisbon, the emoluments of which amounted during his four years of service to nearly 6,000*l.* He was subsequently appointed to more than one well-paid consulship, and at length, retiring in middle life from the public service of his country, he chose Paris as his final place of abode, and enjoyed his well-earned pension to the day of his death, having drawn from the exchequer of a hated Government not less in all than 45,000*l.* Armstrong is said to have received close on 30,000*l.* for his truly valuable information, and Magan, who took up the business as a needy barrister, left over 14,000*l.* to his sister. Higgins, who was not even an informer at first hand, but a species of information agent or spy keeper, began life as a pauper and a 'Sham Squire,' and after many years of free and easy living in Dublin, maintaining a reputation for that liberal hospitality so necessary to his success in his profession, died worth no less than 40,000*l.* Very few were the real squires, or peers of Ireland for the matter of that, who left so considerable a sum of money behind them in the early days of the present century.

Of all the delusions that possess the mind of the average Englishman as regards Ireland and the Irish, and the delusions are many and great, none is more universal, and none is more false, than that the Irishman is careless or indifferent to money. The ordinary Irishman may not be thrifty, but he is acquisitive; he may not be economical,

but he is parsimonious; he may be unwilling to do business, but he is equally unwilling to spend money; he may not be fond of comfort, but he is inordinately fond of cash. Thus we find that the spies and informers of all grades and denominations, of whom Mr. Fitzpatrick writes, took good care that their valuable services should be obtained only for valuable consideration; and after spending the public money with a free hand in the * agreeable discharge of their public duties, they usually died, not as the moralist would describe, in poverty, obscurity, and remorse, but with a proud look and a high stomach, and a very satisfactory balance at their banker's. The rich men in Ireland are generally those who have nothing of their own. The man of property, as a rule, is poor. And in Dublin a hundred years ago it is at least certain that the men who lived the most luxuriously were those who lived on public plunder. For the *superior* classes, rich sinecures, flagrant jobs, 'pensions on the Irish establishment;' for the middle-class informer, the Secret Service money; for the humbler servant of Government, mere robbery. The grossest frauds prevailed in almost every department of State. The public stores were plundered with impunity in open day; the arms, ammunition, and military accoutrements condemned as useless were boldly taken out of one gate of the magazine and brought in at the other, and charged anew to the public account. Journeymen armourers who worked in the arsenal seldom went home to their meals without conveying away a musket, a sword, or brace of pistols, as lawful perquisites sanctioned by the connivance of their superiors.† Clerks in subordinate departments, with salaries not exceeding 100*l.* a year, kept handsome houses in town and country, with splendid establishments; insolvent squires kept open house, and were lavish of their wine-merchant's claret; parsimonious curmudgeons accumulated large fortunes; rich usurers acquired old estates. There was a great deal of what was called pleasure; there was nothing that anyone could call business, and the 'poor devil,' as at all times in Ireland, went to the wall. He was plundered by those who had nothing

* The calling does not seem to have been attended with any special danger. The only instance recorded by Mr. Fitzpatrick of an informer being killed by his compatriots is that of Phillips, a priest, in January 1796 (p. 173); and he adds that 'punishment of informers by death was not of the frequency that was supposed.'

† The Sham Squire, p. 205.

better to plunder, and he was then, as now, a pawn in the hands of superior players; food for political powder in the sordid strife of party warfare. Such was Irish society in the days when rebellion was at least a possibility. But for over ninety years that mitigated form of civil war that now goes by the name of Irish politics has rather been a contest of wits than a contest of arms, a great international game, in fact, in which, as in the modern game of poker, the boldest and most unscrupulous player commonly wins. Patriotism, according to Dr. Johnson, is the last refuge of a scoundrel, but in Ireland it is his first thought. It is his chosen career; it is the profession in which, if his scoundrelism be at once enriched with ability and adorned with effrontery, he is most certain of success. To say that treachery was the ever present refuge of a patriot would be less pointed, but in Ireland it would at least be somewhat more exact. And just as in the world of unscrupulous finance there are always men who seek to make money by the failure of projects which they themselves appear to support, and in whose success they profess to be deeply interested, so in the no less sordid world of Irish disaffection the informer springs into existence on the same day as the plot. Sprung, we should say, rather than springs, for times have changed, and at the present moment in Ireland there is no such thing as treason. The game is played with different cards. There are no informers, for there is no information worth purchasing; nor is Secret Service money, as of old, at the disposal of Irish Chief Secretaries. If a separated Ireland should ever again bring the Empire within sight of foreign invasion or civil war, the spy and his wages will no doubt both again be at the disposal of the Imperial Government. But at the end of the eighteenth century the country was in a condition of danger and distress, the gravity of which the vigour of Pitt's policy, and the splendid success of his administration, have induced posterity to forget. Girt about with foes, cut off from the friendship of Europe, menaced with invasion; with commerce crippled and credit impaired; with incompetent generals and a mutinous fleet, the position of England was more truly critical than it had been since England became a nation. And in all these troubles Ireland, not as yet united to Great Britain, was ever a source of special difficulty and of special danger.

The most constant peril to which the country was exposed was that of invasion by the French. It was in Ireland that the French were to land. It was indeed in Ireland that

they actually landed, and it was from Ireland that proceeded the invitation, the information, the envoys that made a landing in Ireland a perpetual possibility and a perpetual danger. Against domestic treason the domestic spy was at once the most politic, the most efficacious, and the least costly means of defence. 'There is a good deal of bribery,' as was ingenuously remarked at the time, 'in 10,000*l.*,' but 10,000*l.* would not have gone far in the equipment and maintenance of an army.

Five-and-twenty or thirty years ago it was said by a witty Irish judge that the safest place in Ireland in which a traitor could find himself was the dock; and the saying was at once more witty and more true than may at first sight appear. But a hundred years ago it was far otherwise; the dock was more than dangerous, it was usually fatal. The secret meeting, the anonymous letter, the betrayed comrade, the bag of honest guineas—rather in that direction was safety to be found; how frequently and how certainly we may learn from Mr. Fitzpatrick's acute and diligent researches. The fact that large sums of money were paid by the Irish Government to spies and informers at the time of the rebellion, and for some years afterwards, as is shown in such full detail by Mr. Fitzpatrick, has an important bearing upon the question of the bribery of members of Parliament, by which the Act of Union is said to have been ultimately carried in the Irish House of Commons. Mr. Dunbar Ingram, in his interesting '*History of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland*,' points out (pp. 209–10) that the whole amount of Secret Service money that was placed at the disposal of Lord Cornwallis in 1799 was 5,000*l.*, and in 1800, 8,000*l.* or 10,000*l.*, although a further 8,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* a year for five years was promised at the time.* 'To whom,' says Mr. Ingram, 'was this money to be given?' It is clear that so slender a fund would not have purchased a majority in a hostile House of Commons at a time when, according to Lord Cornwallis himself (February 8, 1800), 'the enemy were offering '5,000*l.* ready money for a vote,'† and one of the supporters of the Government actually received 4,000*l.* from the Opposition to change sides and vote against the Union, which he did in the month of February 1800 (D. Ingram,

* Cooke to Castlereagh, April 5, 1800. *Vide* Ross: '*Cornwallis Correspondence*,' vol. iii. p. 226.

† This letter does not appear to be included in the '*Cornwallis Correspondence*' by Ross.

p. 216). Yet, although Mr. Ingram suggests that 'spies had to be paid, informers maintained, past services to be remunerated, and rewards for apprehension to be offered,' he is somewhat at a loss to account for the expenditure of the full 10,000*l.* a year outside the walls of Parliament, more especially after the Union. Had Mr. Fitzpatrick's statement been before him when he wrote in 1887, he would scarcely have been troubled in his search. The satisfaction of such hidden horse-leeches as Turner and McNally, the debts of honour that were due to O'Leary, and Magan, and Reynolds, the maintenance of the useful and unblushing Higgins, can have been barely provided for out of that modest fund for Secret Service which the ignorant imaginativeness of half-informed politicians has assigned to the wholesale corruption of a patriotic Parliament.

The first of the Irish informers whose doings are brought to light by Mr. Fitzpatrick is no less a person than the celebrated Arthur O'Leary, the subject of two eulogistic biographies,* 'a man whose memory is worshipped by Irish Catholic politicians with a devotion which approaches idolatry.' O'Leary, as he was known to the world, was the most fascinating preacher, the most distinguished controversialist of his time. A priest 'who had caught the language of toleration, who had mastered all the chords of liberal philosophy, and played on them like a master, whose mission had been to plead against prejudice, to represent his country as a bleeding lamb, maligned, trauced, oppressed, but ever praying for her enemies, as eager only to persuade England to offer her hand to the Catholic Church, and receive in return the affectionate homage of undying gratitude.'† O'Leary, like all his fellows and successors in office, enjoyed not only an unblemished but an unassailable reputation.

"No one was more generally loved and revered than Father O'Leary" [writes Charles Butler]. Yelverton, speaking in the Irish Parliament, said: "Unattached to this world's affairs, Father O'Leary can have none but the purest motives of rendering service to the cause of morality and his country." He was the subject of a grand panegyric from the pulpit. Two biographies of him have been written by anointed hands. Idolised while living, his memory was cherished by thousands. His name wore a halo!

* One by England in 1822, and another by Buckley published as late as 1867.

† Froude, 'The English in Ireland,' ii. 413.

'A man of learning, a philosopher, a Franciscan [said Grattan] did the most eminent service to his country in the hour of its greatest danger. . . . Poor in everything but genius and philosophy, he had no property at stake, no family to fear for; but descending from the contemplation of wisdom, and abandoning the ornaments of fancy, he humanely undertook the task of conveying duty and instruction to the lowest class of the people.'

'His manners [says Mr. Pratt] were the most winning and artless, anticipating his goodwill and urbanity before he opened his lips; and when they were opened, his expressions did but ratify what those manners had before ensured. And you had a further earnest of this in the benign and ineffable smile of a countenance so little practised in guile that it at the same time invited to confidence, and denoted an impossibility of your being betrayed.'*

This smile of a countenance little practised in guile was perhaps the most precious possession of the informer, and as early as 1778 the guileless ecclesiastic was in the enjoyment of a pension from the British Government. His mission indeed was not to betray his associates to the hangman, but to induce his friends to abstain from rebellion. His tracts, his pamphlets, his addresses were a skilful combination of patriotic bombast with sensible exhortation. And the pill must have been very cunningly gilded, for we read (p. 232) that in 1783 a distinguished corps of volunteers had conferred upon him the honorary title of chaplain. 'On that memorable day,' says Mr. Buckley, 'when the delegates of a hundred thousand men met in the [Dublin] Rotunda, with all the pomp and power that an armed nation could concentrate for a great national purpose, it was gratifying to the assembled masses of spectators to behold Father O'Leary, as he entered the building, received at the door by the entire guard of the volunteers with a full salute of rested arms. He marched up the hall amid the deafening cheers of surrounding delegates, and in the debate which followed, his name was frequently mentioned with honour and applause.'

With a view to further advertising and emphasising the lessons of his pamphlets and speeches, O'Leary published, or caused to be published, a satire, or mock heroic poem upon his own serious writings, entitled 'The O'Leariad,' which ran through two editions in Dublin and Cork in 1789. This thoroughness of execution showed the true genius of double dealing, and the hero of 'The O'Leariad' was justly deemed worthy of a higher sphere. As chaplain to the Irish

Brigade, the functions of an informer were added to his literary engagements, and his secret pension was increased by 100*l.* a year. So ably did O'Leary perform the duties of his double office, that in 1789, unsuspected of his friends, panegyrised by Curran in Parliament as 'a man, to his personal knowledge, of the most innocent and amiable simplicity of manners, severely regulated by twenty years in a 'cloister,' the recipient of a gold medal that was struck in honour of his virtue and his patriotism, O'Leary was promoted from the important post of a Dublin informer to the more exalted position of a London spy. He was appointed by some secret agency assistant to the celebrated Dr. Thomas Hussey, Irishman by birth, Spaniard by allegiance, Trappist by profession, in truth the secretary to the Spanish Ambassador, in name the chaplain to the Spanish Embassy in Manchester Square. The assistance that was rendered by the Irish priest in the Spanish Chancery may easily be imagined. The relations between Spain and England at this time were far from friendly. War was soon to be declared between the two countries. And Hussey, though nominally only a chaplain, enjoyed much of the consideration, and was entrusted with many of the secrets, of an accredited envoy.*

It is scarcely necessary to say that all Hussey's secrets

* Hussey's life is an exceedingly interesting one. We have not space to pursue it at any length in the text. He was born in Ireland in 1741, and left his country at an early age in order to be educated, as was usual with Irish candidates for the priesthood in those days, at the University of Salamanca. Having completed his theological studies in Spain, and spent some years as a monk of La Trappe, he entered the service of Charles III., and was appointed in 1767 to the post of chaplain and secretary to the Spanish Embassy in London. When Spain joined France in the war between England and the American Colonies, the Spanish Ambassador, of course, quitted London, but he left the conduct of the Embassy to Hussey, who behaved with so much tact and discretion that he secured the good will and regard of George III.; and he was even entrusted, most strangely, by that orthodox monarch with two missions to Madrid, with the object of detaching Spain from the French alliance. And although these negotiations were not successful, Hussey retained the confidence of both the Spanish and English Governments. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1792, and enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Johnson. A mission to Ireland led to the establishment of the Roman Catholic seminary of Maynooth in 1795, of which he was made the first president. He was afterwards appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford, and died in 1803.

were promptly conveyed by this zealous *assistant* to Lord Sydney at the Home Office. But O'Leary was much more than a mere vulgar spy. He became a friend of the Prince of Wales, and used his position at Court to promote friendly relations between the Whig party and the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, and his endeavours are said to have contributed in no small degree to the popularity of the Prince and the Prince's adherents in that country. Yet we should scarcely be surprised to hear that some of the secrets of Carlton House had found their way through this most worthy channel to the royal ear at Windsor.

O'Leary, like so many other clever Irishmen, had an immense success in London. The pensioner of Pitt, he was the ally of Fox, and was, as we are told, 'regarded with marked consideration by Edmund Burke.' The companion of the Prince of Wales, the intimate friend of Lord Moira, the correspondent and legatee of chief informer Higgins, Father O'Leary played off his fine friends one against another with complete success. He was, according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, the lion of the hour in London, where 'his portrait looked out from the windows of Bond Street and Piccadilly, surrounded by soul-stirring sentiments culled from his published books.' Sentiments, indeed, seem to have been O'Leary's strong point, and they appear to have captivated no less modern and no less distinguished a personage than the late Lord O'Hagan.

'Among O'Leary's admirers there was none more ardent than Lord Chancellor O'Hagan, in whose now deserted study still hangs a fine portrait of the friar, inscribed with soul-stirring sentiments on which O'Hagan had long sought to shape his own course.' *

Henry Grattan, in the life of his father, positively asserts that

'Mr. Pitt offered a considerable pension to O'Leary, provided he would exert himself among his Roman Catholic countrymen, and write in support of the Union; but every application was in vain; O'Leary steadfastly resisted Mr. Pitt's solicitations, and, though poor, he rejected the offers of the minister, and could not be seduced from his allegiance to his country.'

Thus trusted and praised, the good friar died in London in January 1802, mourned by his contemporaries and honoured with that monument in St. Pancras 'to his virtue and

* It is impossible to suspect Mr. Fitzpatrick of any spice of malice as regards the first Roman Catholic Lord Chancellor of Ireland; but his compliment to Lord O'Hagan is a little awkward.

'talents' for the restoration of which the conductors of the 'Tablet' newspaper, recalling his many virtues some fifty years after his death, opened a subscription list in their admiring columns.

So much for the Rev. Arthur O'Leary. But while great credit is due to Mr. Fitzpatrick for unmasking this ecclesiastical double-dealer, he has made a fuller and a still more interesting discovery in the case of a far more important spy, who was known, even in the secret history of the times, only as 'Lord Downshire's friend,' and whose identity remained unsuspected for over ninety years. His name was first mentioned as the arch-informer by Mr. Lecky* in 1890; but in the hands of Mr. Fitzpatrick all doubt disappears; and this enigma of history becomes as real a personage as Pelham or Sydney; and his drafts, his *aliases*, and his *alibis*, which have long been among the best kept secrets of political espionage, are presented to us with as much certainty as the speeches of Grattan or the letters of the Marquess Cornwallis. For the story of the first appearance of this prince of spies, as far as it was known to the political students of three generations, we cannot improve upon the language of Mr. Froude, which is cited at length in the volume that lies before us:—

'One night, early in October 1797, a person came to the house of Lord Downshire in London, and desired to see him immediately. Lord Downshire went into the hall and found a man muffled in a cloak, with a hat slouched over his face, who requested a private interview. The Duke (*sic*) took him into his library, and when he threw off his disguise recognised in his visitor the son of a gentleman of good fortune in the north of Ireland, with whom he was slightly acquainted. Lord Downshire's "friend" (the title under which he was always subsequently described) had been a member of the Ulster Revolutionary Committee. . . . He stipulated only, as usual, that he should never be called on to appear in a court of justice to prosecute anyone who might be taken up in consequence of his discoveries.

'Lord Downshire agreed to his conditions; but, as it was then late, he desired him to return and complete his story in the morning. He said that his life was in danger even in London. He could not venture a second time to Lord Downshire, or run the risk of being observed by his servants. Downshire appointed the empty residence of a friend in the neighbourhood. Thither he went the next day in a

* History of England in the Eighteenth Century, vol. vii. pp. 400-1. Mr. Lecky devotes but a single paragraph to Turner, and identifies him, without either elaboration or emphasis, with Lord Downshire's mysterious friend.

hackney coach. The door was left unlocked, and he entered unseen by anyone. Lord Downshire then took down from his lips a list of the principal members of the Executive Committee by whom the whole movement was at that time directed. He next related at considerable length the proceedings of the United Irishmen during the two past years, the division of opinion, the narrow chance by which a rising had been escaped in Dublin in the spring, and his own subsequent adventures. He had fled with others from Belfast in the general dispersion of the leaders. . . . He had been naturally intimate with the other Irish refugees. Napper Tandy was strolling about the streets in uniform, and calling himself a major. Hamilton Rowan had been pressed to return, but preferred safety in America, and professed himself *sick of politics*. After this, "the person"—as Lord Downshire called his visitor, keeping even the Cabinet in ignorance of his name—came to the immediate object of his visit to England.

'He had discovered that all important negotiations between the Revolutionary Committee in Dublin and their Paris agents passed through Lady Edward's hands. The Paris letters were transmitted first to her at Hamburg. By her they were forwarded to Lady Lucy Fitzgerald in London. From London Lady Lucy was able to send them on unsuspected. Being himself implicitly trusted, both by Lady Edward and by Lady Lucy, he believed he could give the Government information which would enable them to detect and examine these letters in their transit through the post.'

No entry could have been more dramatic; no information could have been more acceptable; and, as may be supposed, no assistance could have been more valuable.

'An arrangement was concluded. He continued at Hamburg as Lady Edward's guest and most trusted friend, saw everyone who came to her house, kept watch over her letter-bag, was admitted to close and secret conversations upon the prospect of French interference in Ireland with Reinhard, the Minister of the Directory there, and he regularly kept Lord Downshire informed of everything which would enable Pitt to watch the conspiracy.'

'A cool five hundred,' demanded by 'the person' 'with all deference,' was promptly provided, and 'the person' took up his post of observation at Hamburg. Here he is introduced to us by Mr. Fitzpatrick as Samuel Turner, Esq., Barrister and Doctor of Laws, and a member of the Executive of the 'United Irishmen.' And hence he is tracked and traced through his various voyages and disguises from his early profession of patriotism in rebel Ulster, to the day of his death by a friendly bullet in a duel in the Isle of Man. Previous to the year 1796 Samuel Turner, of Turner's Glen, near Newry, in the County Armagh, is first known to fame as a leading member of the great confederacy of United Irishmen, and he is found posing in the double rôle

of martyr and hero, winning alternately the admiration and the sympathy of the people. A public quarrel with the notorious Luttrell, Lord Carhampton, commander of the King's forces in Ireland, about the colour of his neckcloth, when the fiery patriot insisted upon challenging the King's representative in the public streets of Newry, did much no doubt to increase his reputation both as a rebel and as a fire-eater. And it was arranged at headquarters that, on the outbreak of the Rebellion, the Newry contingent of the Irish army should march under his command. Having thus graduated in treason at home, Doctor Turner was enabled to devote his attention to the successful practice of treachery abroad. His first service was the betrayal of Quigley, O'Connor, and Leary, who were arrested at Margate on their way to France as envoys from the Irish rebels to the Directory. Quigley was tried, convicted, and hanged. But Turner was not suspected by his friends; indeed, almost immediately afterwards

'Lady Edward Fitzgerald had sent him on to Paris with a letter to her brother-in-law, General Valence. By Valence he had been introduced to Hoche and De la Croix. He had seen Talleyrand and had talked at length with him on the condition of Ireland.'

Talleyrand, suspicious as he was of all men and things, seems to have been completely deceived by this Irish doctor of laws.

'The betrayer tells Talleyrand that "the spirit of the North was completely broken" In point of fact, however, it was in the North that the real martial spirit of the United Irishmen blazed, and there the best battles were afterwards fought under the leadership of Orr and Monroe. Turner was anxious to make the French turn their thoughts of invasion to other points on the Irish coast, and he so far succeeded that in August 1798, Humbert's expedition, embracing not 1,000 men, landed at Killala, among the starved and unarmed peasantry of Connaught. He calculated on meeting enthusiastic support; but, as Mr. Lecky says, it soon became apparent how fatally he had been deceived. After winning one battle, and losing another, Humbert surrendered to Cornwallis.'

At his post in Hamburg, Turner was ever on the alert. The election of Lawless, afterwards Lord Cloncurry, to a seat on the Executive Directory of the United Irishmen was immediately communicated to Lord Downshire by his 'friend,' as well as the details of a rebel mission of Arthur O'Connor to Hoche in Switzerland, and afterwards in France. Both Lawless and O'Connor were arrested; but Turner remained unsuspected. More than this, indeed, he succeeded in con-

vincing Lord Edward Fitzgerald that one Lewins, an Irish rebel envoy to France, whose presence was no doubt inconvenient to him at Hamburg, was a traitor to the cause. Reinhard, the French minister, was no fitter to cope in diplomacy with the young Irish barrister than was Talleyrand himself. Turner was the most trusted Irishman out of Ireland. In the summer of 1797 a *Memorial* was forwarded through Reinhard at Hamburg to the French Directory by one Macnevin, a clever Irish rebel, supplying exhaustive if not wholly trustworthy information upon the state of Ireland, and asking for the armed intervention of France in that country; and one Jägerhorn, a Swede, was sent from France to treat with the Executive of the United Irishmen in Dublin. Thanks to the vigilance of Turner, a copy of the memorial was delivered in Downing Street about the same time that the original was received in Paris, and Monsieur Jägerhorn was stopped in London on his way to Ireland. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was in consequence compelled to go over from Dublin to see him in London, where, of course, he was carefully watched. But it was now high time that the patriotic Turner should show himself in Ireland. His absence might be attributed to wavering treason. His challenge to the commander-in-chief was said to have been the cause of his retirement to Hamburg, but his protracted absence might cause suspicion. So, braving every danger, he made his appearance in Dublin, and even 'attended 'several meetings of the Ulster delegates,' after which he was free to return to London, where, we are told, he 'saw a 'good deal of Jägerhorn and Lord Edward Fitzgerald'! At the same time he was urged by Reinhard to come over to Hamburg as the only mode in which he could 'serve his 'country and the Republic.' 'I instantly acquiesced,' he writes to Lord Downshire, 'and told Monsieur Reinhard 'that I had arranged matters with Lord Edward in London 'for that purpose.' Early in July, accordingly, Turner proceeded to Hamburg. On the twelfth of that month Reinhard reports his arrival to De la Croix in Paris, and concludes his despatch: 'I have just received a memorial in which Mr. 'Jägerhorn gives me an account of his journey. I will send 'it you by the next courier. That estimable Swede has again 'manifested great devotedness to the cause of liberty.'

It is perhaps scarcely surprising to us that by some marvellous sleight of hand a copy of the estimable Swede's secret report found its way to Whitehall almost as soon as the original was received in Paris, and may be read at length

in the 'Castlereagh Papers.'* Turner's skill in diverting suspicion from himself to others was not the least remarkable of his accomplishments; and we read with infinite amusement that the person suspected and accused, after nine years' deliberation, of having betrayed Jägerhorn's secret to the English Cabinet was no other than Reinhard himself!

'Macnevin published his "Pieces of Irish History" at New York in 1807, and notices the betrayal of the memorial which he had addressed to the French Government. Up to that time, and until his death in 1840, he does not seem to suspect Turner. Had any such doubt occurred to him, he would have been the first to avow it. At p. 116 of his book Macnevin inveighs against a "profligate informer," "a ruffian of the name of Reynolds"; but Reynolds' treachery was confined to the arrests at Bond's in Dublin, and did not take place until March 1798. Ten pages further on Macnevin speaks of the "unparalleled fidelity of the United Irish Body." Dr. Macnevin was struck by the knowledge the Government had acquired of the "negotiations of the United Irishmen with foreign States," and, he adds, "at this time one of the deputies [*i.e.* himself] had personal evidence of its extent and accuracy. That knowledge was obtained from some person in the pay of England and in the confidence of France." And Dr. Macnevin then proceeds to point to REINHARD by name!'

And Macnevin, who suspected the faithful Duckett of being an English spy, praises the zeal and talents of Turner!

The account of the pleasant supper party at Hamburg, where Napper Tandy was found, strangely enough, in the company of Turner, and was then and there arrested, without excessive regard to the law of nations, is fully told by Mr. Fitzpatrick, although he confuses the peerages of Minto and St. Germans, the Elliots and the Eliots, the Hague and Hamburg, the First Consulship and the Directory, and other matters foreign to Ireland and the Irish, in a way that is quite unlike his punctilious and usually most accurate treatment of the subjects with which he is more familiar. His account of the imprisonment of Napper Tandy in Hamburg may be read with advantage in an age when the arrangement for the comfort of political prisoners is so severely criticised:—

'He was confined in a dungeon little larger than a grave; he was loaded with irons; he was chained by an iron that communicated from his arm to his leg, and that so short as to grind into his flesh. Food was cut into shapeless lumps, and slung to him by his keepers as he lay on the ground, as if he had been a beast; he had no bed to lie on, not even straw to coil himself up in if he could have slept.'

* Castlereagh Correspondence, i. 286-8.

After the Union, Turner, in the enjoyment of his unsuspected pension, returned to Dublin and was living in a fine house facing St. Stephen's Green, when the abortive outbreak in 1803 once more suggested the employment of his services, and the manner of his new entrance upon the scene is eminently characteristic. He was arrested by order of the Crown and lodged in Kilmainham Gaol, where he at once became the trusted counsellor and sympathetic confidant of his fellow-captives.

"Samuel Turner, Esquire," of imposing presence and indomitable will, a veteran in "the cause," the man who had challenged the Commander-in-Chief, the envoy to France, the exile of Erin, the friend of Lord Edward and Pamela, the disinherited by his father, the victim of State persecution, now stood before his fellow-prisoners the "Ecce Homo" of martyrdom, commanding irresistibly their confidence. Of his detention in Kilmainham Dr. Madden knows nothing; but he mentions that Turner accompanied the State prisoners—nineteen in number—to Fort George in Scotland, the final scene of their captivity. Here Turner's work was so adroitly performed that we find a man of incorruptible integrity suspected instead. . . .

No less solid a rebel than Thomas Addis Emmet was suspected by no less astute a patriot than Arthur O'Connor, and a duel was hardly prevented between the *true* patriots. Having performed his task, Turner was liberated, returned to Dublin, and, enjoying a reputation for indomitable patriotism, took upon himself to call out D'Esterre, who had challenged Daniel O'Connell, and was afterwards killed in single combat by him. This seems to have been the last public appearance of Turner, who was himself killed shortly afterwards in a duel in the Isle of Man, provoked by a private quarrel with a man of the name of Boyce.

It has usually been assumed, without very close examination, that the hardships and unfair treatment to which his Majesty's seamen were exposed at the end of the last century were the only causes of the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore in 1797. The outbreaks themselves, indeed, have been passed over lightly by historians as a subject by no means flattering to the national vanity; and English writers have preferred dilating upon the glorious victory of Cape St. Vincent in February and that of Camperdown in October to dwelling upon the dark and disastrous days* in May and

* In the six large volumes in which *James* has written the Naval History of England from 1793 to 1827, *two pages only* (pp. 63, 64, vol. ii.) are devoted to the mutiny at the Nore!

June when England, at war with the world, was wellnigh without a fleet: when the Three per Cents., that had touched one hundred before the war, were sold as low as forty-five, and Parker, with twenty-four powerful ships, blockaded the Thames and threatened to storm London. Of the cause and origin of the mutinies, Mr. Fitzpatrick supplies at least an additional explanation, and one that is well deserving of our attention, for he makes it appear that the fleet was largely manned by disaffected Irishmen. Tone assured Carnot, early in 1797, that England had recently raised 80,000 men in Ireland for her navy. Tone, of course, lied. But the number, even according to the official returns, was considerable, amounting to over 15,500 men. Among the delegates who acted as commanders under Parker, the leader of the mutineers—a man whom there are good grounds for supposing to be an Irish rebel, though positive proof is wanting as to his identity—we find such names as O'Brien, who was hanged at the yardarm,* Donovan, Sullivan, Walshe, Brady, McCarthy, MacGuinness, Coffey, and Brennan! Moreover, it appears that the crews were largely sworn to espouse the cause of rebellion in Ireland; 'to be faithful to their brethren who were fighting against tyranny;' to carry a portion of the fleet into Irish ports, and to hoist, instead of the union jack, a green flag emblazoned with *Frin go Bragh*.† Lec, another of the ringleaders, was a 'determined United Irishman,' and but one of many who had joined the fleet for the sole purpose of exciting a mutiny. And Lee acted in concert with Duckett, a well-known Irish rebel, on shore, who was more than once suspected of being an informer, but whose memory is vindicated by Mr. Fitzpatrick from any suspicion of complicity with Pitt.

'Duckett is at Hamburg; he has denounced Stone at Paris as a traitor. I hear he [Duckett] has got money from the [French]

* The mutiny at Spithead in April and May, it must always be remembered, was an affair of very different character from that of the Nore, where Parker commanded, in May and June. He appears to have been a man of superior birth and education, and is very nearly identified by Mr. Fitzpatrick with one Parker, a man of 'persuasive oratorical powers' (p. 277), employed by the Irish Secretary in Dublin in 1784 as spy. He does not seem, however, to have been very faithful to his employers, and is described by Orde as 'an accomplished orator and a good hand at sedition.'

† Report of the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, 1799.

Government for the purpose of renewing the mutiny in the English Fleet. Stone is the man who had been tried in 1795 for high treason, and found guilty. But Duckett, though a staunch rebel, may have had good reason for denouncing Stone three years later.'

Duckett's correspondence with De la Croix, the French War Minister, and Trugnet, the Minister of Marine, was revealed by Turner from Hamburg. And it is wellnigh impossible to over-estimate the value of the revelation. Had it not been for the jealousy of Tone, who hated Duckett, 'whom he constantly snubs and denounces' as a rival envoy from Ireland to the Directory 'in Paris,' there would have been a hearty co-operation by the French, and the results of the mutinies might have been very different. But the duplicity of Turner, the simplicity of Duckett, the vain suspicions of Tone, puzzled the French ministers, and nothing was done to support the mutineers.

'There seems,' says Tone, writing on August 1, 1797, 'to be a fate in this business. Five weeks—I believe six weeks—the English Fleet was paralysed by the mutinies at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and the Nore. The sea was open, and nothing to prevent both the Dutch and French fleets to put to sea. Well, nothing was ready; that precious opportunity, which we can never expect to return, was lost; and now that at last we are ready here, the wind is against us, the mutiny is quelled, and we are sure to be attacked by a superior force. At Brest it is, I fancy, still worse. Had we been in Ireland at the moment of the insurrection at the Nore, we should beyond a doubt have had at least that fleet, and God only knows the influence which such an event might have had on the whole British Navy.'

Yet more remarkable than Arthur O'Leary, or even than Samuel Turner, in his power of deceiving his friends was the unapproachable Leonard McNally. Mr. Froude does not appear to have been aware that he was an informer, and though Mr. Lecky has sketched his career in half a dozen of his most admirable pages, due credit must be given to Mr. Fitzpatrick for the completeness of his last revelations. McNally began his professional life as a briefless barrister and a very successful writer of plays in London. The opening of Covent Garden Theatre, on September 23, 1782, was commemorated by a prelude from McNally's pen.

'No name seems to have been more popular with the pit and galleries, and the admiration of his countrymen for him showed itself in odd ways. Kemble somewhere describes an Irishman at Drury Lane indignantly claiming one of Shakespeare's plays for McNally; and when a spectator, duly challenged, replied that he did not want to dispute the point with him, his tormentor said, still trying to foster

a quarrel, "But perhaps you don't believe me?" Again the man received a polite assurance which seemed quite satisfactory; but five minutes later "Pat," observing Kemble whispering to a companion, came over in an attitude still more menacing—"Maybe your friend doesn't believe that the play is written by Leonard McNally?"—and to avoid a scene both were glad to decamp.

But thinking, no doubt, that more money was to be made out of law if not out of treachery in his own country than he was able to draw from the ill-supplied exchequer of Covent Garden, he migrated to Dublin, and soon found himself no less appreciated at the Four Courts than he had been in Drury Lane. In England he had been but a writer of plays; in Ireland he showed himself a most consummate and successful actor in the great drama of rebellion. As early as 1790 he was admitted a freeman of the city of Dublin 'for his services to his country,' and by 1794 he was one of the most popular barristers of the popular party, the colleague of Curran, Ponsonby, Emmet, and constituting with them, says Mr. Froude, 'the leading strength of Irish Liberalism' of the day.* He was described, moreover,† in a popular history as 'the man most obnoxious to the Government, who most hated them and was most hated by them; who, amidst the military audience, stood by Curran's side while he denounced oppression, defied power, and dared every danger!' He uniformly took the popular side on all questions. The Bar meeting to denounce the Union on December 9, 1798, included him amongst the most patriotic orators. In the eyes of young Ireland a hundred years ago a halo surrounded his head. At the trial of Sheridan and Kirwan, two Catholic delegates, he spoke warmly against the sheriff and others for tampering with the jury, and when called to order by the Bench, he excused himself by saying, 'that where the heart and the understanding went together it was difficult to keep bounds.' He not only boasted of being a United Irishman, but he actually challenged and fought Sir Jonah Barrington for having used 'disparaging language' towards that celebrated rebel association. His seconds in the duel, Sheares and Bagenal Harvey, were both hanged in the following year for treason.‡ And not only by the populace, but by his most distinguished colleagues, was McNally trusted and admired.

* Froude, 'The English in Ireland,' iii. 117-120. Lecky, 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' vol. vii. pp. 136-142.

† Curran and his Contemporaries, by Philips.

‡ Northern Star, March 3, 1797.

Upon a celebrated occasion

'John Philpot Curran, embracing McNally, said, "My old and excellent friend, I have long known and respected the honesty of your heart, but never until this occasion was I acquainted with the extent of your abilities. I am not in the habit of paying compliments where they are undeserved." Tears fell from Mr. Curran as he hung over his friend. Emotion spread to the Bench, and Judge Chamberlain and Baron Smith warmly complimented McNally.

No other member of the Brotherhood of United Irishmen could have produced such unimpeachable testimony at once to the ardour of his disaffection and to the purity of his professional reputation. Yet this most unimpeachable of patriots was, in truth, the basest of spies, the most shameless of informers. As early as 1790 Mr. Fitzpatrick finds him betraying his client, Lord Sherborne, in some legal proceedings in Westmeath, and in 1792 he certainly disclosed the case of Napper Tandy to the Irish Government when he represented that fiery little rebel in court. Mr. Lecky, less minutely informed, considered that McNally's treachery dates only from 1794, on the occasion of the trial of one Jackson,* an English clergyman, who had unhappily come to Ireland on a secret mission from France, and who was arrested, tried, defended by McNally, and sentenced to be hanged.

'Jackson, shortly before his death,' Mr. Lecky goes on to say, 'found an opportunity of writing four short letters, recommending his wife and child, and a child who was still unborn, to two or three friends, and to the care of the French nation, and he also drew up a will leaving all he possessed to his wife, and entrusting McNally with the protection of her interests. He wrote at the bottom of it, "Signed and sealed in presence of my dearest friend, whose heart and principles ought to recommend him as a worthy citizen—Leonard McNally." These precious documents he entrusted, when dying, to his friend, and about three weeks after the death of Jackson, McNally placed them in the hands of the Irish Government.' (Lecky, vol. vii. p. 141.)

If this really was the beginning of McNally's career as a spy, he certainly belied the adage, *Nemo repente fuit turpis-*

* In early life Jackson was the Duchess of Kingston's agent in her infamous attack on Foote, and figures as Father O'Donovan in the 'Trip to Calais,' where the Duchess herself is introduced as Lady Kitty Crocodile. Jackson was afterwards a spy in French pay, and going over to Ireland was betrayed to the Government by his friend and accomplice Cocayne. He cheated the hangman by taking poison as soon as the verdict was pronounced, and died actually in the dock as sentence of death was being pronounced.

simus, and we are disposed to agree with Mr. Fitzpatrick that he was already, in 1794, a practised informer. From this time, at all events, it is certain that he regularly betrayed to the Crown the line of defence contemplated by his clients, and gave other information which he could only have received in professional confidence; and the Government archives still contain several of his briefs noted in his own hand.

‘He was also able, in a manner not less base, to furnish the Government with early and most authentic evidence about conspiracies which were forming in France. James Tandy . . . was his intimate friend; McNally, by his means, saw nearly every letter that arrived from Napper Tandy, and some of those which came from Rowan and Reynolds. The substance of these letters was regularly transmitted to the Government, and they sometimes contained information of much value. Besides this, as a lawyer in considerable practice, constantly going on circuit, and acquainted with the leaders of sedition, McNally had excellent opportunities of knowing the state of the country, and was able to give very valuable warnings about the prevailing dispositions.’

Valuable, no doubt, both to the Government and to the informer, yet it is hard to see why McNally, the successful barrister, the popular playwright, the well-remunerated author,* the admired patriot, should have adopted the uncertain profession of a spy. That he was well paid was a matter of course. Nor was he backward in claiming his wages:—

‘Without money,’ he writes, ‘it is impossible to do what is expected. Those Spartans wish to live like Athenians in matters of eating and drinking. They live so among each other, and without ability to entertain I cannot live with them, and without living with them I cannot learn from them.’

There is rarely much of the Spartan in those feasts that are paid for out of the secret service money of either established Governments or patriotic leagues. Hospitality, indeed, in Mr. Fitzpatrick’s pages is regarded with some suspicion, ‘a means to an end,’† as it was, no doubt, with the McNallys and the Higginses of jovial Dublin a hundred years ago. But however the money was spent, and whatever may have been the amount of the remuneration, the

* He received no less than 2,500*l.* for his book ‘The Irish Justice of the Peace.’

† “Will you walk into my *parlour*?” said the spider to the fly’ is his comment on an ordinary invitation to dinner. Parlour, it may be noted, signifies, in the language of Dublin, a dining-room,

business itself was certainly congenial to Mr. McNally's nature, and was conducted by him with an artistic completeness that positively commands our admiration. A spice of persecution was needed at times to maintain his reputation as a martyr, and, accordingly, a silver cup bearing a patriotic motto was torn from his house by the police, and the outrage called forth one of Curran's most impassioned bursts of eloquence. The seizure, as may be supposed, was of a friendly rather than a hostile character—a well-prepared scene, in fact, in the great comedy of the 'Pure and Persecuted Patriot,' and when the incident had served its purpose, the cup was returned, together with very handsome compensation in cash. McNally's version of the episode prepared *ad usum populi* is too good to be lost. It is as follows:—

'A sergeant waited upon him, and delivered a verbal command from Major Sandys to surrender the cup. Mr. McNally refused, and commissioned the messenger to carry back such an answer as so daring a requisition suggested. The sergeant . . . respectfully remonstrated upon the imprudence of provoking Major Sandys. The consequences soon appeared: the sergeant returned with a body of soldiers, who paraded before Mr. McNally's door, and were under orders to proceed to extremities if the cup was not delivered up. Upon Mr. McNally's acquainting Lord Kilwarden with the outrage, the latter burst into tears and, exclaiming that "his own sideboard might be the next object of plunder, if such atrocious practices were not checked," lost not an instant in procuring the restitution of the property. The cup was accordingly sent back with the inscription erased.' (P. 191.)

'McNally's account of the robbery of his silver cup,' says Mr. Fitzpatrick rather naïvely, 'was part of his stock-in-trade, and I am sure that for twenty times its price he 'would not have been without it.' Of this we have no doubt whatever, for we have seen in more modern times even less costly articles of personal property become valuable as a part of the stock-in-trade of a modern Irish patriot.

'Ninety-eight' came and went. McNally was, of course, the most trusted prisoners' counsel in Dublin. But, strange to say, most of his clients were convicted; many were executed. The century came to an end. The Union was effected. But in 1803 the popular confidence in the patriotic barrister was still undiminished, and he was retained as counsel for the defence of Robert Emmet and the other rebels who were to be tried before the Special Commission in the August of that year. It need scarcely be said that all their secrets found their way to Dublin Castle, and that notes of drafts on the Secret Service Fund

in favour of L. M. are of frequent occurrence in the private accounts of the Treasury in that year.

Although the services of the informer were in but slight request after the rising of 1803, McNally continued to enjoy the confidence of the Government and the esteem of his patriotic friends; distinguished as an advocate, as Mr. Curran tells us, 'by the intrepidity of his language' in court, while he was regularly handing over such of his briefs as might contain any shred of interesting information to the authorities whom he so intrepidly denounced. His last act of espionage, according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, occurred but a few months before his death, and was connected in some way with the mission of General d'Evreux to Ireland with the object of raising troops for Bolivar in 1819. The Government seems to have wisely refrained from any interference with this breach of the Foreign Enlistment Act, and McNally's services were deemed superfluous. In the following year this most successful of informers died, as he had lived, unsuspected; and having been received, on his death-bed, into the Church of Rome, he acquired a reputation for sanctity, superadded to his reputation for patriotism, which survives to the present day. Whether Mr. Lecky's glowing pages and Mr. Fitzpatrick's more precise disclosures will suffice to dethrone him from his pedestal, is by no means certain. The people who are yet found to mourn over the theft of Mr. William O'Brien's small clothes may continue to believe in the robbery of Mr. Leonard McNally's silver cup.

It is certainly not surprising that Mr. Fitzpatrick, whose researches have been so extensive and so successful in the discovery of spies, should scent an informer in every rebel whose career was not actually cut short by the hangman. 'John Keogh,' says he, in one place, making honourable mention of some obscure 'defender,' 'is the *only* man of mark who passed unscathed through the crisis of '98; and Cox, believing this immunity was due to 'treachery towards his colleagues, sought to brand him as a 'spy.' The dock, after all, as far as reputation is concerned, would seem to have been the safest place in Ireland in 1798 as well as in 1867! But Mr. Fitzpatrick has a keener scent than either judges or juries, and neither trial nor even imprisonment can remove a patriot from the sphere of his critical investigation; for he is a man who knows his subject and his country, even though he is at times unable to see the humorous side of many of his cleverest

revelations. When Napper Tandy's son is found accepting from an alien and detested Government the office of a stipendiary magistrate, we may cease to wonder at Mr. Fitzpatrick's suspicions. But the attempt that he has made to question the sincerity of the disaffection of a certain Mr. Todd-Jones, 'one of the three Protestant gentlemen to whom the Irish Catholic Committee voted 1,500*l.* a-piece 'in 1793,' seems to us to be wholly unjustified. Mr. Jones is said to have 'cordially rendered aid to the rebel cause in '1793,' to have retired to England or the Continent till 1802, to have returned to Ireland, and to have been arrested in August 1803 as a participator in Emmet's rebellion in that year, and safely lodged in jail. So satisfied were the Government of the seriousness of his guilt, that he was detained in prison till October 1805, when, Irish disaffection being no longer dangerous, he was released. It is hard to imagine a completer or more consistent record of ten years' treason. Yet, apparently for no better reason than that Jones was a friend not only of Emmet but of Lady Moira, who was rather addicted to playing with fire, Mr. Fitzpatrick considers that 'less excuse is needed for this effort to embrace 'a long-neglected figure and one not uninteresting for "Auld "Lang Syne."'

In the year 1794 the purest patriot was in no less danger among his friends than among his enemies; for the world was as much on the look-out for spies as Mr. Fitzpatrick himself. An amusing proof of the general distrust that then prevailed is shown by the fact that Hamilton Rowan, one of the actual leaders of rebellion, who had fled from prison, and on whose head a price of 1,000*l.* was set by the English Government when he had escaped by a miracle to free and friendly France, was arrested immediately on landing at Brest and lodged for some time in the hulks.* An amusing story is told by Plowden† of another informer who,

'after an interview with the Irish Privy Council, was equipped at the expense of Dublin Castle with a showy rebel uniform, including a cocked hat and feathers, and sent on a mission to Belfast to seduce and betray. An orderly dragoon repaired with instructions to General Sir Charles Ross, who commanded in Belfast, that Houlton was a confidential agent, and was not to be molested. Houlton, however, having started in a chaise and four, arrived at Belfast in advance of the orderly, and the result was that, when in the act of declaiming

* Autobiography of Hamilton Rowan, p. 220,

† Post-Union History, i. 223,

treason at a tavern, he was arrested by the local authorities, paraded in his uniform round the town, and sent back a prisoner to Dublin'!

Mr. Fitzpatrick, as a rule, is far more astute than the Irish 'authorities,' or even the French police. But one of the most curious Irish 'bulls,' for we do not know how otherwise to speak of it, that we have ever come across, is his description of Christ Church Cathedral—a description which deserves to take its place among the happiest recorded efforts of the kind in Irish literature or legend. For this interesting church is said to be 'a Protestant cathedral 'in Dublin used by the Catholics until the Reformation' (p. 167). What places of worship were used by the Protestants in Dublin, or elsewhere, in the days before the Reformation we do not know, but we suspect that a desire to point out the wickedness of Protestant worship in a Catholic cathedral has led Mr. Fitzpatrick into this interesting exhibition of that curious want of humour which so often distinguishes the cleverest and wittiest of his countrymen.*

For three-quarters of a century the betrayer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald remained unknown to history. And considering how few persons were acquainted with the movements of the rebel Lord at the time of his arrest, and the immense interest which the circumstance aroused, the identity of the actual betrayer, who was a man well known among the trusted friends and companions of the rebel leaders, must certainly be counted among the best kept secrets of modern times. Almost every man, indeed, among Lord Edward's friends and associates, always excepting the real culprit, seems to have been at some time suspected of having given the information that led to the capture. 'From my mention of these particulars respecting Neilson,' says Moore, 'it cannot fail to have struck the reader that some suspicion of having betrayed Lord Edward Fitzgerald attaches to this man.' And this suspicion is taken as certainty by Maxwell in his 'History of the Irish Rebellion.' Colonel Miles Byrne failed to endorse the imputation on

* Dublin shares with Saragossa and one or two other cities in the world the honour of possessing two cathedrals. Christ Church was founded by the Danes, restored by the Normans, and practically rebuilt in 1871-9, subsequently to the Disendowment of the Irish Church. St. Patrick's, a somewhat less ancient foundation, was completely restored—also by private liberality—in 1865-9. But, like Westminster Abbey and York Minster, they were both no doubt used by the Catholics before the Reformation.

Neilson, but did not hesitate to declare that Lord Edward had been betrayed by *Reynolds*, a United Irishman, to the agents of Government. The flaming patriot, Walter Cox, often states in his magazine that *Laurence Tighe* was the betrayer of the Geraldine chief. Mark O'Callaghan, in his 'Life of O'Connell,' brands *John Hughes* as the man who received 1,000*l.* for Lord Edward's blood, thus endorsing the indictment previously framed by Dr. Madden. Dr. Brennan, in the 'Milesian Magazine,' and Reynolds, in his life of his father, both accuse *Murphy*, at whose house the capture was effected, of having given the information; and the evidence against a man of the name of *Felix Rourke* was considered to be so convincing, that he is said to have narrowly escaped death at the hands of his comrades. Suspicion also fell upon a certain *Mr. Ogilvie*, who, as a near connexion, visited Lord Edward in Thomas Street a few days before the arrest, and transacted business with him. 'Dr. Madden,' writes the Rev. James Mills, 'mentions a train of circumstances which seem to fasten the imputation on Hughes.*' But some years afterwards, in his new edition, Madden suggests that one *Joel Hulbert* was the real culprit.† And, finally, as late as the year 1889, Mr. Ross, editor of the 'Cornwallis Papers,' who was allowed to ransack the archives at Dublin Castle, writes: 'The man who gave the information that led to his (Lord Edward's) arrest received 1,000*l.*, but his name has never transpired.‡' Among all these the name of the real informer has never been mentioned.

On May 18, 1798, Ireland was on the very eve of rebellion. The rising had been fixed for the 23rd. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was to have the chief command. The members of the Privy Council were to be murdered. An Irish Republic was to be proclaimed. The proclamation itself was actually written. The arrest of Lord Edward, whose experience as a soldier, whose position as a Protestant, and whose name as a Fitzgerald, made him especially dangerous, was a matter of transcendent importance. Reynolds, the principal Government informer, was unwilling to betray his hiding-place. Police, of course, there was none, but another and more secret spy was provided by the editor of the 'Freeman's Journal,' Francis Higgins.

The visitor to modern Dublin, as he is driven along the

* Lives of Illustrious Irishmen, vi. 51.

† i. 85; ii. 443.

‡ Cornwallis Correspondence, ed. 1889, vol. ii. p. 341, note 8.

poorest and most neglected of the Quays that lead from the centre of the town to the King's Bridge Railway Station and the Phoenix Park, can hardly fail to notice a dreary stone building—too low for a manufactory, too bleak for a residence, too large for a counting-house—shrinking back, as it were, from the pestilential mud of the Liffey that flows foul and turbid below it. The building is a charitable Refuge for Dublin mendicants. This is all that is now left of Moira House, where the patriot Earl and his beautiful and witty Countess entertained the flower of Dublin society and coquetted at a safe distance with Irish treason in the last years of the eighteenth century. It was here that the still more lovely Pamela, Lady Edward Fitzgerald, stayed with her noble friends in Usher's Island. In Usher's Island, too, at No. 20, but a few doors from Moira House, lived Francis Magan, Master of Arts and Barrister-at-Law, together with his sister—true patriots both, and trusted friends of the leaders of the revolt. For some time Lord Edward Fitzgerald * had lodged in the house of a man named Moore, in Thomas Street, not far from Usher's Island, but having received a timely hint from a faithful carpenter that this hiding-place was discovered, Moore abruptly quitted Dublin, having confided his precious charge to the care of his daughter, and her friends and neighbours, Mr. and Miss Magan. Francis Magan and his sister were well known and respected by Miss Moore, who conferred with them on the subject; and an arrangement was made that Lord Edward should move on the night of Friday, May 18, from Moore's, in Thomas Street, to Usher's Island, and should occupy a bedroom in Magan's house. But it was suggested that as two or three people knocking at his hall door in Usher's Island might attract attention, it would be safer to admit them by the stable in Island Street, immediately behind the house. The Government received information of the intended visit, and Major Sirr, the town marshal, with a guard of soldiers, proceeded to the spot. A conflict between the parties took place, and in the confusion Lord Edward was able to make good his escape.

'On the day after Magan's apparently humane arrangement with Miss Moore he called at her house, anxiously inquiring if aught had happened, as he had waited up until the small hours, and yet Lord Edward did not come! Miss Moore, not suspecting Magan, replied:

* Moira House—The Mendicity Institution—is now numbered 9 Usher's Island.

"We were stopped in Watling Street; we hurried back to Thomas Street, where we providentially succeeded in getting Lord Edward a room at Murphy's." Mr. Magan, satisfied by the explanation, leisurely withdrew, but, no doubt, quickened his gait on reaching the street.'

Between five and six o'clock the same evening Major Swan, the chief of the police, Sirr, the town major, with Captain Ryan and half a dozen soldiers in plain clothes, proceeded to Murphy's house. Sirr and the soldiers kept guard at the door, while Swan and Ryan walked upstairs. Lord Edward, who was lying down as the officers entered his room, refused to surrender to their warrant, and, snapping a pistol at Swan, rushed forward and struck him a deadly blow with a dagger, and then turning upon Ryan, he stabbed him again and again with the most savage and fatal ferocity. Sirr, coming upstairs rather tardily, fired at Lord Edward as he was on the point of escaping; the bullet struck him in the shoulder, and thus disabled he was secured by the soldiers. In his room was found the showy green uniform of the commander-in-chief of the Irish Rebel Army, and a sketch of the plan for the surprise of Dublin four days later. Captain Ryan was mortally wounded, Major Swan recovered, Lord Edward Fitzgerald died in prison. The information, as we now know, had been given by Magan,* who, on the very night that his chief lay a bleeding captive in Newgate, was the subject of a special vote in a special assembly of the United Irish Lodge of Dublin, when he was raised by the unanimous voice of his comrades to a post of peculiar honour! Yet this man was in the employment of the great contractor for secret intelligence, Francis Higgins, for Higgins claimed and received 1,000*l.* for the capture. How much of this he may have given to the actual informer we cannot know, but Magan himself received a secret pension of 300*l.* a year.

It is sufficiently remarkable that the spies and informers of the Irish Rebellion were chiefly persons of what is called superior position. The hands of the peasants and shopkeepers, among whom the leading rebels ever found a sure refuge, were never defiled with the blood-money of the Castle. Francis Magan was no common body. He was one of the first Roman Catholic barristers that were 'called'

* The trusted emissary from Lord Edward to his wife, who was at the time a guest at Moira House, but nine doors from Magan's more humble abode,

after the Relief Bill of 1793; a gentleman not only of approved patriotism, but of approved social position. As a member of patriotic societies, and a speaker at patriotic meetings, he at all times took his part against Government in debates and divisions, and posed as the champion of popular rights and popular liberties. And over fourteen years after the betrayal in Thomas Street, after fifty-seven quarterly payments of pension had been paid to the informer, among the signatories of the notice convening the Great National Meeting for December 1812, to protest against the wickedness of the English Government, we find the honoured names of Daniel O'Connell and Francis Magan.* 'Magan is said to have been 'a tall, gentlemanlike man,' 'the very pink of 'propriety,' 'wearing an aspect highly demure and proper,' and 'holding his head high in society.' A man, indeed, 'with a nice sense of honour,' though at times 'unduly 'sensitive and even retiring.' He died as he had lived, with the utmost respectability, in the year 1843, much admired by his contemporaries, and providing by his will for the perpetual celebration of a yearly mass for the repose of his soul, to be said by all the priests of the church of SS. Michael and John in Dublin. The remainder of his savings, which passed to his sister, amounted to no less than 14,000*l.* in ready money, to say nothing of some landed property in the neighbourhood of Dublin. His nice sense of honour had not been without its reward.

His friend and employer, Francis Higgins, was a man of a very different stamp, and one whose history is even more characteristic of the times in which they lived. He was born in a cellar in Dublin, and having from a shoeblack become an errand boy, and from an errand boy a scrivener, he contrived, by a daring manufacture of fictitious title deeds, to persuade a Roman Catholic priest that he was entitled to large estates on the death of a hard-hearted relation. Born a Roman Catholic, he was early converted to the faith of the Established Church, and he was able to recommend himself to the good graces of Father Shortall by a pious reconversion. Introduced by the priest into the family of a rich merchant of his own religion, this 'Sham Squire' endea-

* Yet, in 1821, Magan was bold enough to accept the incongruous post of Commissioner for Enclosing Commons under an Act of George IV. To plunder the enemy is ever accounted a virtue in Irish politics! But to oust the people from their common lands was surely strange employment for a patriot.

voured to abduct the citizen's daughter, and having been sent to gaol for the offence, he made the best of his time in wooing and winning the daughter of his gaoler in Dublin, rich from the plunder of prisoners! Discharged from custody, he was admitted a solicitor—the rules cannot have been very strict in Ireland in those days—and he soon afterwards acquired, by some money-lending fraud, the ownership of a Dublin daily newspaper, a newspaper which still exists, the 'Freeman's Journal.' His literary and political services were promptly placed at the disposal of the Duke of Rutland, and his good offices were rewarded in 1787 by the lucrative post of sub-sheriff of the County of Dublin. As an officer of the law and a minion of the Government, Higgins, soon afterwards appointed justice of the peace, was not qualified to be an informer, and he can scarcely be called a spy; yet he was so much mixed up with the information and the espionage of the last years of the eighteenth century in Dublin, that his name is constantly cropping up in the dark alleys of contemporary history as the friend and correspondent of such spies as O'Leary, as the employer of such informers as Magan, as 'the honest broker' in every species of dirty work; as a man who was known to be ready to pay for information, or to get it paid for by others; a man whom it was dangerous to offend—if not over safe to trust. Shrewd, daring, well informed, experienced, rich, he was a man no less contemptible, no less clever, and no less shameless than the McNevins and the McNallys, the Magans and the Turners, whom he employed; wiser, no doubt, than the Tones, and the Fitzgeralds, and the Tandys whom he pursued; nearly as coarse as Lord Norbury, nearly as avaricious as Lord Somerton, nearly as unscrupulous as Lord Annesley. Francis Higgins was a characteristic product of the times when Ireland, making and administering her own laws, devoted, we are told, a noble freedom to the development of a national glory. Had it not been for Pitt and his ⁱⁿ⁻service, those halcyon days might have lasted for an ⁱⁿ⁻called ^{hop-}century.

The last of the informers to whom we shall call attention upon the present occasion is a man differing widely from those with whom he is classed by Mr. Fitzpatrick, in that, instead of a renegade rebel systematically selling the secrets of his companions, he was a loyal soldier, discovering to his superior officer the movements of the common enemy. For this, says Mr. Lecky, his memory has ever since been pursued with untiring hatred. Mr. Fitzpatrick speaks of him as a vampire

and a scoundrel, and denounces his sickening conduct, 'scenting the hot blood of his victims,' and 'battening on 'his blood-money' after the 'butchery and the immolation' of the brothers Sheares, whose execution, after trial and conviction by a Dublin jury, was only comparable, we are told, to the destruction of the Quintilians by the cruelty of Commodus. To compare Commodus with the Court of Queen's Bench is sufficiently daring. To compare the loyal consuls of ancient Rome, the friends of the pious Antonines, the faithful governors of a contented province, with the bloodthirsty and bankrupt authors of the proclamation of May 1798,* is even more extravagant.

But Mr. Fitzpatrick, even in his quotations, is mild and gentle in his language compared with Mr. Madden,† who speaks of Captain Armstrong's 'abominable villainies' of the 'baseness of his perfidy, which has attached an amount 'of obloquy to his name and memory that never can be 'diminished or removed;' of the 'terrible and unparalleled 'iniquity of his conduct.' 'Where,' says this writer, 'among 'the blood-money dealers, traffickers in broken vows and 'oaths, dabblers in sedition for the sake of lucre, the sly, 'stealthy, insidious plotters, of all history, where shall we 'find a miscreant of this class that may realise the *hideous* 'reality of baseness of John Armstrong?'

In the early part of May 1798, the imperial power in Ireland seemed to be at its lowest ebb. The ministerial councils were divided; the Commander-in-Chief had resigned. There were signs of disaffection even among the students of Trinity College. A French invasion was hourly expected, and there was scarcely a regiment of regular troops left in Ireland to oppose them. The country was armed and drilled. A quarter of a million of men, it is said, were actually enrolled in the rebel army. A number of the leaders, indeed, had been arrested on March 12, but the blow had not been followed up, and a new Directory had been formed in Dublin. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, John and Henry Sheares, and William Lawless, the most important of

* This sanguinary proclamation is given at length in Howell's 'State Trials,' xxvii. pp. 324-326, and in Madden's 'History of the United Irishmen,' vol. iv. Thrice are the rebel Irish exhorted to slay without mercy every supporter of the detested Government of Ireland. The proclamation breathes the most savage spirit of the French Revolution, of whose principles and practices the Sheares were such enthusiastic admirers.

† Lives of United Irishmen, vol. iv. p. 341.

the rebel leaders, were still at large. On May 10, John Warneford Armstrong, a country gentleman, and captain in the King's County Regiment of Militia, then encamped at Loughlinstown, near Dublin, expressing himself somewhat rashly about the condition of the country in a bookseller's shop in Dublin, where he was making some purchases, was surprised to receive an invitation from the shopkeeper to meet Henry Sheares on a matter of interest and importance. Armstrong consented, but previous to the interview he took the precaution to consult his commanding officer, who recommended him to make the most of the opportunity that had so strangely presented itself to learn all he could of the rebel plans. Armstrong, by his loose talk, had deceived the bookseller. But he spared no pains to deceive Sheares, who introduced him to his brother and to Lawless, and in time disclosed to him the secrets of the rebel organisation. The charge against him, not without foundation, was that he obtained their confidence under the guise of friendship. A most painful position, if it was a duty, to a man of honour.

The outbreak was no longer to be delayed. The camp at Loughlinstown was to be surprised, Dublin was to be captured, the Irish Republic was to be proclaimed; the Lord-Lieutenant was to be seized in the Castle, the Privy Councillors were to be secured in their houses. A proclamation in Sheares's handwriting was already prepared—*no quarter was to be given to any supporter of the English Government.* The military organisation of the rebels was complete, the officers had all been appointed. There were United Irishmen in every barrack-room in Ireland, and a meeting had lately been held in Dublin of deputies from nearly every militia regiment in the country, including that of Armstrong himself. He was urged to bring over his entire regiment, and was authorised to promise to every soldier who joined the conspiracy that he should receive a portion of confiscated land in his own county. All this was from time to time communicated by Captain Armstrong to Colonel L'Estrange, and by Colonel L'Estrange to Lord Castlereagh. The Government, at last fully warned and accurately informed, undertook the disarmament of Dublin. On May 19 Lord Edward Fitzgerald was taken; Lawless escaped to France. John and Henry Sheares were arrested on the morning of the 20th. Armstrong, at the earnest desire of Lord Castlereagh, had dined with them the evening before. The plot was discovered and foiled, Dublin at least was saved. The rebellion in the country, premature and undisciplined, was

suppressed. And on July 4 John and Henry Sheares were arraigned before the Special Commission to stand their trial for high treason. The only witness to their offence was John Armstrong. But his evidence was sufficient, and the brothers were convicted and hanged. The Sheareses, as Mr. Lecky has justly remarked, were very commonplace conspirators, men of broken fortunes and wild aspirations; sanguinary in their schemes of rebellion, reckless in their modes of action, and abject cowards in the hour of death. Yet their influence was great while they lived; and the memory of their martyrdom is green, after a hundred years, in rebel Ireland.

For his service in bringing them to justice, and saving Dublin from massacre, Captain Armstrong was awarded the freedom of the city of Dublin, received the marked thanks of his regiment, and obtained a Government pension of 500*l.* a year. That, at least, he should have refused. He lived to a good old age 'in a district specially burrowed by agrarian 'crime;' but although the life of the 'bold betrayer' was spared by his neighbours, Armstrong was constantly exposed to petty insults, not so much at the hands of the peasantry, with whom we are told he grew exceedingly popular, and who wept at the news of his death, but from those 'persons 'of superior position' who have ever been the disgrace and the despair of the people of Ireland. A *reverend* pamphleteer of the year 1807 records that 'soon after he gave his ever-memorable evidence he was afflicted with a fistula in the 'face, which rendered him as remarkable as Cain is *supposed* 'to have been after the murder of his brother.'

Commodus and Lord Clare! Captain Armstrong and Cain!—thus is Irish history ever written in Ireland. For the rebels and cut-throats of the time, for the vain and sanguinary leaders of an ignorant multitude, for the very butchers of Prosperous and Scullabogue, no word of condemnation is to be found. Nay more, the wretched spies and informers who traded upon their reputation for disloyalty to betray their comrades—O'Leary, with his 'noble sentiments,' and Magan, with his 'nice sense of honour'—these are dismissed with but a scanty reprobation; while all the artillery of invective is brought to bear upon a man like Armstrong, who, being in the service of the Crown, faced danger and obloquy to save his countrymen from organised murder, and his country from revolution.

- ART. V.—1. *Souvenirs du Maréchal Macdonald, Duc de Tarente.*
Avec une Introduction par M. CAMILLE ROUSSET, de
l'Académie Française. Paris: 1892.
2. *Recollections of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum.*
Edited by CAMILLE ROUSSET. Translated by STEPHEN
LOUIS SIMEON. In 2 vols. London.

NOTWITHSTANDING the natural genius of the French for war, it is a fact that some of the most distinguished leaders of French armies have been virtually foreigners. Among these may be mentioned the Duke of Berwick, Marshal Saxe, the great Napoleon, and Marshal Macdonald. By a strange caprice of fortune a Scottish highlander from the Hebrides and a Corsican islander from the Mediterranean were brought together to command the armies of France; and it is not less remarkable that the son of a Jacobite exiled for his attachment to the 'right divine' of kings should have fought stoutly for a republic, and have cherished throughout life a feeling of gratitude for the French Revolution.

It may be asked whether the Recollections of the marshal were worth publishing so long after the eventful period with which they deal, although the writer of them played no distinguished part in politics, and even in his own profession does not occupy a place in the first rank and was surpassed by many of the great Corsican's lieutenants. As a matter of fact, in the two principal battles in which Macdonald commanded in chief he was defeated. No one, however, after reading the book before us, will deny that it has been well published; for the marshal, if not a great commander, was what Napoleon would have called 'un grand homme de guerre,' and as the chief of an army corps was surpassed by none of his comrades. Moreover, he was conspicuous for his honesty, sturdy frankness, and devotion to duty among a group of men most of whom were solely occupied with the promotion of their own interests. The chief merit of these Recollections is that, whatever may be thought of the marshal's capacity, circumstances brought him into intimate relations with many men who played important parts in the great drama which absorbed the world's attention for nearly a quarter of a century, and concerning these he tells us much that is of the highest interest, and throws valuable side-lights on Napoleon and his chief lieutenants. As there is no question

about the marshal's honour and truthfulness, and as he was singularly free from jealousy, his testimony may be accepted without hesitation. No French writer of military memoirs has criticised his superiors and subordinates with equal frankness and severity. As he wrote for his son, without reference to publication, he gave full license to his pen, and he has left us a truthful but sinister record of the men with whom he acted.

The father of the future marshal was Vall Macacachain, son of Ronald Macacachain, a farmer at Houghbeag, South Uist. Vall was at first intended for the priesthood, and was educated at the Scotch college at Douai. After, however, completing his course, he abandoned the idea of taking holy orders, and returned home. There he became schoolmaster of his native parish and tutor in the family of Clanranald. It is not so expressly stated, but it appears probable that Vall joined Prince Charles Edward from the first. At all events, after Culloden had been fought and lost, he, according to his son, accompanied the prince in his wanderings in the Hebrides. When Charles Edward eventually escaped, he was still attended by Vall, who, on reaching France, exchanged the name of Macacachain—that of a sept of the Macdonalds—for the better known name of the clan. As a reward for his services Vall obtained a lieutenancy first in Albany's Scotch regiment and afterwards one in Ogilvie's. As the marshal expresses it: 'Your grandfather was put into Ogilvie's Scotch regiment, and the prince (Charles Edward) never gave him another thought.' After the peace of 1763, nearly all the foreign regiments in the service of France were disbanded, and Vall Macdonald found himself thrown on the world with a pension of 30*l.* a year. With true military improvidence, he took the opportunity of marrying a girl of good family but no fortune, and on November 17, 1765, the future marshal was born at Sédan. Like his father, he was destined by his family for the priesthood, but being sent to a semi-military academy at Paris he was seized with martial ardour. He studied for the Engineers and failed, but powerful patrons exerting themselves on his behalf, he obtained in 1785 a lieutenancy in Maillebois' regiment, which was being raised for the service of the Dutch then embroiled with Austria. Matters, however, having been accommodated, Maillebois' regiment was disbanded, and young Macdonald found himself without employment, and without other resources than a small sum drawn from the Dutch government. He wisely determined to sink

his pride and begin again at the foot of the ladder. He, therefore, thankfully accepted the offer of a gentleman cadetship in Dillon's Irish regiment, and was rewarded by the brevet of sub-lieutenant in six months, followed six months later by the substantive rank. In 1791 he became a lieutenant. War having broken out, General Beurnonville, an old friend of the family, obtained for him promotion to the rank of captain and appointed him his aide-de-camp. Two months later Dumouriez, then commanding the army of the North, pleased with the manner in which Macdonald had performed several special duties with which he had been entrusted, wished to take him as his own aide-de-camp. Beurnonville urged him to accept the flattering and advantageous offer, but it took much pressure before he consented to quit his first patron.

It deserves notice that Macdonald was one of the few French officers in the republican armies who had obtained some rank in the royal army before the revolution, which accounts for his rapid rise in the service. The battle of Jemappes won for him the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Being on leave in Paris, he at the end of the winter was named by his old friend Beurnonville, then minister of war, to the colonelcy of the regiment of Picardy. The tide of victory had by this time set against Dumouriez; he had been beaten at Neerwinden, and the army was in full retreat when the new colonel arrived at Brussels. Everything, indeed, was in such confusion that he could not for some time find his regiment. A few days later Beurnonville and four commissioners from the Convention arrived to arrest Dumouriez, who, however, anticipated them by seizing all five and handing them over to the Austrians. Macdonald was ordered by General Miaczinski, commanding the brigade, to take command and to march to Lille, whither he, the general, was preceding him. On reaching the suburbs he received a note from the general, ordering him to halt, to provide refreshment for the men, and not to leave them, sending into Lille for food. The gates were found to be shut and the drawbridges raised. A municipal official informed him that the council wished to see him. He pleaded his orders not to quit the troops, and, assuming that the interview was only to arrange about rations and quarters, sent a captain in his place. This officer returned without any instructions. Night was coming on, the hungry troops burst out into loud complaints, when suddenly a voice from the ramparts called out that the brigade was to march round the glacis to another suburb, where rations and tents would be issued. On arriving at

the suburb in question the gate was seen to be closed, but a voice from within called out that the colonel of the regiment of Picardy was to come to the council.

‘My grenadiers mutinied and replied in the negative, adding that if their colonel went they would go too. This was refused. I had nothing to reproach myself with. I at once determined upon going alone. The soldiers then raised very alarming cries, declaring, among other things, that these —— had killed their poor Capet (Louis XVI.), and so on. They also began to shout, “Long live the king!” I addressed them with severity, threatening them, and pretending that I could recognise individual voices, which frightened them; and I then extracted from them a promise to remain quiet until my return.’

Taken under escort to the town hall, he was at first regarded with suspicion and closely questioned; but he soon succeeded in establishing his innocence of any share in the plot by which General Miaczinski was to have seized Lille, and was sent back to his brigade with instructions to lead it to the camp of La Madeleine, where everything necessary would be furnished. On his reappearance he said, “Well, ‘my friends, I knew that it was simply to discuss your ‘needs.’” They all began to cry “Long live the republic!” ‘Such is the inconstancy of the multitude.’

Notwithstanding his loyal conduct, he still remained suspected owing to his having been on Dumouriez’s staff. General Lamarlière defended him, but his enemies, for personal reasons, wished to transfer him from the command of his regiment to the position of adjutant-general. He declined to accept the arrangement, and being backed up by the general, he gained his point. He had, however, the gratification of seeing one of his captains, Béru, promoted to the rank of general of brigade, and placed in command of the camp where the regiment of Picardy was quartered. Soon after General Lamarlière was disgraced and executed, Béru replacing him with the rank of general of division, while, to Macdonald’s great astonishment, he was promoted to the rank of general of brigade on August 26, 1793. Again he was suspected, and was on the point of being arrested and tried, when a chance saved him. Pichegru, appointed to the command of the army of the North, knowing his merit, begged that he might be exempted from the decree which banished all *ci-devant* nobles to a distance of thirty leagues from Paris, the frontiers, and from the armies. The commissioners decided that he should retain his post. They, however, refused Macdonald’s request that he might be protected by written orders against accusations in case of defeat.

Macdonald on this threatened to resign, but was told that if he quitted the army he would be arrested and tried. He had no choice, therefore, but to remain. Meanwhile, the representative Isore, who had seen him at work on the frontier, speaking to the minister of war on his behalf, averted the tempest, and henceforth his republicanism remained unsuspected.

In the campaign which ensued—that of 1794—he played an honourable part, and at its conclusion was promoted to the rank of general of division. He was twenty-nine years of age, and three years before had been but a lieutenant. His headquarters were at Nimeguen, and he was placed temporarily in command of two divisions. On the opposite side of the Waal was the Anglo-Hanoverian army, whose position was defended by forts and fortified dykes. The passage of the river seemed impracticable, but Macdonald hoped the ice, when thick enough, might render the operation feasible. Suddenly he noticed what he deemed symptoms of retreat, though, as he afterwards ascertained, no retreat was contemplated. Be that as it may, the arrangements he had carefully matured were carried out energetically, the river was crossed on the ice, and, in spite of a sharp resistance, the French were victorious. This success won for Macdonald great fame, though he modestly confesses that he acted on an incorrect supposition. After sharing in the subsequent campaign, he in 1796 was ordered with an army corps to Düsseldorf, but the year closed without his being engaged in any important operations. In the following year he was in command of the army of the North on the lower Rhine with orders to co-operate with the armies of the Rhine and the Sambre et Meuse, when the treaty of Campo Formio put an end to hostilities. The three armies were then reunited under the title of the army of Germany, and Augereau was sent from Paris to take the command. He reviewed the army of the North at Cologne.

‘A halt was called before the march past. The soldiers crowded round the new commander-in-chief. His dress was startling; he was covered with gold embroidery even down to his short boots, thus contrasting strongly with our simple uniforms. He related his Italian campaigns, spoke of the bravery of the troops, but without even mentioning the leader of that army. He said that the soldiers were very well treated there, and that there was not a man among them, bad character as he might be, who had not ten gold pieces in his pocket and a gold watch. This was a hint to our fellows.’

In the spring of 1798 Macdonald was transferred to the

army of Italy, and a few months after his arrival took the command of the division occupying Rome, at that time a republic, vice Gouvion St.-Cyr, recalled on account of a quarrel with the Commissioners of the Directory. Whether rightly or wrongly, Macdonald became possessed by the idea that this officer bore him in consequence an active hatred which manifested itself upon various occasions. The position at Rome was critical; partial risings were continually taking place, and General Mack, at the head of some 70,000 or 80,000 Neapolitan troops, threatened an invasion. The French only numbered some 12,000 men, so Macdonald asked for reinforcements. The answer was the creation of an army of Rome, with Championnet as commander, and the addition of a few battalions from Northern Italy. Forty-eight hours after Championnet's arrival intelligence reached that the Neapolitan army had, without a declaration of war, crossed the frontier. Championnet, having only about 6,000 men at his disposal in Rome, opened negotiations for the evacuation of the city, and himself departed, leaving Macdonald to bring off the troops. His departure was a signal for a general rising, in which many isolated Frenchmen were massacred. Macdonald was in an awkward position; for, with the exception of a few weak detachments, all the troops were outside the town watching for the approach of the Neapolitans. He, however, by energetic measures restored quiet in the course of two hours. The Neapolitans were at the gate and demanded an immediate surrender; this Macdonald refused, and next day, in broad daylight and perfect order, he crossed the Tiber and eventually took up a position at Civita Castellana. Seventeen days later, after a series of brilliant little actions, most of them fought by Macdonald, the French re-entered Rome, and finally marched on and occupied Naples. Championnet was in February 1799 recalled, and Macdonald, to his surprise, appointed commander of the army of Naples. Some months were passed in keeping down the people and preparing unobtrusively for the march which he felt sure he would before long have to make to the north of Italy. The crisis which he anticipated soon came. The allied Russian and Austrian armies under Suwarrow and Melas had, at Magnano, defeated Scherer, and Moreau, appointed the successor of the latter, was reorganising the army of Italy in Piedmont. All Italy was seething in discontent. Risings were taking place everywhere, but Macdonald saw, with that clearness of vision which was one

of his characteristics, where the decisive point was. Leaving in obedience to orders the fortified towns garrisoned, but calling in all flying columns, he marched to the north with all expedition. On reaching Pistoia, in Tuscany, he caused the outlets from the Apennines into the valley of the Po to be occupied, and put himself into communication with Moreau, who had been forced to retire into Liguria. It was arranged that Macdonald should fall upon the left flank of the allies, while Moreau, advancing from Genoa, should attack them in front, the two armies eventually effecting a junction at a point between Parma and Piacenza. Such an operation, always a hazardous one, required in order to have the slightest chance of success the greatest exactitude in movement. Punctual co-operation was, however, hardly to be looked for, seeing the want of cordiality between the two commanders.

As a preliminary to the main enterprise Macdonald determined to drive the enemy from Modena. An action took place outside the city, in which the French were completely successful, the Austrians being routed. Some of the victors paused to plunder the baggage with which the streets were encumbered. Macdonald was anxious to keep the enemy moving; 'by dint of prayers more than by threats I succeeded in getting together a handful of troops to follow me, and drove off the Austrian sharpshooters.' Suddenly a body of the enemy's cavalry, pursued by some French horsemen, appeared on a cross road, with deep ditches on either side, leading into the Bologna road, on which Macdonald with only a small cavalry escort was then awaiting the course of events. Fortunately at this moment a battalion of French grenadiers issued from Modena and drew up in line across the road, while the escort formed in line perpendicular to them, but without noticing that a broad ditch separated them from the road. Macdonald sent a staff officer to call upon the Austrians to surrender, and was riding in front of his battalion quietly consulting his maps. All on a sudden, seeing that the enemy were executing a desperate charge, he wished to get behind the grenadiers so as not to impede their fire. Unfortunately he was too late; the cavalry were upon him, his right arm was entangled by the thong of a stick, one end of which rested on his stirrup, so that he could not draw his sword, and the grenadiers opened fire. In a moment he was ridden down, unhorsed, received a sabre cut on the right thumb and another on the head, became unconscious, and was trodden under foot. On recovering his

senses, some three hours later, he found himself in a house surrounded by generals.

“This is your doing,” I said to General Montrichard. “Had your troops taken part in the action this mischance would not have befallen me, and not an enemy would have escaped had my combinations been carried out.”

His excuse was that on reaching Fort Urbino, the regiment at the head of his column had no cartridges; that the train of artillery, at the end of both divisions, was still at Bologna, and that they had waited for it to come up.

“What!” I exclaimed, “a regiment campaigning without cartridges? Why did you not discover it sooner? Were they all without them?”

“No; only the leading company.”

“Why did you not throw it aside and let the others take the lead? A little more and we should have been driven back,” I added, “and it would have been your fault entirely, as you could and should have made an important diversion.”

He dropped his eyes and made no reply.

Sorely injured not only by his wounds but also by the trampling to which he had been subjected, he felt himself unable to exercise the command. He offered, therefore, to transfer his authority to the senior of the generals of division. This officer declined, as did in succession the others, to all of whom in turn he made the same offer. He, therefore, though compelled to travel in a carriage, retained the direction of affairs, which indeed had become serious. Moreau was anxiously expected according to arrangement; no tidings of him could be obtained. Macdonald determined that, at all events, he would not fail the rendezvous, and continued his advance to Piacenza, where or at Parma he expected to be joined by Moreau. Between these two towns he was met by Victor at the head of one of Moreau's divisions. Victor had driven before him an Austrian division, and brought a letter from Moreau full of uncertainty as to the direction of his march, but stating that he would probably start on June 9. When the letter arrived it was June 14, and, seeing that Moreau had no obstacles to encounter, Macdonald calculated that he might clearly expect his arrival. He therefore took up a position on the 17th between the Tidone and the Trebbia, having previously sent word to the two divisions coming up from Bologna to join him with all speed. Being unable to mount a horse, he had remained behind at Piacenza, and had given the command of the four divisions with him to Victor. Unfortunately Victor also remained in person at Piacenza with-

out informing Macdonald of the fact. Rusea, at the head of a division, endeavoured to force the passage of the Tidone, but he, as well as two supporting divisions, was driven back routed on Salm's division, which checked the pursuit. Macdonald, on reviewing the facts and ascertaining that the whole allied army was in front of him, withdrew behind the Trebbia, leaving only Salm on the enemy's bank, while urgent orders were sent to Montrieux's and Ollivier's divisions to hasten their march. Macdonald caused himself to be conveyed to the field of battle, and passed, as he says, a wretched night.

'But where was the army of Italy? In what direction? I could not tell. Until the junction was effected, prudence commanded me not to risk a battle with such unequal forces. I had no choice but to retire; but if I went away, and the army of Italy arrived over the mountains in the expectation of finding that of Naples, it would in its turn be isolated and exposed to certain loss. . . . I passed a wretched night, tormented by the fear of being attacked next morning before all our forces had come up, and also lest we should not be able to repair the disorder that had been caused that evening.'

The next morning the enemy appeared so tranquil that General Salm, commanding the division beyond the river, asked leave to go to Piacenza for a few hours. Macdonald refused permission, being less confident, and shortly afterwards noticed symptoms which led him to believe that the enemy were advancing. He at once sent Salm at a gallop back to his division, with orders to prepare for falling back. Over-confident, and in spite of Macdonald's repeated orders to retire, Salm put off the movement till it was almost too late. He and two successive commanders being wounded, and the pressure heavy, the division passed the Trebbia in the greatest disorder. Fortunately for the French the enemy did not take advantage of this disorder, and when they pushed the attack home Macdonald was prepared for them. Repeatedly did the allies advance, but failed to make any impression. At length they drew off, but the artillery fire on both sides did not cease till ten or eleven at night. During the night the two detached divisions arrived, and at daybreak the next morning the two armies faced each other on opposite banks of the Trebbia. The battle recommenced with an artillery duel, which after a few hours first slackened and then ceased, when a sort of tacit truce ensued. It lasted, however, for but a short time. Macdonald, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, had during the night resolved to assume the offensive. His troops were excellent

and eager, 'and the French character lends itself to attack 'better than to defence.' All orders had been given, and the hour for commencing the movement fixed for 9 A.M. Not till noon, however, was the army ready to advance, owing to the fact that, 'notwithstanding repeated orders, it 'was impossible to get the Montrichard division out of its 'bivouac. It did come up at last, but without its general, 'who remained behind.' This General Montrichard, it may be noted, was the same officer whose misconduct had caused such serious consequences a few days previously.

The Montrichard division having no commander was badly handled, and driven back to the edge of the river, where it was rallied by Macdonald himself. This mischance, however, left the two flank divisions isolated, and they too were compelled to fall back. This was the more unfortunate, as Victor, on the left with the other three divisions, had thrown the Russians into disorder. Macdonald, compelled to pass from the offensive to the defensive, maintained his ground, successfully repelling the repeated attacks of the enemy, and the battle closed with a gradually slackening artillery combat. The losses had been very serious. Nearly all the general and field officers had been killed or wounded; little ammunition remained, and provisions were also scarce. Moreover, no intelligence had been received from Moreau. Under these circumstances Macdonald reluctantly resolved to retreat. The movement began at midnight, the Grand Guard and outposts being utilised as a screen.

Macdonald's reputation as a skillful commander has been dimmed by the result of this battle. There is, however, much to be said in his vindication. French vanity will have it that the Trebbia was almost a French victory. M. Camille Rousset in his introduction says, 'If the battle of the 'Trebbia cannot be actually called a victory, it certainly 'cannot be regarded as a defeat.' Macdonald himself says, 'Precaution alone dictated our retrograde movement.' The truth, nevertheless, is that the result of the battle was a victory to the allies. There is no doubt of it, apply whatever test we may. The retreat, dictated according to Macdonald by precaution alone, was simply forced upon him because, though he had maintained his ground on the third day of the battle, he had good reason for believing that he would not be successful if he remained a fourth day. As to the responsibility of Macdonald for the defeat, that is another thing. It may be urged that he ought not to have accepted battle without knowing that Moreau was within striking

distance of the allies, seeing that the latter largely outnumbered the army of Naples. His own explanation is that he feared lest Moreau should be overwhelmed if he were not there to support him, and that he had every right to believe that at any hour Moreau would arrive. There is no doubt some force in this argument; but the truth was, we are inclined to think, that he did not know that he had more than a portion of the allied army in his front till the second day, and that then his natural courage, as well as fear of being accused of treachery towards a colleague, prevented him from retiring, after having actually challenged the enemy to battle. Of course, writing calmly after the event, and with a full knowledge of the circumstances, it is easy to lay down what he should have done; but a commander must be judged by the amount of information and by the circumstances as they appeared to him at the time. In our opinion he ought, when he could hear nothing of Moreau, to have avoided a battle by retiring a short distance. If Moreau arrived, it would have been easy for him to advance again. If the enemy followed him (Macdonald), so much the better; for the allies would have laid themselves open to a severance of their communications by Moreau. If a battle was unavoidable, it ought to have been a delaying action, one of manœuvres, or one on the defensive. There is certainly blame to be imputed to him in that his intelligence department and cavalry did their work so badly that he was ignorant when he resolved to fight what was the strength of the army opposed to him. With respect to the tactical faults in the battle he was not to blame, for owing to his wounds he was unable to assume that close and active control which would have ensured his dispositions being carried out. As we have seen, Victor, to whom he had temporarily confided the command of the leading divisions on the first day, without his leave or even knowledge, remained behind in Piacenza. Hence an unfortunate action was prematurely and in a haphazard manner brought on. On the third day also Montrichard's scandalous conduct caused the defeat of his right column of attack. The French cavalry also does not—to use a mild term—seem to have acted efficiently either before or during the battle.

Macdonald ordered that the retreat should commence at midnight in three columns. Again neglect on the part of a subordinate imperilled the movement. Victor's division did not start till 6 A.M., instead of at midnight. Followed closely by the enemy and hard pressed, Victor sent to ask for help.

Macdonald caused the centre column to recross the stream in order to disengage his lieutenant. The enemy having been checked, the march was resumed to Cadeo, the rendezvous of all three columns. When Macdonald arrived at Cadeo, however, he found the right and centre columns there, but nothing was to be seen of the left column; but, hearing no firing, he was not uneasy. Suddenly a torrent of panic-stricken fugitives approached, followed by an aide-de-camp of Victor asking for help. Macdonald sent his reserve to carry succour, but found neither friends nor foes, but only all the artillery of the column abandoned. Some artillery horses sent out brought in the guns. The army then resumed its march, and a little later intelligence was received from Victor, stating that his men had dispersed, that he had lost all his artillery, and that he was himself proceeding to Borgo San Donino. This happened to be the very place to which Macdonald was bound, so he contented himself with sending word that he had rescued the guns, and would restore them on the first opportunity. On reaching Borgo San Donino he sent for Victor. The latter, scenting a reprimand, answered that he was busy settling his men in camp, and would come later. An hour or two having elapsed without the appearance of Victor, Macdonald sent for him again. The reply was that he was tired, and had gone to bed! A fine sample is Victor's conduct of the discipline of the armies of the republic and of the want of cordial support by subordinate generals to the commander-in-chief. After a brief delay the armies of Italy and of Naples were united under the command of Joubert, and Macdonald obtained a much-needed leave of absence.

Coldly received by the Directory, he was cordially treated by Bonaparte, and on the 18th Brumaire he had command of the troops at Versailles. When the campaign of 1800 opened, Bonaparte assumed the command of the army of Italy, gave Moreau that of the army of the Rhine, and later on appointed Macdonald to the command of the army of the Grisons, which was to operate in the Alps, in order to connect the flank armies. There was little opposition on the part of the enemy, but the obstacles offered by nature were formidable. On one occasion a whole squadron was carried away and swallowed up by an avalanche; individuals continually shared the same fate; but Macdonald, daring and energetic, encouraged his men by going in person to the most dangerous spots to examine their practicability. After great exertions and sufferings, he eventually crossed the Splügen, and entered

the valley of the Adige. The result of this remarkable march was that the enemy evacuated the Tyrol and the Vorarlberg.

With peace came the appointment of Macdonald as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Denmark. Anyone more utterly unsuited for diplomacy could not have been discovered; for, as M. Camille Rousset remarks,

‘His outspokenness was often deplorable; he was absolutely without pliability, possessed no clever arts of smiling or pretending pleasantly; in a word, his whole character was as anti-diplomatic as it was possible to be.’

Macdonald remonstrated against the appointment, but he was partially reconciled to the mission by being told that it was rather military than diplomatic, and that, the Danes having asked for a French general to undertake the defence of their country, the First Consul had thought of him. Before he arrived all possibility of a resistance by Denmark had disappeared. Macdonald earnestly asked for his recall, but it was deferred. He was even sounded with respect to the embassy to Russia; but he positively declined to accept that post, and he was at length allowed to return to France. Macdonald was of opinion that his diplomatic mission to Denmark, and the attempt to induce him to accept the embassy to Russia, were due to the jealousy of Talleyrand.

‘I had a suspicion that Monsieur de Talleyrand had some motives, which I could not penetrate, for wishing to keep me at a distance. I had written him strong representations upon this point in private letters, but, as he might have been prejudiced or biassed against me, I called upon him. He received me with cold civility. I warmly pointed out to him, in presence of his wife and several other persons, how ill he had behaved, and abruptly quitted his house. Since then I have ceased to hold any communication with this personage, who afterwards degraded more and more his name and position. He has certainly from time to time made overtures to me, but in vain. I had judged correctly the sincerity of his affection. . . . I admit having said too much about this individual, but it is because I know that he did me serious injury in the eyes of the First Consul by prejudicing him against me, and suggesting that I was a foe to his authority.’

From some cause or another, it is certain that Macdonald was in disfavour with Napoleon for several years, and in 1804, when Moreau was brought to trial, an attempt was made to implicate Macdonald in the plot on the ground of a friendship, never warm, and which had certainly recently cooled very much. Napoleon may, however, well have been suspicious, considering that Bernadotte was himself mixed

up in the conspiracy. The proofs against this general being not absolutely conclusive, he thought it best not to take action against him, and included him among the first marshals whom he created. Macdonald considered that he had as good a right to the bâton as many of those who obtained it, but he was left out in the cold. He was, when the Legion of Honour was first instituted, made a Companion—as were all those who had, like them, received a sword of honour. Shortly afterwards he was—he thinks by inadvertence—promoted to the rank of Grand Officer, but he was, nevertheless, regarded with suspicion, watched by spies, and left unemployed, till suddenly, in 1809, he received an order to put himself at the disposal of Eugène Beauharnais, viceroy of, and commander-in-chief in Italy. On reaching his destination he found the French army in retreat and utterly demoralised, as a result of the battle of Sacilio. The young prince was delighted to see Macdonald.

“He received me cordially, or I might say effusively. He was even more taken up with what the Emperor would say and write than with the affair itself.

“‘I have been beaten,’ he said, ‘at my first attempt in commanding, and in a bad position too. The Emperor will be furious; he knows his Italy so well.’”

Finding that the enemy were three marches distant, Macdonald persuaded Prince Eugène to assume a defensive position, and, if pressed, to retire slowly without committing himself to a general action; for, as was pointed out to him by his adviser, the great issue was being fought out in Germany. A short time was passed in reorganising the army, filling up gaps by drafts from the dépôts, and skirmishing daily, ‘so as to familiarise the fresh men with fighting.’ As to Macdonald, a corps of two divisions of infantry and a brigade of cavalry was formed, of which he was given the command; but his real function was that of mentor to the gallant, but inexperienced, prince who commanded the army. One day ‘noticing a hurried movement of carriages and ‘baggage-wagons,’ “We have been victorious in Germany,” ‘I said to the prince; “the enemy are retiring,”’ and his conjecture, or rather deduction, proved correct.

In following up the Archduke John there were several sharp combats, and Macdonald, when detached, gained some important successes. He at first encountered some difficulty owing to the intrigues of two of his principal generals, who thought that, Macdonald being in disgrace, neither they nor the troops under him would obtain any rewards.

‘I had indeed noticed that some of my orders had been tardily executed when activity was necessary, and I should certainly have failed in some of my enterprises had I not directed them myself. . . . The situation was becoming critical, and an opportunity presenting itself . . . I reprimanded one of them sharply, and threatened to put under arrest and send to the Emperor anyone who did not obey orders on the spot. This was in presence of a considerable number of officers and men, who loudly applauded my decision. Thenceforward my gentlemen did no more than mutter, but that did not trouble me.’

What a light does this incident throw on the state of feeling and discipline in the French army at the height of the Napoleonic successes! The Viceroy, following the Archduke John to Raab, ordered Macdonald to halt with his corps at Papa—some fifteen or sixteen miles from Raab—till the receipt of further instructions. Macdonald ventured to disobey the Viceroy, and followed in his steps. It was fortunate that he did so; for, when still five or six miles from Raab, he received an order to advance. When Macdonald reached the field of battle,

‘Several regiments were retreating in disorder; efforts were being made to rally them. I galloped up and presented myself to the viceroy, who expressed delighted surprise at seeing me so speedily.

“I was very sorry,” he said, “to leave you at Papa; you would have been very useful to me in this critical situation.”

“You have made a greater mistake than that,” I answered; “that of giving and risking a battle with only a portion of your army, when you have that of the archduke in front of you in what seems to me a fairly strong position. But take comfort, here is my corps d’armée.”

“Where?” he asked quickly.

“Look behind you; it is just debouching.”

“How grateful I am to you for your foresight!” said the prince affectionately, pressing my hand.’

The arrival of Macdonald’s corps so encouraged the viceroy’s troops that, with a renewed effort, the heights were crowned, and the Austrians driven from the field. That night the prince had Macdonald to supper with him, and repeated what he had already written about the satisfaction of the Emperor with his guest’s services.

Summoned to join the Grand Army, the army of Italy reached the Island of Lobau on the evening of July 4, having marched, according to Macdonald, the incredible number of sixty leagues—equal to about 131 miles—in three days. This must, surely, be a *lapsus calami* on the part of Macdonald, for the feat was simply impossible.

The next day, as the Emperor in the morning was passing down the line of troops, he reached the army of Italy.

Macdonald moved forward slightly, but Napoleon spoke to no one, merely saluting with his hand. Prince Eugene, who had been absent for the moment, on returning and hearing that the Emperor had passed, hastened to Macdonald and said:—

“Well, I hope you were satisfied. No doubt he confirmed by word of mouth all that I have written to you?”

“He did not address a single word to me.”

“What?”

“Not a word. He merely nodded, as if to say, ‘I can see through you, you rascal.’”

The enemy toward evening fell back on their entrenched position, on which the Emperor said to the Viceroy, ‘Order General Macdonald to attack and carry the plateau. The enemy are retiring, and we must make some prisoners.’

The Viceroy repeated to Macdonald the order he had received. Macdonald expostulated, saying that the Emperor was mistaken, that the Austrians were only falling back on their prepared position, that their whole army was there, and that the entire French force would be needed to carry the plateau. He begged the Viceroy to repeat his remarks to the Emperor, but, afraid of his formidable stepfather, he replied, ‘Not I. He ordered us to attack; let us do it.’ Macdonald answered, ‘So be it, but you will see how we shall be beaten.’ Leading his men on dismounted, the plateau was carried, but, assailed in front and flank, the French were soon driven back in rout with a loss of 2,000 men. ‘What will the Emperor think?’ asked the prince, sadly.

The next day, at the crisis of the battle of Wagram, when Massena on the left was driven back on the tête de pont, and Bernadotte repulsed in the centre, Macdonald advanced with his whole corps in the following solid formation: four battalions in three-deep line, followed by other four battalions in similar formation, with the remainder of his troops in column in rear of each flank, like pillars supporting a lintel, and with Nausonty’s division drawn up on, as it were, the threshold. Their advance was covered by the fire of one hundred guns united in one battery. The advance, though at a heavy cost of life, was perfectly successful, for Macdonald pierced the Austrian centre and thus compelled their retreat. It has always been acknowledged that this decided movement of Macdonald’s corps won that very critical battle, and it dispelled the Emperor’s prejudice against him. The next day, as he was lying

down asleep, completely worn out and suffering from a kick which his horse had given him, he was awakened by cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' An orderly officer entered to summon him to the Emperor's presence, and finding that Macdonald was lame, and had no horse, he lent him his own. Then came one of those *coups de théâtre* in which the Emperor delighted. In the midst of Macdonald's troops he approached that general, embraced him cordially, and said, 'Let us be friends henceforward.' To which Macdonald replied, 'Yes, till death;' and he kept his word. Napoleon then said:—

"You have behaved valiantly, and have rendered me the greatest services, as indeed throughout the entire campaign. On the battlefield of your glory, where I owe you so large a part of yesterday's success, I make you a Marshal of France. You have long deserved it."

"Sire," I answered, "since you are satisfied with us, let the rewards and recompenses be apportioned and distributed among my army corps, beginning with Generals Lamarque, Broussier, &c., who so ably seconded me."

"Anything you please," he replied; "I have nothing to refuse you."

These were the very two generals who had intrigued against him. A few days after an armistice was requested by the Austrians and granted. Macdonald at first could not understand why, considering the scanty results of the battle, the enemy should have humbled themselves by asking for a cessation of hostilities. He afterwards learnt that their army had been much demoralised. On the other hand, the Emperor showed himself complaisant because of his own enormous losses and the scarcity of ammunition. A few days after the armistice the marshal visited the Emperor at Schönbrunn. The Emperor received him somewhat coldly, and his courtiers of course followed suit. The marshal attributed this coldness partly to recollections of the past, and partly to the fact that rumour attributed the gaining of the battle to Macdonald. Notwithstanding his coldness, he invited the marshal to breakfast. During the meal a despatch from Vandamme, commanding the Würtemberg corps, informed him that, on the march to take possession of Gnetz, under the terms of the armistice, he had met an Austrian army marching from Croatia on Vienna, under instructions from the Archduke John. A temporary suspension of arms having been agreed upon, Vandamme sent for instructions. Out loud Napoleon ordered Macdonald

to proceed at once to the spot, taking command of Vandamme's corps, and promising to reinforce him.

"March against that army and crush it." However, while I was taking my leave he led me aside, and whispered to me, "Be prudent; try not to renew hostilities; we need rest in order to recover ourselves."

He found Vandamme by no means pleased at being relegated to an inferior position, and that general burst forth into abuse of Marmont and Oudinot, who had just been created marshals.

He was especially violent against the Emperor, who at the beginning of the campaign had promised that within three months he would make him marshal and duke.

"He is a coward," he went on, "a forger, a liar; and had it not been for me, Vandamme, he would still be keeping pigs in Corsica."

This language was used in presence of thirty military men, most of them generals and superior officers of his own army corps.

Macdonald, by dint of firm language, induced Gyulai's army to retire without fighting, though he protested that the Archduke John did not recognise the armistice. On the Emperor's birthday Macdonald received the title of 'Duke of Tarentum,' the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and a donation of 600,000 francs.

For several months Marshal Macdonald commanded the army of Italy, then for the most part quartered in Styria. On his departure with his troops the provincial States pressed on him a present in token of their gratitude for the care he had taken of their country and the exemplary discipline which he had maintained. He refused, but they insisted; on which he said: 'Well, if you really think you owe me anything, I can tell you how to acquit your debt in a manner more worthy of me. Look after the sick and wounded whom I am obliged to leave here for the time being, as well as the detachment and the medical officers.' They promised and kept their word. Few of Napoleon's generals would have behaved in this disinterested and honourable manner.

He marched into Italy with the army, which was then broken up, he himself being ordered to Paris, where he was received by the Emperor with the utmost kindness. Macdonald himself believed that Napoleon was pleased with the behaviour of the army of Italy, and had also heard of his refusal of the present offered by the States of Styria.

He made warm inquiries concerning my financial position, said that I ought to have a house in Paris, that he knew I was not rich, that

he had adopted me and would treat me like the other marshals. Some had been given 1,000,000 francs, some 6,000,000 francs, independently of their more or less high endowments. I discreetly waited, and the question was never mooted again.'

One of the marshal's daughters, however, being married, the Emperor gave her a dowry of 200,000 francs.

Sent to Spain as governor-general and commander-in-chief of Catalonia, his chief exploit was the reduction by blockade of the fortress of Figueras. Attacked first by gout, and afterwards by fever, he resigned; but, though barely recovered, in April 1812 he was ordered to command the 10th corps of the army, intended for the invasion of Russia. This corps consisted of the Prussian contingent, and a division composed of three Polish regiments, one Bavarian, and one Westphalian. Only the staff was French. Macdonald was on the left of the army, and was able to keep his men well clothed and fed. He had little fighting, but was subjected to severe mortification by the treacherous defection of the Prussians. The Polish, Westphalian, and Bavarian troops displayed honourable fidelity to the flag, and remained with the marshal. On reaching Paris after the campaign Napoleon received Macdonald coldly. According to his usual custom, the Emperor wished to cast the blame of his failures on others. The marshal was of opinion that Napoleon bore him a grudge for having counselled the abandonment of all territory beyond the Oder, and also because he had been led to believe that the defection of the Prussian troops was due to Macdonald's treatment of them. Full of indignation, Macdonald left the imperial presence and went no more to court. A few days later, however, the Emperor, having recovered his temper, and seeing that this was not a time when he could dispense with the services of one so honest, experienced, and, as a corps commander, so capable as Macdonald, sent for the marshal. He acknowledged that he had been misled regarding him.

'He said that our misfortunes were great, but not irreparable; that he and I had begun the war at the same time, and must finish it together; that it would be the last campaign we should undertake, and that I must get ready for it. He added that he put implicit trust in his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria. "Beware," I answered. "Do not trust the clever policy of that Cabinet."'

As commander of the 11th corps, Macdonald played an important part at the battles of Lützen and Bautzen. Then came the disastrous battle of the Katzbach, in which he was not only completely defeated, but utterly routed by Blücher.

The circumstances were as follows:—Just before the battle of Dresden Napoleon placed under his orders Ney's corps, temporarily commanded by General Souham, Lauriston's corps, and Sebastiani's cavalry, in addition to his own, the 11th corps, with instructions to make a diversion by advancing rapidly and threatening Breslau and the outlets of Bohemia into Silesia. On reaching the Katzbach, the marshal ordered General Souham to turn the enemy's right, General Lauriston to attack the enemy's left, while the 11th corps attacked the centre. The exact whereabouts of the enemy was not known, but he was believed to be somewhere on the plateau between which and the French ran the Katzbach. He therefore directed that some squadrons and horse artillery should be sent across the river in order to reconnoitre, while he went off to his right and ordered Lauriston to push some light troops across the river in order to feel for the enemy. On returning to the centre, the marshal found no trace of Souham, but perceived that Sebastiani, instead of a few reconnoitring squadrons, had taken up two of his cavalry divisions, with their full quota of guns. There had been heavy rain, the ground was soaked, and everything pointed to the imprudence of venturing a large force of artillery on a position from which retreat would be difficult. The marshal ordered some of the guns to be brought back; but the road, only 12 or 15 feet wide, was encumbered by other troops going up, and his orders were only slowly and with difficulty carried out. Anticipating what would happen, he sent a division of infantry across the stream and up the height, but the rain continuing, the men could not use their muskets. The guns sank in the muddy ground, and could not be moved. They had to be abandoned. At length, Souham, having 'marched to the cannon,' unfortunately entered the road already blocked by Sebastiani's horsemen. The marshal, having no choice, ordered a retreat to Goldberg—a disastrous retreat, during which an entire division of infantry was captured, ended at Bunzlau. To that place the Emperor hastened with his Guard and some reserves, and the enemy was soon driven back. The above not very clear account is the substance of Macdonald's statement. From other sources, however, we obtain a more intelligible narrative.

Macdonald's instructions were rather to make a diversion than to deal a serious blow, save when the chances were very much in his favour. He certainly was not desired to fight a decisive battle. Instead of keeping his troops in

hand as ordered, he, for the convenience of subsistence, spread them over an area of 24 miles according to some, of about half that distance according to others. At all events, it is certain that the different fractions of the army were unable to support each other. Blücher had a force which numbered about 100,000, of which a large proportion was cavalry. Macdonald's army did not exceed 75,000, with a much smaller proportion of cavalry. The French, being on the left bank of the Katzbach, and covered by that stream, should have accepted, instead of giving, battle, seeing that the plateau of Janer, on the opposite side, was level and suited for cavalry operations. There were very few bridges, and the fords were narrow, and when the waters rose a little became impracticable. The only road from the valley to the top of the plateau was steep, stony, and narrow. The weather had been threatening all the morning, yet the troops did not start till 2 P.M. Scarcely had they done so when a storm broke, swelling the Katzbach, making the ground soft, the ascent of the plateau slippery, and rendering the muskets of the infantry useless. At this point Sebastiani distinctly contributed to the disaster which ensued. He had two divisions of cavalry with him—Roussel d'Urbal's and Excelmans'—the rising of the Katzbach having compelled General Saint-Germain's division to remain on the other side of the Katzbach. According to Marbot, it was known that the plateau had been occupied the previous night by Blücher; therefore, on finding no sign of the enemy when he reached the summit of the plateau, Sebastiani ought to have suspected a trap. He, however, proceeded in the most reckless manner. Galloping to the front with Roussel d'Urbal's division, he carried with it also Excelmans' guns. Excelmans, as soon as he found that his guns had been carried off, hastened after Sebastiani to reclaim them, leaving his own two brigades drawn up in line of mass of columns. The plain was studded with coppices, but no attempt was made by anyone to search them. Suddenly from behind one of them a body of Prussian lancers emerged, and charged down on the flank of Excelmans' right brigade, which, smartly wheeling its squadrons to the right, drove back the enemy. A general *mêlée* then took place on that part of the plateau, when suddenly a large body of Prussian cavalry came sweeping down, driving before them in rout Roussel d'Urbal's division. The whole of Sebastiani's force was quickly pushed back to the edge of the plateau. The divisions of infantry tried to

support them, but their muskets would not go off, and their six guns were soon silenced by twenty Prussian guns. To quote Marbot's own words: 'Then, with one general hurrah, the enemies' troopers hurled us down in disorder to the 'Katzbach.' When that river had been with difficulty crossed, the French thought that they were safe. Suddenly some Uhlans who had crossed by a bridge higher up charged, but were driven by Saint-Germain's division into the river, and the fighting ceased for the day. The loss of the French was, according to Marbot, 13,000 men killed or drowned, 20,000 prisoners, and fifty guns. There can be no doubt that the battle was badly conceived and badly executed, and that, though Souham was inactive, and Sebastiani exceeded his orders and displayed great rashness, the person chiefly to blame was the marshal. As Marbot tells us, Macdonald, 'though he had lost the confidence of the army, was able to preserve its esteem by the honest and straightforward way in which he admitted his mistake. On the following day he called a meeting of all the generals and colonels, and after inviting us all to maintain order, said that every man and officer had done his duty, that the loss of the battle was due to one man only, and that was himself, because when it came on to rain he ought not to have left broken ground to go and attack in an open plain an enemy outnumbering him immensely in cavalry, nor should he have placed a river behind him in stormy weather. This noble confession disarmed criticism, and each man did his utmost to contribute to the safety of the army during its retreat to the Elbe.' The Emperor was much distressed at this disaster, but Macdonald says that Napoleon 'imagined that it was greater than it was; he expected to find the troops demoralised and in disorder, and was agreeably surprised at finding them reunited and in good spirits.'

The Emperor certainly treated the marshal with great forbearance, merely observing to him as he came up that the news he had sent him had been bad. He made up, however, for this mildness by addressing Sebastiani before his own soldiers as 'the vilest of men,' not for losing his guns on the plateau, but for losing his one remaining piece, which, in order to preserve it, he had sent on with the baggage, and which with it fell into the enemy's hands. He said that artillery was provided for the protection of troops, and not to be defended by baggage-wagons. Sebastiani was naturally furious, and at first wished to blow his brains out or

resign; but Macdonald, who had defended him to the Emperor, eventually calmed him.

In October the Emperor sent one morning an orderly officer to ask the marshal his views upon the critical situation of the army, and to ask what, in his opinion, had better be done. The marshal sent back word that prudence dictated returning to the Saale, leaving a strong garrison in Leipzig, and evacuating the fortresses on the Oder and Elbe. Napoleon replied that the Saale was not a defensive position, and that, since Macdonald thought retreat necessary, he would fall back to the Rhine. The marshal rejoined that the Saale was only provisional in his plan.

Scarcely had this orderly officer left when another arrived ordering not a retreat but an advance. His object was apparently a reconnaissance in force, and we only mention it to show the fluctuating state of the Emperor's mind at the time. He arrived with his reserves, and during an attack on the heights of Bischofswerda, assisted in putting some guns in position, actually helping to run the guns up. To Macdonald's surprise, the Emperor opened fire at a single line of cavalry scouts who were out of range. Macdonald remonstrated, but the Emperor persisted. Afterwards the Emperor explained to the marshal why he had fired. 'You see,' continued the Emperor, 'that with every volley one hits something; it may be a man of mark. Look at Moreau; he was killed by a spent shot at Dresden. Look at Duroc, or Bessières.'

At Leipzig Macdonald's corps suffered much, but what distressed him most was the infamous desertion of the Saxons, who, by their conduct in that battle, inflicted an indelible stain upon the Saxon army. If they had refused to go into action at all, such conduct, under the circumstances, would have been more excusable, though to change sides during a campaign can never be considered justifiable. As it was, their conduct was such as to make all honourable soldiers indignant. Marshal Macdonald thus describes the event:—

'I saw the enemy retreat on my left, and the corps of General Régnier, drawn up in two lines, advance. The leading line was composed of Saxons, the rear of French. I gave orders to advance to their support, when what was my horror at seeing the front rank stop at the point the enemy had just quitted, and, turning round, fire straight at the French behind them! Never was such treachery known in history.'

He was soon to have personal experience of similar

treachery. On the following morning, while falling back on the Elster, the Hessian division belonging to his corps ascended the ramparts and fired on the rest of the corps.

The marshal expresses himself in bitter terms about the absence of any means of retreat for the army after evacuating Leipzig :—

‘Neither before, during, nor since the battle had any precaution been taken to secure the Elster or the road to Lindenau, albeit it would have been easy to find many places at which men of different arms and of different corps could have crossed owing to the narrowness of the river. Neither had any troops been posted on the left bank to protect the retreat on the chance of the bridge remaining intact, or of others being established. . . . I do not yet know by what name to call this criminal indifference : whether incapability, cowardice, or absence of all feeling, of all regret at the sacrifice of so many lives.’

The Emperor, seeing how much he interfered in details, was the person chiefly responsible. Berthier, as his chief of the staff, was also much to be blamed for not having called the Emperor’s attention to the matter ; but it is said that he had been at one time so severely snubbed for offering advice, that he made a resolution that in future he would confine himself to carrying out orders, and his constant answer to every representation was that the Emperor had given no orders. In any other army save one commanded by Napoleon, the commanding engineer would not be held justified for neglect had he failed to bring the matter before the commander-in-chief personally. In the Grand Army, however, initiative on the part of the heads of departments was not encouraged.

As to the blowing up of the bridge prematurely, thus causing the death or captivity of so large a portion of the army, Napoleon tried to lay the blame on Colonel Montfort, of the Engineers. He dared not, however, bring him to a court-martial, for he had received no orders, and he had even suggested to Berthier the propriety of preparing means to cross at various points, receiving the invariable answer ‘that it would be time enough when the Emperor ordered it.’

‘Here is the most likely version of this catastrophe. The bridge had been mined, and left in charge of an unlucky corporal and some artillerymen or sappers, with orders to blow it up if they perceived the enemy. These poor fellows saw, heard, knew that part of the army was still on the right bank, but they did not know that there were no other points from which they could cross. They saw a few of the enemy’s skirmishers, and that was enough to make them carry out their orders.’

Macdonald himself, with great difficulty and risk, had crossed the Elster by a slight bridge, which had been hastily constructed. When three parts across, the frail bridge was so shaken by those who were following him that he fell into the water. Fired at and missed by some of the enemy, he was dragged up the steep, slippery bank. With the despairing cries from the men left on the other side, 'Monsieur 'le Maréchal, save your men—save your children!' ringing in his ears, he reached the Emperor's temporary quarters. Napoleon summoned him to his presence, but he was too indignant to obey.

'However, I was so earnestly begged and implored to go and give advice in the interests of the army and of France, that for fear of some new piece of folly I at last yielded. . . . With tears I retold all that had happened. . . . The Emperor listened without interrupting me; my audience were affected in various degrees, and all by their attitude displayed their grief. I ended by saying that the losses of the army in men and material were immense, and that not a moment should be lost in collecting the remains and making for the Rhine. . . . I had walked three leagues, still wet, and very tired. The Emperor but said coldly, "Go and rest." I left him indignant at his indifference, for he offered me neither refreshment nor help. . . . I had lost everything, baggage and carriages.'

In a footnote by the translator, an excuse is proffered that the head of an army, absorbed by vital matters, had no time to play the attentive host. It would have been easy, however, for Napoleon to desire one of his attendants to take care of the marshal. The fact is, this was merely an instance of the Emperor's ingrained selfishness and want of feeling. The next day Macdonald had a conversation with Marshal Augereau, who expressed himself in the most furious language concerning the Emperor.

'That idiot does not know what he is about! Have you not already noticed that? Have you not observed that he has completely lost his head in these recent events, and in the catastrophe by which they have been followed? The coward! He abandoned and was prepared to sacrifice us all; but do you imagine that I am fool enough to let myself be killed or made prisoner for the sake of a Leipzig suburb? You should have done as I did, and gone away.'

Yet Augereau owed everything to Napoleon. It is difficult to reconcile his behaviour on this occasion with the sketch Marbot gives of his character. It must, however, be remembered that Marbot had served on his staff and received many kindnesses from him. Marbot says of him, 'Never

‘was man more generous, more disinterested, more ready to do a kindness.’

It does, indeed, appear as if the Emperor had been demoralised by his reverses. Three days after the battle Macdonald found that the Saale was being crossed in the utmost confusion, nobody taking command or attempting to regulate the passage. The marshal spent two hours himself in trying to restore order, and failed. A short distance from the spot he saw the Emperor in front of a house lounging in a chair. He did not appear to notice the marshal, but Caulaincourt gave him a loaf, a bottle of wine, and a fowl—a welcome present, for it was then late in the afternoon, and he had not breakfasted. That night, passing the headquarters, Caulaincourt again came to his rescue, and invited him to share the dinner of the staff. Several hours later he was summoned by the Emperor. Before entering the latter’s room he saw Murat, who told him that the Emperor intended to order him to find a defensive position where he could remain for five or six days. ‘You had better find a weak one,’ added Murat with an oath, ‘or he will not rest till he has ruined himself and us too.’ The ‘us too’ supplies the clue to the conduct of most of the marshals both in 1813 and 1814. The master had taught his disciples only too well the lesson of selfishness. On entering the Emperor’s presence, Macdonald received the commission of which Murat had spoken. Macdonald, like the honest man he was, tried to dissipate the Emperor’s illusions, warned him against slackening the retreat, and urged him to make all speed for the Rhine, lest he should be intercepted by the Bavarians. The Emperor listened with an air of profound meditation, said that ‘he recognised the justice of my observations, thanked me for my honesty, and would reflect upon what I had said, but that meanwhile he wished me to make the reconnaissance.’ A few hours later the marshal returned, saying that it was too foggy to see much. On this the Emperor expressed his intention to start on the following day. Macdonald replied that even that would be too late.

On October 30 the marshal, commanding the advanced guard, which consisted of such troops as he could lay his hands on, drove the enemy into the wood of Hanau, but could not make any further progress. He had sent repeated messages to the Emperor telling him of the resistance that was being made and of the urgent need for reinforcements, but all these messages remained unnoticed, though the

imperial head-quarters were only some 1,200 yards distant. At last Macdonald galloped off to represent the state of affairs in person.

"What can I do?" he said carelessly. "I give orders, and no one heeds them." . . . "You must force a passage, sire, and send without an instant's delay all the troops at your disposal. Why have not the Guard come up? We shall be utterly done for if they do not come immediately."

"I can't help it," he answered coldly.

'Formerly, at a sign, a gesture, a word, all had trembled around him, or he would have known the reason why.'

After a time a portion of the Guard arrived, and the enemy was expelled from the wood, but continued to keep up a heavy cannonade of grape and shells. On the arrival of the Emperor in person he said to Macdonald:--

"Can we observe their position without danger?" he asked.

"Not without danger; we must risk it. I have already done it once."

"Very good. Come along."

'And away we went. Just as we were starting a shell burst close to him without hurting anyone. Straightway he stopped, dismounted from his horse, and from that moment till the evening it was impossible to get him out of the wood.'

After a time Macdonald, aided by the fire of Drouot's guns, succeeded in forcing the Bavarians to retire.

'We might have obtained great advantages from the retreat of the Bavarians, but the Emperor spent the whole day in the wood; he could see nothing, and everyone acted as he pleased without any unison whatever.'

It will be evident from the extracts given above that after Leipzig the Emperor had been completely demoralised, that not only his mind had become incapable of acting, but that even his physical courage had deserted him for the time. The complete demoralisation of the army till it had placed the Rhine between them and the enemy is thoroughly apparent, and also that not only the majority of the senior officers had lost their *moral*, but also that the military system and organisation alike of regiments and of larger bodies had broken down under the severe strain to which they had been subjected. According to the Napoleonic legend, the Bavarians threw themselves across the Emperor's path, but he, by the magic of his name, so animated the fragments of his own army and so depressed the enemy, that the latter were

indignantly swept aside. From what Marshal Macdonald tells us, and there is the ring of truth in every line, it was not the Emperor who saved the remnants of his army, but Macdonald, Drouot, and certain isolated regiments, who, by their energy and devotion, and without the intervention of the Emperor, managed to scuffle through the troops who barred the road to France.

- In the momentous campaign of 1814, Marshal Macdonald was supposed at the commencement to be at the head of a force of from 50,000 to 60,000 men, but of effective fighting men there were but 3,000. Never before had the Emperor shown more ability and energy, but never had he given way so completely to illusions. Some of his lieutenants also were far from seconding him with devotion. At one period the marshal was placed in command of three corps, including the Young Guard, under Oudinot. Macdonald made certain arrangements which, not being carried out, nearly caused a disaster. Asking Oudinot why he had quitted his post, that marshal had the audacity to reply that the Young Guard was not intended for a rearguard, to which Macdonald made answer: 'If that be so, I have no further orders for you; go to the Emperor for them.'

The allies having entered Paris, the effect on the army was serious. All were discouraged, many soldiers deserted, supplies were wanting, and existence could only be supported by marauding. The generals of all ranks were sick of the struggle; one, when ordered to charge the enemy, who were harassing the rearguard, refused, and, before his troops, called out: 'Damn it; let us have peace!'

At Fontainebleau, the marshals and the principal generals proceeded to the Emperor's presence. The officers of their staffs, fearing foul play on the part of Napoleon, accompanied the deputation. The Emperor received them calmly, and after listening to a statement from Macdonald of the state of affairs and of the opinion of the army, quietly said: 'No one intends to march upon Paris.' Macdonald then communicated to him a letter just received from a member of the provisional government. After a little discussion the Emperor drew up an act of abdication, and nominated Ney, Marmont, and Caulaincourt as commissioners. Just after dismissing them he threw himself upon a sofa, and, slapping his thigh with his hand, exclaimed: 'Nonsense, gentlemen! Let us leave all that alone, and march to-morrow. We shall beat them!'

Macdonald repeated briefly what he had already said, and

the Emperor gave in. The commissioners, however, warned by what they perceived were the Emperor's ideas, and knowing how false and treacherous he was, agreed that till the conclusion of peace all military authority should be vested in the commissioners, that they should exercise the command of the army through Berthier, who gave a solemn promise that he would carry out no orders of the Emperor. Before they left the palace the Emperor decided that Marmont should be replaced as commissioner by Macdonald. On their way to Paris, the commissioners stopped at Essonne, Marmont's headquarters, and caused him to send a request for a safe-conduct. Whilst waiting for an answer, Marmont

'insinuated to us that he had received overtures from the allies to dissociate himself from the Emperor's cause with his army corps, and that he had replied by counter-propositions. He feared lest every moment should bring him word that they were accepted. I regret to say that they had been already accepted, which was proved by later avowals, and by events that shortly occurred. He had made them in concert with his principal generals.'

It was agreed that Marmont was to accompany them as if a member of the commission, and that marshal ordered General Souham, to whom he made over the command of the troops, not to stir until he himself returned. After a long conversation with Prince Schwarzenberg at the headquarters of the allies' advanced guard, the prince was called away, and shortly returned with Marmont, who had remained in the carriage outside. Marmont, on observing the surprise of the commissioners, told them that, hearing of the presence of Prince Schwarzenberg, he had asked for him, and saying that the commissioners had come to treat for the whole army, begged that his private convention might be considered void, and that the prince had consented. The next morning the commissioners had an interview with the Emperor of Russia. On leaving his presence, 'one of his generals began to speak to him in a low voice. I heard these words, *totum corpus*, to which I at first attached no importance, but which gained great significance a few moments later. . . . While we were at breakfast the Duke of Ragusa was called away. He returned a moment later, pale, and as if beside himself, and said to us: "My whole corps went over to the enemy last night." He took his sword, and we saw him no more.'

On returning to Paris with the Emperor's acceptance of the basis for negotiations, the commissioners were dining with Ney, when 'one of his aides-de-camp entered in a state

‘ of great joy and said to him: “The Emperor of Russia
‘ “ was very pleased with your letter, and here is the proof,”
‘ he continued, showing round his neck a decoration with
‘ which that sovereign had just honoured him. . . . We
‘ all showed our surprise, and asked what this meant. Ney,
‘ embarrassed, stammered that, on leaving the conference we
‘ had with Napoleon the previous night, and fearing lest, in
‘ spite of his acceptance of the conditions proposed, he might
‘ commit some folly, he, Marshal Ney, had considered it his
‘ duty to send an account of what had passed to the Emperor
‘ of Russia, so that the allies, being forewarned, might take
‘ their measures accordingly.’

The thought of this treachery must surely weaken the sympathy of the sentimental for the bravest of the brave on account of his tragical death. Nor were Marmont and Ney solitary instances of baseness, selfishness, and ingratitude among the chief generals:—

‘ They vied with each other in displaying anxiety to so bind themselves in spite of all our entreaties and advice. Scarcely had each one made peace for himself in the name of his troops, who were ignorant of what was going on, when he abandoned them and hurried to Paris, down to General Molitor even, whom I had left in charge of my titular corps, and who, despite my orders, made terms for himself behind my back.’

We have left ourselves no room for an extract describing the last interview between Marshal Macdonald and the Emperor. The account of it is the more touching from the very simplicity of the language in which it is given. The interview ended by Napoleon confessing that he had been prejudiced against the marshal; that he now appreciated his conduct, which, on the part of one who owed him nothing, contrasted strongly with the ingratitude of those whom he had loaded with favours. In wishing him good-bye he gave him the sword which he had worn at the battle of Mount Thabor. The same spirit of loyalty and honour which led Macdonald to adhere to Napoleon to the close of his career at Fontainebleau induced him to remain faithful to the Royal family wher he transferred his allegiance to the King.

Accordingly his honesty and independence were trusted and respected by Louis XVIII., who, besides creating him a peer, conferred on him the command of the 21st Territorial Division, of which the headquarters was Bourges. On March 7 he received intelligence of the landing of Napoleon and the arrival of the Comte d’Artois at Lyons. Hastening to that

city, he did his best to cause Napoleon to be withstood, but the garrison failed him, and he had to ride for his life to rejoin the Comte d'Artois, whom he had induced to leave earlier. A short distance from the town the marshal and his few companions met a drunken party of a corporal and four hussars of Napoleon's little army. They sought to arrest the marshal, but with a blow of his fist he knocked the corporal off his horse, while General Viscount Digeon and several others imitated his example with the hussars. Accompanying the king to Lille, it was there decided that the king should cross the frontiers into Belgium, but there was much vacillation as to how or when he should start.

'The Prince de Condé had arrived during the day. We were all surprised, and with difficulty suppressed our laughter, out of respect for his age and the presence of the king, when we heard him ask whether, as the next day was Maundy Thursday, his Majesty would perform the ceremony of the washing of feet. The moment was well chosen. Even the king could scarcely control his laughter.'

The king himself, however, seemed equally unable to realise the position, for he lamented to the marshal that the one portmanteau that there had been time to pack had been stolen on the road. He said, 'They have taken my shirts; I had not too many of them;' and then he added in a melancholy voice, 'But I regret my slippers even more. You will realise some day, my dear marshal, the value of a pair of slippers that have taken the shape of your feet.'

The marshal escorted the king to the frontier and then returned. On the road he met Marshal Ney, who said to him

"You are going to Paris. You will be well received. The Emperor will welcome you."

"I will spare him that trouble. I shall not see him, nor shall I join his party," was the reply.'

True to his determination, he refused to accept employment under the Emperor, although repeated overtures were made to him.

At the earnest request of the king he consented, after the re-entry of the allies into Paris, to take the command of the army of the Loire. He only accepted this post on the conditions (1) that he should have a free hand, and (2) that he should not be used as an instrument in any steps that might be taken against individuals. On arrival he advised the officers who were on the proscription lists to take measures for their safety with all expedition. Within a few hours

there arrived, at nightfall, some bodyguards in disguise, with orders for the gendarmerie to arrest certain officers. The marshal, feigning fear for their safety, induced them to wait till morning before taking any steps, meantime providing them with supper and bed. He locked the door of their room, and then caused warnings to be sent to those against whom orders for arrest were out. The result was that when the officers of the bodyguard were released, they found their birds flown. Owing to his well-known sympathy for them, the confidence in his honesty, and the exercise of considerable tact, the disbandment and reorganisation were carried out without much disturbance.

During the time occupied in bringing about this result, the marshal had many conversations with the officers and men of the Guard who had accompanied the Emperor to Elba, and their statements are worth putting on record.

"They all assured me that, believing themselves exiled eternally, they sighed for a chance of returning to France. . . . As the Emperor was warmly received everywhere, and as they met with no obstacle, they were happy to tread once more the soil of their country. "But," I asked, "if you had met with resistance, if you had been repulsed, would you have embarked again if possible?" "Oh no," they replied. "The opportunity of quitting that island was too good to be missed." "But if you had met with opposition would you have attacked—fired?" "No, no. We would have committed no acts of hostility; that would have ruined our cause. We would have laid down our arms and asked leave to retire to our families." "And have abandoned the Emperor?" "We had given him sufficient proof of our devotion. Everyone for himself. Besides, he caused his own misfortunes and ours, and we were not called upon to continue his victims."

It is pleasant to learn that these were not the feelings of the majority of the officers of the Guard, who would have been quite prepared to accompany him to St. Helena.

The military career of Marshal Macdonald virtually closed in 1816, though he was appointed one of the four major-generals of the Royal Guard. This is, therefore, a fitting point at which to bring our review of this interesting, but badly translated, book to an end. That the reader of this article will rise from its perusal with the idea that in our introductory words we depreciated his fame too much we do not believe. The more his career is examined the more apparent does it become that he was not a commander of even the second rank. Among Napoleon's marshals were several who surpassed him in military ability; but there was none who has a better record as a corps commander, or who

passed through so many changes of government with so much honour and uprightness. The clan Macdonald may indeed be proud of the reputation of this representative of one of their septs. As to the light thrown on Napoleon and his marshals, it is in the highest degree instructive to the student of military history. With regard to the attachment of the army to their great chief, we have always suspected that it was too dramatic to be quite sincere; and the *Memoirs of Marshal Macdonald*, and other similar souvenirs, show that it was spasmodic, and, in later days, often got up to order. That in going into action the soldiers should cheer the great commander who at first almost invariably led them to victory was not surprising. This enthusiasm, however, was not inconsistent with weariness in the dark days of constant sacrifices for the most selfish and unprincipled of men. He lacked that element of true greatness—sympathy with others; and this fact became at length apparent to his troops. One word in conclusion. The English sometimes sneer at the French for exclaiming whenever matters are going badly with them in war, ‘*Nous sommes trahis* ;’ but is it astonishing that instinctively such a cry should spring to the lips of men who have read and heard of the scandalous treasons of so many of the most brilliant leaders of the Napoleonic armies?

- ART. VI.—1. *The Discovery of America*. With some account of Ancient America and the Spanish Conquest. By JOHN FISKE. In 2 vols. London: 1892.
2. *Narrative and Critical History of America*. Edited by JUSTIN WINSOR. In 8 vols. London: 1885-89.
3. *Christopher Columbus, and how he received and imparted the Spirit of Discovery*. By JUSTIN WINSOR. London: 1890.
4. *Christophe Colomb, son Origine, sa Vie, ses Voyages, sa Famille, et ses Découvertes*. Études d'Histoire Critique. Par HENRY HARRISSE. Deux tomes. Paris: 1884.
5. *The North Americans of Antiquity*. By JOHN T. SHORT. Second edition. New York: 1880.
6. *Prehistoric America*. By the Marquis DE NADAILLAC. Translated by N. D'ANVERS. London: 1885.

ALTHOUGH America was no more discovered than Rome was built in a day, yet October 12, 1492, may fitly serve as the representative date of what has been well described as a process rather than an event. On that day Columbus first set foot on transatlantic land, and his doing so proved decisive for the spread westward of European civilisation. Events, indeed, might easily have been directed otherwise. The incident might under slightly altered circumstances have remained isolated, and devoid of momentous consequences, like so many others in the history of geographical exploration; and it seemed at first to mark no more than the opening of a long series of tentative gropings after facts confirmatory of a false theory. Nevertheless, as things turned out, that solemn disembarkation of a little band of white men on the palm-fringed shore of Guanahani really typified the effective discovery of the new continent.

Its effective, not its formal, discovery. Columbus, like most other innovators in the realms of knowledge and thought, had been anticipated. 'Wineland the Good' was no creation of Norse fancy, no shimmering region between sea and sky, where

'The Spring and the middle Summer sat each on the lap of the breeze,'

but a concrete strip of coast-land, of approximately assignable latitude and longitude, washed perhaps by the same waters in which, one night of December in the year 1773, an

obnoxious cargo of tea was memorably engulfed. And the recent erection at Boston of a monument to Leif Eriksen has lent a kind of official sanction to the claim of that dashing sea-rover to take rank as the pioneer of the Aryan race on American soil.

His exploit, although a considerable one, fell in quite naturally with the sequence of preceding events. The overthrow of the Jarls of Norway by Harold Haarfagr drove those restless spirits among them who could not brook the fixed order of a consolidated kingdom, to seek their fortunes outside its bounds; and an exodus ensued more disastrous than plague or famine to many helpless populations. One of the few tranquil episodes in its eventful history was the settlement of Iceland in 874. Thence, by stress of weather, land further west was certain, sooner or later, to be reached; and it actually fell out within two years that one Gunnbjörn found himself icebound for the winter in one of the fiords near Cape Farewell. A century and more passed, however, before the unalluring possibility of adventure in this direction was followed up. It was the outlawry for homicide of Erik the Red in 983 that led to his exploring and colonising expedition to the frigid peninsula visited by Gunnbjörn. He made his headquarters by the upper Igaliko fiord, near the site of the modern Julianshaab, and there 'upon a smooth 'grassy plain' may still be seen the ruins of seventeen houses 'built of rough blocks of sandstone, their chinks caulked up 'with clay and gravel,' the dwellings, nine hundred years ago, of the first European settlers in the Western hemisphere. The spot was one of the few in that dismal region where nature wore now and then even the semblance of a smile; and Erik called it 'Greenland,' somewhat, it may be admitted, on the same advertising principle of nomenclature followed by General Choke and Mr. Scadder in the designation of the 'Eden Settlement.' And the name, extended from one of its choicest corners to the whole frost-bound country, survives as if in mockery of the grim reality.

From Greenland, the continent of America was attained in precisely the same casual way that Greenland itself had been attained from Iceland. Thus Bjarni Herjulfson, drifting under cover of a fog, in 986, outside the limits of the known world, sighted the densely wooded shore of Maine or Nova Scotia, but had not the curiosity to land, and made little of his adventure. Its significance was not, however, lost upon Leif, son of the homicidal Erik, a thoughtful and a strenuous man, not devoid of grasp upon the present and

insight into the future. A trip to Norway in 998 brought about his conversion to Christianity; he carried missionaries back with him to Greenland; then, in the year 1000, equipped a 'dragon ship' for a journey to the west. His first land-fall was most likely somewhere in Labrador; and he named the country, from its dreary and stone-strewn aspect, 'Helluland,' i.e. 'slate land.' Further south, the explorers disembarked on the sylvan shore of the so-called 'Markland,' plausibly identified with some part either of Cape Breton Island or of Nova Scotia; but the dense forest-growth did not encourage tarrying, and they determined to draw another lot out of the lap of the sea. This time they were in luck. A short run before a stiff north-easter brought them to a fertile strand where the waters abounded with excellent fish, fields waved yellow with maize, and wild vines, in that autumnal season, drooped under a heavy burden of grapes. They called the place accordingly 'Vinland,' and wintered there in great comfort.

Leif's return to Greenland with a cargo of timber prompted sundry colonising efforts, notably an energetic one by Thorfinn Karlsefni; and since the natives, who seem to have been Algonquin Indians, eagerly bartered rich furs for worthless strips of scarlet cloth, trade with them was exceedingly profitable. These 'Skrælings,' as they are designated in the Sagas, were terribly afraid of the strange beasts brought from over the sea; and the bellowing of Thorfinn's bull on one occasion sent them into hiding for three weeks. Yet their hostility ended by becoming formidable, and led, in the course of twelve years, to the abandonment of this early attempt to secure a foothold for a European race on the western continent. Vinland became a dim tradition. The adventures encountered there by the Vikings of old were recounted, century after century, by Icelandic firesides, but kindled no emulative zeal. Only a certain priest, named Erik Gnupsen, having been appointed by Pope Paschal II. 'bishop of Greenland and Vinland in *partibus infidelium*,' set out in 1121 to search for the more remote section of his diocese. He never returned, that the chroniclers were aware of; and the presumption is strong that he perished on the journey.

From Greenland, too, the outposts of civilisation were eventually withdrawn. The native Esquimaux, known only by archaeological traces to the comrades of Erik the Red, again, in course of time, migrated southward, and before the close of the fifteenth century overwhelmed the intruders

into their forsaken haunts. The massive ruin, however, of what was once the cathedral church of Gardar remains, and will probably long remain, standing by the melancholy fiord of Kakortek, a conspicuous memorial of antique Christian occupation. Only in the eighteenth century, the devastation was to some extent repaired by the planting of fresh settlements along the barely habitable coasts fringing the glaciated central mass of the peninsula.

The Vinland of the Sagas may be located with some confidence on the shore of Massachusetts Bay. In the neighbourhood of Cape Cod the fox-grape still ripens freely, and Indian corn unsheaths its tasselled ears almost spontaneously. The mildness of the winter climate, besides, and the length of the winter days, which excited the comments of unaccustomed Icelanders, suggest a region certainly not more inclement than New England. But material vestiges of this curious adventure in colonisation are scanty, or non-existent. Only by a stretch of romantic credulity are we even allowed to suppose that the 'skeleton in armour,' dug up many years ago near Fall River, and sung of by Longfellow in a spirited ballad, represented the genuine remains of some slain comrade of Thorfinn or of Thorvald.

The Norse discovery of America remained absolutely barren of results. The records of it assumed, as time went on, a legendary air. They were not discredited, but just inferences from them were ignored. The performance, in fact, came to nothing, because it came too soon. There was not knowledge enough in men's minds to serve as a measure of its importance. That 'the merry world was round' was not even a general conviction. Indeed, the possibility of antipodal existence ranked merely as a learned extravagance of opinion. Besides, the geographical inquisitiveness of modern times had not then begun to develope; nor, in the backward state of navigation, could much satisfaction have been procured for it, had it been as full-fledged and keen-witted as it is now. All this is admirably explained by Mr. Fiske in the able work named at the head of this article. It is learned in substance, and lucid in style; and condenses a vast amount of varied information into a skilfully constructed and agreeable narrative.

'None of the Icelandic references to Markland and Vinland,' we read in it, 'betray a consciousness that these countries belong to a geographical world outside of Europe. There was not enough organised geographical knowledge for that. They were simply conceived as remote places beyond Greenland, inhabited by inferior but dangerous

people. The accidental finding of such places served neither to solve any great commercial problem nor to gratify and provoke scientific curiosity. It was, therefore, not at all strange that it bore no fruit.' (Vol. i. p. 257.)

Moreover---

'even if it had been realised, and could have been duly proclaimed throughout Europe, that across the broad Atlantic a new world lay open for colonisation, Europe could not have taken advantage of the fact. Now and then a ship might make its way, or be blown, across the waste of waters without compass or astrolabe; but until these instruments were at hand anything like systematic ocean navigation was out of the question; and from a colonisation which could only begin by creeping up into the Arctic seas and taking Greenland on the way, not much was to be expected after all.'

The westward tendency of the 'star of empire,' too, was, in the eleventh century, very far from being recognised.

'In so far,' our present authority continues, 'as the attention of people in Europe was called to any quarter of the globe outside of the seething turbulence in which they dwelt, it was directed toward Asia. Until after 1492, Europe stood with her back toward the Atlantic. What there might be out beyond that "Sea of Darkness" (*Mare Tenebrosum*), as it used commonly to be called, was a question of little interest, and seems to have excited no speculation. In the view of mediæval Europe the inhabited world was cut off on the west by this mysterious ocean, and on the south by the burning sands of Sahara; but eastward it stretched out no one knew how far, and in that direction dwelt tribes and nations which Europe, from time immemorial, had reason to fear.' (Vol. i. p. 260.)

The process by which the direction of outlook came to be reversed was slow and complex. First of all, the conquests of Genghis Khan cleared the way to Cathay—so China was designated from the ruling dynasty of the *Khitai*; and thus it came to European knowledge that the country was bounded on the east, not by the Ptolemaic swamp—

'neither sea
Nor good dry land'—

but by a navigable ocean. The bearers of this noteworthy intelligence, about the middle of the thirteenth century, were two Franciscan monks, Giovanni Carpini and Willem de Rubruquis, emissaries to the Great Khan from Pope Innocent IV. and St. Louis of France, respectively. Then came the voyage of Ser Marco Polo, bringing experimental verification of the fact; while its significance was implied by Roger Bacon's citation of ancient opinions to the effect that, between the Pillars of Hercules and the Indian main-

land, stretched one wide, yet by no means immeasurable or impassable, sea. It was this fortunately conceived and fortunately promulgated error that led to the discovery of America. For Columbus, enthusiast though he was, would never have pursued the setting sun across the sea of darkness unless he had been convinced that, on the other side, lay a land of light. Exploration in the abstract inspired him with no passion. He had a definite purpose in view; his eyes were fixed on a goal which he deemed it a certainty to reach. A vague journey in search of an unknown continent never for a moment entered into his thoughts; nor, if it had, would he have ventured to demand the means for its accomplishment from the sagacious counsellors of Isabella. And assuredly, had his years of supplication been protracted from eight to eighty, not a ship, not a man, not a maravedi, would have been placed at his disposal in the interests of so foolhardy a design. What he sought, then, was not a new world, but a new way.

The need of finding that new way grew up as the result of the havoc wrought by the Turks. Commerce with the East had been rendered by the Crusades a European necessity; it was interrupted by the encampment of a horde of armed nomads on the long lines of communication connecting Italy with India and Cathay. The Mediterranean was thus, for the first time in history, virtually converted into a *cul de sac*; a state of things intolerable to irresistibly growing enterprise, for which, accordingly, means of exit had to be found, if not across Armenia or by Alexandria, then out between the Pillars of Hercules. There was nothing else for it. The opening-up of an outside route to the Indies had become a condition *sine quâ non* of progress.

'A more startling question,' Mr. Fiske remarks (than that of its possibility), 'has seldom been propounded; for it involved a radical departure from the grooves in which the human mind had been running ever since the days of Solomon. Two generations of men lived and died while this question was taking shape, and all that time Cathay and India and the islands of Spices were objects of increasing desire, clothed by eager fancy with all manner of charms and riches. The more effectually the eastern Mediterranean was closed, the stronger grew the impulse to venture upon unknown paths, in order to realise the vague but glorious hopes that began to cluster about those unknown countries. Such an era of romantic enterprise as was thus ushered in the world has never seen before or since.' (Vol. i. p. 294.)

Portugal led the way under the guidance of Prince Henry the Navigator, whose Plantagenet descent on the mother's

side—for he was a grandson of John of Gaunt—Englishmen may be proud to remember. He was a man who had convictions, and the courage of them. He believed, for instance, in despite of Ptolemy, in the Cape of Good Hope. Totally rejecting the landlocked theory of the Indian Sea, he laid the great stake of his life's effectiveness on the possibility of reaching its waters by circumnavigating Africa. Urged by religion and patriotism, he devoted all his powers to the realisation of the idea by which he was possessed, and not in vain. For it was he who gave the impulse which carried the flag of Portugal triumphantly round the 'Cabo Tormentorio' to Calicut and Malacca. But this brilliant consummation of his labours he did not live to witness. When he died in 1463 the tropical continent had been slowly and painfully coasted no farther than to Sierra Leone. The crossing of the line by Santarem and Escobar soon afterwards (in 1471) dissipated prevalent bogey terrors connected with the torrid zone, but brought discouragement of a more serious kind. For the eastward trend of the Gold Coast, by which expectations of a speedy passage to Orient realms had for a time been flattered, was then found not to continue. Far on, immeasurably far on towards the south, the unwelcome land lay extended, inexorably barring the way against sea-borne explorers. Was then Prince Henry's lifelong hope after all delusive? Could it be that the Ptolemaic configuration of the globe hit the truth, and that access there was none from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean? A slackening of enterprise might, under the shadow of so dispiriting a doubt, well be excused; although other circumstances doubtless contributed to produce the pause that ensued. A perceptible reflux of thought, moreover, from the long-cherished project of an African periplus marked the interval; and before it came to an end Christopher Columbus had fully matured his ideas on the subject of an alternative route to the Indies.

About six hundred books, it is estimated, have been written about this extraordinary personage, individually and expressly, besides innumerable others treating of his career as part of a more general subject. Yet we are very little, if at all, the wiser. The respectable edifice of early biography has been undermined where it has not been utterly overthrown, and materials for rebuilding it on a surer foundation are not at present forthcoming. Destructive criticism has played havoc with much that had seemed well ascertained, and has thickly sprinkled with the dust of doubt statements

which it has not found the means of actually disproving, the result being that very few circumstances connected with the life of Columbus stand free from the critical note of interrogation.

The champion of the cause of negation is Mr. Henry Harrisse, a Franco-American scholar of distinguished attainments and indefatigable industry. His arguments against the authenticity of the biography, professing to be the work of Columbus's son, Ferdinand, but known only in an Italian version published at Venice in 1571, were formulated one-and-twenty years ago. Although unreservedly accepted by very few, they have availed to damage on several points the credit of a narrative supposed, until then, to be of fundamental and unalterable authority, and thus to throw the whole subject into apparently hopeless confusion. The controversy has given rise to a still growing literature, but Mr. Harrisse has not retreated by a hair's breadth from his original position. He is a hardy sceptic. He doubts or denies to the utmost limit of what is rational. Yet he has been assiduous in his endeavours to replace what he has removed; and some few grains of fact, hard enough to resist the utmost efforts of critical grinding, he certainly has succeeded in extracting from the numerous archives explored by him. The results of many years of patient study are thus embodied in the two bulky volumes of his '*Christophe Colomb*,' cited among our authorities; and they are indeed of primary importance to inquirers judicious enough to make proper allowance for their hyper-negative tendencies.

The only considerable recent English work on Columbus is that by Mr. Justin Winsor. Favourably known as the judicious editor of a monumental '*History of America*,' the author was exceptionally well prepared for the task subsequently undertaken. His book, accordingly, contains much valuable information, and attests a complete command of the bibliography of the subject. The portraits and antique maps with which it is copiously illustrated are also highly interesting. The style of writing is not indeed always correct, and the method of arrangement leaves something to be desired. But these are venial faults; a more serious defect is the imperfect appreciation betrayed throughout of the singular and complex character attempted to be portrayed. The work suffers not from the *lues Boswelliana*, but from its opposite. We hear far too much of the 'common clay' of the great discoverer, and far too little of the lofty purposes, the noble and profound emotions, of the spirit it

enshrined. Mr. Winsor is disappointed to find Columbus 'but a creature of questionable grace,' and it is too true that he was no unsullied hero of the Cross. Yet it does not follow that his professions were insincere, or his devotion hypocritical. His American appraiser, however, loses no opportunity of treating them with contempt. He fails, indeed, to perceive that the first duty imposed upon him, as the biographer of a man of exceptional genius, is that of endeavouring to rise to the 'height of his great argument.'

There is no certainty either as to the date or as to the place of the birth of Columbus. The 'seven cities' claiming Homer as a native are thrice multiplied in the towns and hamlets competing for the honour of having cradled the 'Admiral of the Ocean.' He himself, however, plainly asserted his Genoese origin, and, in the absence of documentary proof to the contrary, he should in all fairness be believed. His autobiographical hints are, none the less, both perplexed and perplexing. They seem to imply his birth in the year 1416 or 1447, while the apparently trustworthy statement of Bernaldez that he was seventy at the time of his death antedates the event by fully ten years. But it is likely enough that he seemed a much older man than he really was. What is beyond doubt is that he was the eldest of the four children of Domenico Colombo, a poor shiftless weaver, never long out of difficulties. Christopher, as he himself relates, went to sea at the age of fourteen; but he must have filled up the intervals of his voyages with weaving or wool-combing, since he is described as by trade a *lanerio* in a notarial act registered at Savona in 1472. The story of his having studied at the University of Pavia may safely be dismissed as apocryphal; nevertheless he managed one way or another to learn some Latin, cosmography, and astronomy.

Enterprising seamen were, in those days, naturally drawn to Portugal. There was the centre of navigating adventure; there the emporium, so to speak, of exploratory talent. And so Columbus followed his brother Bartholomew to Lisbon about the year 1473. His appearance must soon have become familiar to the idlers of the town as he paced along the banks of the Tagus to Belem, or mounted by steep, evil-smelling alleys to catch the sun's last radiance from one of the seven hills of the city of Ulysses. No wearer of hereditary dignities, indeed, could have presented a more striking figure than that of this weaver's son from the Vico Dritto Ponticello in Genoa. His hair, once

auburn, had whitened prematurely; but the fire of youth was in his eyes.

'He was a man of noble and commanding presence, tall and powerfully built, with fair ruddy complexion, and keen blue-grey eyes that easily kindled, while his waving white hair must have been quite picturesque. His manner was at once courteous and cordial, and his conversation charming, so that strangers were quickly won, and in friends who knew him well he inspired strong affection and respect. There was an indefinable air of authority about him, as befitted a man of great heart and lofty thoughts. Out of those kindling eyes looked a grand and poetic soul, touched with that divine spark of religious enthusiasm which makes true genius.' (Fiske, i. 353.)

His livelihood was earned by map-making—a suggestive occupation at that critical epoch to a man of imaginative turn; but he was not long in Lisbon when, having married a daughter* of Bartolommeo Perestrello, a distinguished Italian navigator, he retired with her to the little island of Porto Santo for a year's study and meditation. He emerged from this seclusion dominated by one great and seductive idea.

The Aristotelian doctrine of the globular shape of the earth maintained itself, albeit slighted by the multitude, throughout the middle ages. Albertus Magnus and the schoolmen held it fast; and it was taught, among others of the learned, by Roger Bacon and the Cardinal d'Ailly (Petrus Alliatus). With the revival of learning in the fifteenth century it came fully to the front; and was assented to, almost as a matter of course, by all those who recognised the progress of the future in the cult of the past.

'The belief,' Mr. Justin Winsor says, † 'carried with it of necessity another—that the east was to be found in the west. Superstition, ignorance, and fear might magnify the obstacles to a passage through that drear Sea of Darkness; but in Columbus's time, in some learned minds at least, there was no distrust as to the accomplishment of such a voyage beyond the chance of obstacles in the way.'

Columbus derived from many sources his persuasion that the direct route to the Indies lay across the Atlantic. Cardinal d'Ailly's book, the '*Imago Mundi*' (1410), is known to have influenced him profoundly. Through its means he probably made acquaintance with ancient opinions on the subject; with Seneca's prophetic announcement of an age to

* Possibly a granddaughter. The date of the marriage, too, is in dispute.

† Christopher Columbus, p. 119.

come when there should be no Ultima Thule—with the conjectures and speculations of Strabo and Aristotle, which fell in so appositely with the half-developed intuitions of his own eager intelligence. He read, too, the '*Liber Cosmographicus*' of Albertus Magnus, the '*Speculum Naturale*' of Vincent de Beauvais, and fortified their reasons with the travellers' tales of Mandeville and Marco Polo. At Porto Santo, moreover, stories were rife of flotsam and jetsam from unknown lands. Pieces of timber strangely carved, and by the means, it could be judged, of strange tools, had been picked up; reeds of enormous size, pine trees of unfamiliar species, had been cast ashore on Fayal and Madeira; nay, human corpses, assignable to no recognised branch of the human family, had been brought by winds and waves to claim remote burial in Flores.

It was, however, a letter from Paolo Toscanelli of Florence which, about 1474, clinched the conviction of the Genoese navigator. The old astronomer expressed absolute assurance as to the possibility of effecting an ocean-transit to Cathay. Had he himself been to and fro several times, he could scarcely have been more confident. Nor did he stop short at bare assertion. He furnished, on the strength of his deductions, sailing directions, and a chart of the route, a copy of which actually served to guide Columbus on his venturesome expedition. Its indications were indeed unduly encouraging, Asia being made to extend right across the section of the globe occupied, in point of fact, by the Pacific Ocean. Thus, the '*splendid city of Quinsay*' (Hangchow) was situated, by Toscanelli's calculations, not far from the mouth of what we now know as the Columbia River; and the glories of Marco Polo's '*Cipango*' (representing Japan) were to be found about the region of the Gulf of Mexico. Columbus further improved the situation by considerably undervaluing the size of the globe, and concluded finally that Cipango could be reached by a straight run of 2,500 miles from the Canaries. His estimates of mileage and Toscanelli's of longitude were alike illusory; yet they had their use in helping to conceal from view oppressive or prohibitive truths. They besides, in a secondary and unsuspected sense, corresponded with realities.

So Columbus's mind was made up. He had definitely appropriated a great thought, and meant to devote his life to embodying it in a daring enterprise.

'Whether he owed the idea to Toscanelli or not,' Mr. Fiske justly remarks, 'is a question of no great importance, so far as concerns his

own originality; for the idea was already in the air. The originality of Columbus did not consist in his conceiving the possibility of reaching the shores of Cathay by sailing west, but in his conceiving it in such distinct and practical shape as to be ready to make the adventure in his own person.' (Vol. i. p. 365.)

The scientific discoverer, too, must not only apprehend, but accomplish. His work is completed only when he has converted a half-seen possibility into a notorious reality. As Laplace says, '*Le mérite de la découverte d'une vérité appartient tout entier à celui qui la démontre.*' And, in geographical inquiries, demonstration is by exploration.

For eighteen long years Columbus waited, supplicating one monarch after another to accept a hemisphere at the paltry price of a few thousand crowns. The interval, however, brought him manifold experience. He made voyages, in Portuguese ships, to the Gold Coast on one side, to Iceland on the other; and, after quitting Portugal for Spain, lent a hand, not ineffectively, in fighting the Moors. But the vigour of his age was passing, and the object for which he lived seemed as remote as ever. He was poor; some thought him mad, and to the less discerning advisers of Ferdinand and Isabella,* he can scarcely have appeared otherwise than under the unprepossessing aspect of a crotchet-monger and stock bore. Yet he maintained inexorably his high pretensions. The Sibyl herself was not stiffer to bargain with. Viceregal and other dignities should be secured to him and to his heirs for ever in the new realms of the Indies. And as for the wealth to be derived from them, his share was already dedicated to defraying the cost of a new crusade, by which the Turks should be driven from Jerusalem. It was not then his to relinquish.

At last, sick with hope deferred, he was about to abandon Spain as, eight years previously, he had abandoned Portugal. Henry VII. had let the chance slip of grasping the empire of the West for England; but Charles VIII. might prove clearer sighted to the interests of France. So the neglected seer would not yet give way to despair, dark though the outlook was. Its brightening came about in this way. Columbus had started for the north with his son Diego, but, the boy growing weary and exhausted, he stopped to beg for him a piece of bread and drink of water

* It should be remembered, however, that many prelates at the Castilian Court, such as Marchena and Quintanilla, were consistently favourable to Columbus.

at the Franciscan monastery of La Rábida, near Palos, in Andalusia. This led to an interview with the prior, Juan Perez, who, in Mr. Fiske's phrase, 'had a mind hospitable to new ideas.' He was impressed with the commanding personality of his casual, almost destitute, guest, believed in his vision of what lay beyond the imminent ocean, and wrote a letter to the Queen by which the balance was inclined in favour of trying if the vision might prove palpable.

On Friday, August 3, 1492, a little fleet of three caravels, only one of them decked from stem to stern, set sail from Palos for *Japan*. It was manned by ninety despondent or desperate men—released gaol-birds mostly, or insolvent debtors, vagabonds, delinquents, or other scum of seaport existence—with no relish for the task of ascertaining the shape of the world by slipping down its tremendous declivity into nether regions whence no remounting might be possible; to say nothing of the risk, barely escaped, some said, by Harold Hardrada, of toppling sheer over the edge of what was habitable into some dreadful chaos of disorganisation. 'Happy isles' there might perhaps be out there among the dim billows; indeed, if sailors' yarns deserved any credit, the western ocean was pretty freely sprinkled with them. Antillia,* the island of the Seven Cities, though unvisited in recent times, might, it was thought, be depended upon to exist, while to the north of it lay, somewhat obscured by legendary fog, the island of the Hand of Satan; the isle of St. Brandan, with its colossal inhabitants, and man-eating dogs, though less definite in position, was scarcely less an admitted reality than Teneriffe; and besides an island of the Fountain of Life and sundry others, there was the famous Brazil,† which might be encountered anywhere between the 'roaring forties' and the latitude of the Orcades. But who could hope, steering at random across the great waste of waters in which these lay, to reach any one of them? Nor were there any strong inducements to do so. The possible society of 'the great Achilles,' at any rate, had no attraction for the unwilling comrades of another Ulysses, continually at his wit's end to avert mutiny and

* Identified by Peter Martyr with the West Indian Archipelago, hence called the 'Antilles.'

† The name of the South American country is from 'brazil-wood,' and is believed to be unconnected with the older designation of the legendary island.

murder by his motley crew, 'the curses and the groans' of whom harassed him day and night.

'The great flame-banner borne by Teneriffe,
The compass, like an old friend false at last
In our most need, appall'd them, and the wind
Still westward, and the weedy seas.'

But every prognostic of evil was forgotten when there came

'at length
'The landbird, and the branch with berries on it,
The carven staff—and last the light, the light
On Guanahani !'

The uncertainty by which the biographers of Columbus are haunted extends to the identity of the first western shore touched by him. All that can be certainly stated is that Guanahani is one of the Bahamas; to determine which has been the object of many researches, none of them wholly conclusive, since at least half-a-dozen islands in the group still assert plausible claims to the coveted distinction.

The safe return of Columbus to Spain was little short of miraculous. His flag-ship, the 'Santa Maria,' was wrecked on the shore of Cuba; Martin Pinzon, his second in command, treacherously deserted him with the 'Pinta;' only the little 'Niña,' a half-decked carrack, more fitly to be called a boat than a ship, remained to bring back the Admiral and his momentous news. An unprecedented freight, surely, to be committed to so frail a craft, for transportation across a wintry ocean! And it was after unaccountably weathering a furious storm that she at last safely dropped her anchor in Palos harbour, March 15, 1493.

Indescribable excitement followed upon her recognition. The reappearance of Columbus seemed, indeed, rather a resurrection than a return. His success had beggared expectation, and met tumultuous recognition. Honours were showered upon him; the King and Queen rose from their thrones to receive him, and bade him be seated in their presence; Isabella wept with joy at his recital; the incredible was verified; the East had been found in the West. He himself entertained not the slightest doubt that he had reached at Cuba the shore of Cathay, and at Hispaniola the sea-girt kingdom of Cipango. And although the looked-for stores of precious stones and metals were not yet forthcoming, and cinnamon-coloured savages replaced the sedate and skilful Orientals of Marco Polo's narrative, there could be no question but that such anomalies would be

removed by further exploration. These views were undisputed, and seemed indisputable. It was, accordingly, for the purpose not of testing them, but of profiting by the splendid prospect they opened, that a second expedition was immediately organised. It attracted fifteen hundred eager participators. 'Their dreams were of the marble palaces of Quinsay, of isles of Spices, and the treasures of Prester John.'

'Thus nobody,' Mr. Fiske continues, 'had the faintest suspicion of what had been done. The grandeur of the achievement was quite beyond the ken of the generation that witnessed it. For we have since come to learn that in 1492 the contact between the eastern and the western halves of our planet was first really begun, and the two streams of human life which had flowed on for countless ages apart were thenceforth to mingle together. The first voyage of Columbus is thus a unique event in the history of mankind. Nothing like it was ever done before, and nothing like it can ever be done again. No worlds are left for a future Columbus to conquer. The era of which this great Italian mariner was the most illustrious representative has closed for ever.' (Vol. i. p. 446.)

- The chief result of his second voyage was the discovery of Jamaica. His third, in 1498, being directed further south, carried him into the stifling zone of calms, and along it, by the unperceived effect of the equatorial current, to the mouths of the Orinoco. The force and volume of the discharge through them told him at once that a *tierra infinita*—a continent—was at hand, and suggested the lofty mount of the terrestrial paradise as the source of so imposing a flow. But it was not an Eden, but an Eldorado, that the cavaliers of Spain were in search of; and the coveted riches of Cathay were every day retiring to a more shadowy remoteness. Discontent grew rife; the 'Admiral of Mosquito-land' (as he began to be called), so lately applauded and acclaimed, became an object of indignant scorn; there was rebellion in Hispaniola; there were murmurings at Seville and Cordoba; inimical influences triumphed at court; and the savage and stupid Bobadilla was sent out with plenary authority over the new colony. Thus it came about that Columbus returned in chains from his third voyage. Isabella, it is true, was afflicted and indignant at the affront put upon him; but he was never reinstated in his viceroyalty. Four small caravels were, however, entrusted to him in the interests of what might be termed strategic exploration. For Portugal had recently, through the agency of Vasco de Gama, struck out a sea-way to the Indies by having

doubled the Cape of Good Hope; and nothing could appear more easy or desirable than for Spain, travelling round the other side of the world, to confront her there. All that was needed was to pursue the oceanic route still further west from Cuba; and this Columbus attempted to do in 1502. But an utterly unexpected obstacle baffled his circumnavigating project. To his extreme discomfiture, an isthmus stood in his way where he had expected to find a strait—no other than the Strait of Malacca, which, unless his cartographical notions were completely astray, must separate the great ‘Eden-continent’ from the Golden Chersonese; and, after a year spent in painfully beating about the coasts of Honduras and Veragua, he was compelled to abandon the hope of finding then and there a westerly exit from the Caribbean Sea. Provisions were failing; many of his men had been slain by the natives; his ships, unprotected by copper sheathing, were rendered unseaworthy by the ravages of the teredo; and he barely succeeded on St. John’s Eye, 1503, in beaching their riddled hulks on the desolate shore of Jamaica. There he spent another miserable year of turmoil and danger; and at last, November 7, 1504, landed at San Lucar, only to learn that the ‘Holy Catholic Queen,’ whom he loved, and who had been his constant protectress, lay on her deathbed.

His voyagings were now ended. They had eventuated for him in poignant disappointment. Posterity judges of them by their momentous result; but that result could be only imperfectly appreciated by contemporaries keenly alive, on the contrary, to the partial failures by which it seemed to be marred. The promised way to the Indies had, to be sure, been thrown open; but merely to what appeared like some back premises connected with the shining, still inaccessible, kingdoms of the East. No dreams of avarice, at any rate, had yet come true; least of all for Columbus himself. So far was he from possessing the means to fulfil his vow of equipping a crusading army for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, that what effects he had were privily seized and sold by royal order to cover his liabilities. Ingratitude could scarcely be carried further; but Columbus had learned well the lesson not to put trust in princes. His favourite garb of late had been that of a Franciscan friar; and Franciscan poverty now fell to his lot. But his life’s work was accomplished. Aged beyond his years by misery and hardship, weighed down by sickness, destitution, and neglect, he died at Valladolid, May 20, 1506, in such complete obscurity

that the event escaped notice from the busy chroniclers of current news. Yet he had thrown wide a new realm to humanity! His remains were allowed little repose. Removed in 1513 from Valladolid to Seville, they were thence transferred to the cathedral of San Domingo, and are now supposed to be interred at Havana. But their identity, characteristically enough, is problematical.

Problematical, too, in large measure is the character of the great discoverer. In Mr. Winsor's judgment he was a crazy fanatic, half knave, half fool in his mystical intervals, and outside of them a cheat, a liar, and a tyrant. But accusations so violent and unreasoned may safely be left to refute themselves. A certain class of French writers, on the other hand, admit no flaw in a career stamped, in their view, with legible marks of superhuman heroism and sanctity. If a choice between these two extremes were imposed upon us, we should certainly prefer to err with M. Roselly de Lorgues rather than with Mr. Justin Winsor. For Columbus owned a moral nature of no common type. He was swayed by motives incomprehensible to vulgar minds; he followed grand ideals, and if the consequences of his actions as a colonial ruler did not always correspond to his intentions, it must be remembered that his position was one of extraordinary and unprecedented difficulty. No share of responsibility, assuredly, for the atrocious cruelties practised by his successors in Hispaniola belongs to him; he had the interests of the natives at heart; his disposition was clement; neither measures of extortion nor crimes of rapine could be charged against him. And it was his main ambition to spread the empire of the Cross.

Mr. Fiske has devoted much pains to elucidating the intricate questions relating to the voyages of Amerigo Vespucci, with the satisfactory result of dissipating still more completely than it had been dissipated before, the cloud which long overhung the fair fame of the great Florentine pilot. It is now quite clear that he pretended to nothing that he had not really done, and was absolutely innocent of the base design of appropriating any portion of the hardly won reputation of Columbus. He started on his first voyage in May, 1497, reaching *terra firma* at Cape Honduras a year before Columbus discovered the Orinoco and the adjacent Pearl Coast, and a few days after John Cabot sighted the coast of Labrador in the 'Matthew.' He then circumscribed the Gulf of Mexico, steered north by Florida to Chesapeake Bay, and across to the Bermudas, whence a

few weeks' sail brought him, October 15, 1498, to Cadiz. It is lamentable to read that the ships—of which there were four under the command of Vicente Pinzon—carried 222 slaves, kidnapped on the plea that the crime of cannibalism placed the perpetrators outside the pale of humanity. Inexplicably little general interest was excited by this remarkable trip, and Florida remained practically unknown until rediscovered by Ponce de Leon on Whit Sunday (*Pascua Florida*) of the year 1513.

After a voyage to the Pearl Coast in 1499–1500, Vespucci exchanged the service of Spain for that of Portugal. An ensuing expedition attained world-wide celebrity. Coasting from point to point of the 'Land of Parroquets' (Cabral's designation for Brazil), the ships guided by him anchored on November 1 (All Saints' Day), 1501, in a haven dubbed on the spot 'Bahia de Todos Santos;' and on January 1 they arrived in a spacious bay, called, because of the date and under the mistaken notion of its being the estuary of a great river, Rio de Janeiro. They pursued their way to the south-west until it became evident that they had crossed the line of demarcation between Portuguese and Spanish acquisitions, drawn by the Pope one hundred leagues west of the Azores. Then, having no desire to prosecute discovery in the interest of the rival power, a change of course was resolved upon, the caravels were headed south-east, and Vespucci was endowed with plenary authority over them and their crews. The upshot of the adventure cannot be better described than in Mr. Fiske's spirited phrases:—

'The nights,' he says, 'grew longer and longer, until by April 3 they covered fifteen hours. On that day the astrolabe showed a southern latitude of 52°. Before night a frightful storm overtook our navigators, and after four days of scudding under bare poles land hove in sight, but no words of welcome greeted it. In that rough sea the danger on such a coast was appalling, all the more so because of the fog and sleet. It was the island of South Georgia, in latitude 54° S., and about 1,200 miles east from Tierra del Fuego. Captain Cook, who rediscovered it in January (midsummer) 1775, called it the most wretched place he had ever seen on the globe. In comparison with this scarped and craggy island, covered down to the water's edge with glaciers, Cook called the savage wastes of Tierra del Fuego balmy and hospitable. Struggling gusts lash the waves into perpetual fury, and at intervals in the blinding snow-flurries, alternated with freezing rains, one catches ominous glimpses of tumbling ice-floes and deadly ledges of rock. For a day and a night, while the Portuguese ships were driven along within sight of this dreadful coast, the sailors, with blood half frozen in their veins, prayed to their patron saints and made

vows of pilgrimage. As soon as the three ships succeeded in exchanging signals, it was decided to make for home. Vespuccius then headed straight N.N.E., through the huge ocean, for Sierra Leone, and the distance of more than 4,000 miles was made—with wonderful accuracy, though Vespuccius says nothing about that—in thirty-three days. At Sierra Leone one of the caravels, no longer seaworthy, was abandoned and burned. After a fortnight's rest ashore, the party went on in the other two ships to the Azores, and thence, after some further delay, to Lisbon, where they arrived on the 7th of September, 1502.' (Vol. ii. p. 104.)

The region of America disclosed by this voyage was the first to be entitled a New World. The expression employed by Vespucci himself, in a published and widely circulated letter to Lorenzo de' Medici, the younger, caught the public ear, and gained immediate currency. It bore, to begin with, a sense somewhat different from that which we now attach to it—a sense, indeed, connected with the obsolete doctrine of the terrestrial 'five zones.' The 'New World' was primarily understood rather as an antipodal than as an occidental continent. The astonishing novelty which the term emphasised in the popular fancy, lay in the existence of an inhabited territory wholly outside the ancient limits of what was accounted habitable, and separated from it by the long-reputed impassable belt of torrid equatorial heat. This special meaning was, however, soon effaced; and the phrase bears its wider modern significance in the famous motto adopted, before 1537, by Ferdinand Columbus as the legend for his coat of arms, and engraved upon his tomb in the cathedral of Seville:—

'Á Castilla y á Leon
Nuevo mundo dió Colon.'

If it was a wrong to Columbus that the great western continent came to bear another name than his, nobody, so to speak, was responsible. Certainly not his Florentine friend, upon whom, nevertheless, much odium, as if for a conscious act of usurpation, has been cast. The business managed itself, after the haphazard fashion in which affairs of nomenclature very often do get transacted. Only the starting impulse was given by an unguarded suggestion from a certain young professor of geography at the college of Saint-Dié, in Lorraine. This Martin Waldseemüller published in 1507 a brochure on cosmography, wherein he proposed for the 'Quarta orbis pars' the designation *America*, after its

discoverer, Americus * Vespucius, 'a man of sagacious mind.' So it was done, much more thoroughly than Waldseemüller contemplated. For the 'Quarta pars,' as he understood it, was simply the original 'Mundus Novus,' or the country known to us as Brazil; while the appellation 'America' widened its meaning so rapidly, and, as it might seem, so irresistibly, that, in 1541, it was applied by Gerard Mercator to the whole of the prodigious expanse of land in the Western hemisphere. But Amerigo himself never knew of the great future in store for his name. Having returned to his Spanish allegiance, he sailed twice to the Gulf of Darien, with considerable results in the way of gold and pearls; was appointed in 1508 to the important office of Pilot Major of Spain; and died at Seville, February 12, 1512, at the age of sixty. He was an enterprising and able, and appears to have been a worthy, man. Nothing, at least, is known to his moral disadvantage; and he enjoyed opportunities of distinction in turpitude which were, by some others under similar circumstances, turned to the fullest account.

The slow laboriousness with which America was discovered is duly reflected in what Mr. Fiske calls 'the long series of 'perplexed and struggling maps made in the sixteenth century.' Cathay and Cipango long held their ground in them, and were only with difficulty displaced by the strange continent, which, emerging first, as it were, in embryo, gradually assumed its genuine proportions, and completed its true outlines. The earliest representation by name of 'America' is in a sketch of the date 1514, attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, and found, some thirty years ago, in the library at Windsor Castle. It is applied to a large equatorial island, between which and the coast of Cathay lie the smaller islands of Japan and Florida! North America is conspicuous by absence, while the equatorial island must be allowed to stand for a very early stage in the cartographic development of the land of the Amazon and the Andes. Magellan's voyage, however, in 1520, was highly effective in setting things straight; and Asia was thenceforward compelled to keep to its own side of the Pacific. Before the middle of the century, in fact, a tolerably correct general idea of the form and dimensions of the American double continent had been acquired by Mercator. Yet Schouten van Horn sailed round its southern cape only in 1616; it was not

*. Amerigo, latinised as Americus, represents the Old High German Amalrich, signifying 'the steadfast.'

until 1728 that Vitus Bering discovered the north-west strait; and the Rocky Mountains remained unknown down to the year 1743.

The main object of early explorers of the American coasts was to pierce or turn the barrier they opposed. The Indies lay beyond; they were the goal in view; the interposed solid breastwork was regarded as a mere obstacle to the attainment of that goal. It seemed incredible that it should extend without break from tropic to tropic, and beyond, right over both temperate zones. Yet the quest for a navigable channel was pushed continually nearer to the poles. Thus, when the Isthmus of Darien was encountered in the place of the expected Strait of Malacca, and the southern route by the Strait of Magellan proved too perilous and tedious for commercial use, a 'North-West Passage' became an object of keen desire. For three hundred and twenty-nine years the search continued. Every inlet between Florida and Labrador was examined in the hope that it might yield an outlet on the other side. Verrazano, with this intent, groped and *burrowed* along the coast from Cape Fear to Cape St. John; John Davis penetrated through Davis Strait into Baffin's Bay; Henry Hudson ascended the Hudson River nearly to the site of Albany, and pushed, by a fresh effort, into Hudson's Bay, where he miserably perished, set adrift by his mutinous crew in an open boat. But the upshot of his enterprise was only to show that the long-desired route to the Indies by the northern summit of America must be relegated to arctic latitudes. Sir Robert M'Clure's voyage in 1853, accordingly, while it solved a secular problem, and gratified geographical curiosity, was absolutely ineffective for extending the system of the world's communications. The only available North-West Passage is by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Columbus might well be taken aback at finding himself confronted with a neck of land where he had looked to meet open water flowing widely between the Pearl Coast and Cathay. A voyage round the world, such as he planned it, *ought* to have been feasible. There is no geological necessity for the linking together, in Siamese-twin fashion, of the two Americas. Although similarly planned, they are separate constructions. The line of the Rocky Mountains is, in a measure, resumed, but it cannot in any true sense be said to be continued by the line of the Andes. Hence the junction of the masses of land attached respectively to these two great dorsal elevations may be regarded as a purely tem-

porary feature of the terraqueous globe. A few thousand years ago it is more than probable that the Pacific was in free communication with the Caribbean Sea, and after the lapse of a further few thousand it may be so again. But long before that time comes man will in all likelihood have taken the matter into his own hands, and cut his way through from ocean to ocean.

The achievement of Columbus involved not only the annexation of a hemisphere, but the emancipation of navigating enterprise from the terrors of the unknown. By its means man came to his majority, and entered into conscious possession of his earthly inheritance. Legendary geography received a deathblow; positive knowledge asserted its claim, thenceforward incontrovertible, to complete dominion over this whirling, sun-illuminated planet.

A rich and spacious realm was, by the discovery of America, thrown open to the progressive Aryan peoples. Its capabilities, indeed, can scarcely yet be measured, and the part which it is destined to play in the future civilisation of the world can certainly not yet be assigned. Moral forces are incalculable until they come irresistibly into action, and forecasts even of commercial influences are apt to be falsified by the event. Already, however, the gold of California, the silver of Mexico, and the diamonds of Brazil have been poured with notable effects into the universal market, and still greater results may be anticipated from the unlovely potencies of coal and iron. These even in the United States and Canada have only just begun to be developed; elsewhere on the continent their extent defies estimation. Mineral wealth of every variety indeed abounds. The strata round Lake Superior are unrivalled in their provision of native copper; zinc, lead, and copper ores occur plentifully in the Cordilleras, in Montana, Arizona, and throughout the Appalachian and Laurentian formations. Central America affords quicksilver, Canada and Mexico supply tin, and the entire Ohio district roofs in capacious reservoirs of mineral oil, preserved unwasted in comparatively undisturbed strata.

In point of biological development, however, America proved to be considerably behindhand. Many forms of life, superannuated in Europe and Asia, survived under the less stringent conditions of competing existence presented by the western continent. Thus the sloths haunting the great virgin forests between the Amazon and the Orinoco are modelled on one of Nature's outgrown plans, and the opossum is an animal as archaic as the kangaroo. Moreover,

the recent discovery in the Tertiary rocks of Patagonia of the remains of a carnivorous marsupial, closely allied to the existing 'pouched wolf' of Tasmania, seems to disclose strong and immediate South American affinities with the arrested fauna of Australia. The American organic series, too, shows striking deficiencies in its higher members. It was, indeed, devastated by a cataclysm. The Glacial epoch swept away at least a dozen species of great mammals—the lion, tiger, elephant, mammoth, horse, rhinoceros, and others—which until then had roamed the continent in exuberant vitality. For some unexplained reason, however, the 'almshouse of the tropics' (to use Professor Shaler's phrase) failed to rescue and maintain them when a stress of circumstances arose in the temperate zone. They perished accordingly, leaving unfilled gaps.

The almost total absence of domesticated animals from aboriginal America illustrates its zoological shortcomings.* For man's selection implies superiority. The organisms intimately associated with him must possess something of the plasticity by which his own organism is pre-eminently distinguished. They must be capable of departing from the groove of wild nature, of meeting the exigencies of culture, of responding to demands for service. Native in a country without oxen, asses, sheep, horses, goats, or pigs, the Red Indian was limited to the companionship of the dog as represented by the shabby curs that snarled round Iroquois and Ojibbeway wigwams. The Aztecs, even, notwithstanding their highly wrought existence, were in this respect no more than on a level with the cave-dwellers of the Old World. Only the Peruvians employed llamas as beasts of burden, and kept alpacas for the sake of their fine fleeces. But oxen were unknown alike south and north of the isthmus, and a mounted man was a portent in all parts of the double continent.

As regards serviceable creatures, accordingly, Europe got next to nothing from America and gave much. The turkey, found wild in Mexico, is the only addition to our domestic stock afforded by the Western hemisphere. Valuable plants, on the other hand, it has yielded by the score. Tobacco, for good or ill, created a want which it is now indispensable to supply.

'No contribution,' remarks Professor Shaler, 'from newly discovered lands has ever been so welcomed as this so-called noxious

* Shaler, 'Nature and Man in America,' p. 176.

weed. No new faith has ever travelled so fast and far among men as the habit of smoking. In scarce a century from the first introduction of the plant in Europe, its use had spread to nearly half the peoples in the Old World.'

Maize was the only kind of grain cultivated on the new continent. But it was to be found everywhere. Its range extends from the Rio Negro to the Lake of the Woods; nor could any plant be better suited to supply the staff of life for an unsettled and uncivilised population. It might, indeed, be designated the cereal of the savage, as affording the maximum of food with the minimum of cultivation. Indian corn is tolerant to the utmost limit of vegetable endurance. Under the least favourable circumstances it will still patiently germinate and ripen its heavy ears. Forest-lands need not even be cleared to provide a field for its bearing. It needs, to be sure, light and air, but will accommodate itself to unfelled trunks. Overflowing harvests can thus be garnered at short notice in the backwoods; and but for the aid of such facile supplies it is doubted whether the early colonists of America could have held their ground amid the adverse circumstances of their lot. The introduction of maize into the agriculture of the rest of the world could not then fail to prove of fundamental importance. Only the diffusion of the potato could be compared with it. Our indispensable tuber, indigenous in the Chilian and Peruvian Andes, was first cultivated in Peru. Nor would it have been easy, in the early days of its somewhat laborious education, to forecast the coming fortunes of an unpromising ground-nut. Among other vegetable acquisitions from the New World, we need only mention the bark of the cinchona tree, all the varieties of cocoa and chocolate, vanilla, tomatoes, and pineapples.

Its human products offer a curious and a melancholy problem. The 'noble savage' had it there all his own way. Nothing hindered the realisation of his ideal of life. There was room, and to spare, for his shiftless wanderings; he found game to hunt, and enemies to scalp; no hostile system of civilisation loomed above his horizon; he was exempt from repression and restraint. Yet he was not satisfied. He looked back vaguely to a time when things had been better with him; he hoped dimly for a coming deliverance from the evils of a barely tolerable present. The diffusion of what may be called a Messianic tradition among the natives of both Americas is a circumstance of most curious interest. Each tribe cherished the expectation of a kind of millennium,

when a mysterious benefactor, who had long ago, during a brief golden age, taught useful arts to his special people, would return to reign in peace over them for ever. The predestined hero, moreover, was a white man, and was to come from the East with a retinue of other white men. The Aztecs and Peruvians, the Mayas of Yucatan, the Algonquin Indians, even the cannibals of Hispaniola, far apart as they were in other respects, all held unanimously to this hope of a national redemption. 'Here,' we may say with Dr. Daniel G. Brinton,* 'was one of those unconscious prophecies, pointing to the advent of a white race from the East, that wrote the doom of the red man in letters of fire.' So the arrival of the Spaniards was no surprise. It was looked for, and longed for, in regions thousands of miles distant from one another, before Cortez was born, or Columbus set sail from Palos. The prediction that it fulfilled, however, proved to be of the ironical sort that devils might be supposed to take delight in. Those who had sown the wind reaped the whirlwind. Deliverance from blood-orgies came to them with their own destruction.

Most remarkable indeed it is that a cruel and sanguinary race like the Aztecs should have sighed for a Saturnian regimen—should of themselves have been able so much as to conceive the character of its mild champion. Quetzalcoatl was emphatically a 'prince of peace;' he was a type of Christian sanctity, and his special symbol was the cross. It seems only reasonable to suppose that derivative elements were embodied in so pure an ideal. And the presence of such elements is, besides, obvious in various traits of native American culture. It was formerly the fashion to detect them universally; it is now the fashion to ignore them persistently. But there are some that take a great deal of explaining away. Thus the formal worship of the cross at Palenque and Cuzeo can hardly have been paid to it as a mere symbol of the four winds; nor were, we may be sure, the prayers addressed to the 'Tree of Life' † by Aztecs and Toltecs wholly devoid of moral purport. The Egyptian *Tau*—the sign of life—also occurs on Central American monuments; and the hooked cross, or *swastika*, more doubtfully on objects disinterred from the ancient 'mounds' of Ohio; and neither can for a moment be supposed of local re-invention. Then the Mexican months were named un-

* Myths of the New World, p. 186.

† So the cross was called in Mexican.

mistakeably (as Humboldt pointed out) from the Tartar zodiac; and Mr. E. B. Tyler has adverted to the Asiatic origin of the Aztec game 'patolli.' Another strong 'note' of Oriental influence is in the absolute dependence of Aztec departed souls upon canine guidance* through the underworld; and the Aztec deluge-tradition followed the biblical account so closely as to exclude the hypothesis of a separate origin.

In the main, however, the culture of the American peoples was certainly indigenous. The red race worked out its own destinies down to the white conquest, and developed its own capabilities with singularly little interference from without. There is nothing to show how much time was spent in the process. Historical inquiries fail to ascend beyond the twelfth century of our era. All remoter events are veiled in a mist of dense ignorance. It can plainly be seen, however, that uniform progress did not prevail in any part of the continent. Advances in civilisation, on the contrary, were constantly outbalanced by relapses into savagery. Over wide expanses of territory vanished populations left monuments and vestiges of a life far more settled and refined than that of their successors or descendants. The mound-builders of Ohio, the cliff-dwellers of Arizona, the Mayas of Yucatan, recorded themselves in works as remote from the capacity of the sordid nomads who scarcely even wonder at them, as the ruins of Palmyra are from that of the pillaging Bedouin. And who can doubt that the Aztecs and the Incas would have gone the same way as the Toltecs and the Quichés had not degeneracy been anticipated by destruction? There were no roots of steady improvement in either system of social organisation, and that of Mexico, at any rate, held, in the atrocities upon which it was founded, the sure promise of speedy decline.

The ethnic unity of all the native American tribes, exclusive of the Esquimaux, is strongly indicated. Indian languages, indeed, are of most bewildering variety. They are reckoned by the hundred, and show very little trace of verbal relationship. But they are alike structurally, and are widely separated from all other families of speech. They are of the kind known as 'agglutinative,' and afford powers of expression far beyond the needs of those who actually employ them. Social progress, too, wherever it was set on foot, took the same direction. The highest stage within

*. Nadaillac, 'Prehistoric America,' p. 300.

view on the continent was that of an organised communism. Private property in land was unknown; cultivation in common, or of periodically redistributed lots, was the rule of every settled polity, and produced its inevitable effects of blocking the way against individual effort, and of creating and maintaining a low and stagnant level of inert uniformity. This prevalence of the communistic ideal has been attributed to the total suppression, in the New World, of the pastoral form of life; and this, again, was mainly or entirely due to the scarcity there of animals fitted for domestication. So that innate tendency was aided by external conditions.

The typical American Indian religion was probably in the abstract monotheistic, but it was certainly in practice polytheistic. Here, as elsewhere, the primitive higher conception seems to have become overlaid with vile or grotesque imaginings. And these led universally to the atrocities of human sacrifice. Even among the mild Peruvians, a child or beautiful maiden—some dusky Iphigenia or Andromeda—was, on solemn occasions, immolated *pro bono publico*, in honour of the sun-god. Yet the subjects of the Incas were unique in their possession of some elementary notions of humanity; they abhorred wanton cruelty, and abstained from the feasts of cannibalism. These were otherwise hideously general. From the St. Lawrence to Tierra del Fuego, the natives of America devoured their kind, often amid orgies of appalling cruelty. None were more deeply stained with this horrible guilt than the refined Aztecs. Their chief god was unappeasable except by holocausts of human victims; their *teocallis* were periodically drenched with human blood; human hearts were torn out quivering on their altars; human flesh was their prime gastronomic treat. Nevertheless, they had carried the arts of life to a very high pitch. Their goldsmith's work excited the admiration of Benvenuto Cellini; their astronomers had anticipated the Gregorian reform of the calendar; Anahuac abounded, at the time of the Conquest, with splendid products of architectural and engineering skill. But their progress had brought with it no amelioration of manners.

Nobody any longer doubts that the red men once arrived as strangers in the pair of continents they were so effectually to appropriate. But whence did they come? There need be little hesitation about the answer. Only one practicable approach can be pointed out. Isolated castaways may indeed have been blown, from time to time,

across to the Pacific shore, from Japan or more southerly islands; but waves of migration can only have flowed by that north-west corner where America and Asia come as near to meeting as France and England do at the Straits of Dover. The avenue to the New World was by Behring Strait, or the neighbouring line of the Aleutian Islands. Its pre-Aryan population must accordingly have been derived, at some unknown epoch, or epochs, from Northern Asia. The movement eastward impressed upon it by an impulse, obscure perhaps at the time, and now hopelessly past imaginative recall, made part of the universal wandering of the nations, through which the earth came to be peopled and possessed. To the ethnical affinities of those primitive immigrants we have at present no certain clue. All that can be asserted is that, as M. de Nadaillac says, 'between the men of the New World and those of the Old there exists no essential physical difference. The unity of the human race stands out as the great law dominating the history of humanity.'

ART. VII.—1. *The Art and Practice of Landscape Gardening.*

By H. ERNEST MILNER, F.L.S., Assoc. M. Inst. C.E.
With Plans and Illustrations. London: 1890.

2. *Garden Craft, Old and New.* By the late JOHN D. SEDDING.
With Memorial Notice by the Rev. E. F. RUSSELL.
London: 1891.

3. *The Formal Garden in England.* By REGINALD BLOMFIELD
and F. INIGO THOMAS. London: 1892.

WE are not here dealing with gardening in any horticultural sense. We are concerned with it here only as a form of artistic design in connexion with the habitation, as the method and principle on which grounds may be and have been laid out so as to form an embellishment of the site of which the mansion or the house is the centre and the *raison d'être*. This recognition of the habitation as the central fact in connexion with the subject is, as will be seen, an essential point in its consideration. A great deal which we shall have to condemn in the practice and principles of the art which its professors more especially define as 'landscape gardening' falls under condemnation precisely on account of their ignoring of what may be called the architectural relation between the garden and the house, as

well as the architectural principle which, as we shall endeavour to show, must underlie every attempt to treat the face of nature in an artificial manner and with a view to a special and arbitrarily contrived effect.

There are two main principles under one or other of which all such attempts may be classed : that in which the artificial treatment of nature is confessedly and obviously artificial, and makes no pretence to be otherwise ; and that in which the artist, while pulling nature about at his pleasure, cutting down or planting trees, raising banks or forming hollows to obtain the effect he wants, endeavours to leave things so as to cheat the spectator into the belief that the scene, thus carefully contrived, is in reality the accident of nature. We may distinguish these, in regard to the effects aimed at, as respectively the 'artificial' and the 'natural' systems, though the one is in reality no more natural than the other. The natural system is of very modern and peculiarly English origin, being a product of the later eighteenth-century landscape gardeners and writers on 'taste' of this country, which has prolonged its life far into the present century, and of which the latest profession is embodied in Mr. Milner's book. Before the middle of the eighteenth century there hardly appears to have been an idea that ornamental grounds and gardens should appear anything else than frankly artificial, with the exception, perhaps, of the broad hint given by Milton, who, though in one of his youthful poems he refers to 'retired Leisure' as a personage

'That in *trim* gardens takes his pleasure,'

in his great epic vaunts his Eden as a place where the brooks fed

'Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain ;'

a passage which seems to be rather overlooked by writers of the present day who claim Milton as an adherent of the artificial school.* With Walpole and his contemporaries and successors came the reign of the 'natural' school, under which the old artificial system was condemned as a time of ignorant superstitions, just as at the Gothic revival (which Walpole also had some hand in preparing the way for) all

* It may be urged, certainly, that Milton's was a Paradise without a palace, and that it is the artificial architecture which demands the artificial garden.

the architectural tastes of the eighteenth century were scouted. During the last few years there have been symptoms of a turn of the tide. The taste for the old English formal garden is being revived, chiefly through the influence of some architects of the day who devote their attention more especially to the artistic side of their pursuit, and who are obviously desirous to push the landscape gardener on one side, and to take the artistic ordering of gardens into their own hands, as a work intimately connected with architectural design. In this latter position they are undoubtedly justified. The practical experience and special knowledge of the gardener are absolutely necessary to the carrying out of the work, but of design in a broad sense he knows nothing; of architecture, with which the garden must be so closely connected, still less; and though every landscape gardener professes that a knowledge of architecture is necessary to his profession, his practice only shows his destitution in that respect. The relation of the mansion to the garden is about the last thing he ever thinks of, except in regard to some pedantic notions about showing the house from favourable points of view in the approaches; and the ornamental erections which he inflicts on us in the way of summer-houses, bridges, &c., as embellishments to the grounds, are only fit to grace a popular tea-garden. The revival, on the other hand, threatens to be as one-sided and as much bound to the worship of precedent as revivals usually have been; whatever was done in the favoured period is right, and is to be done over again; whatever has been done in the interim is wrong. The element of common sense which is not entirely absent from the suggestions of the landscape-garden school is unfairly ignored, and the mysteries of clipped hedges and trees, and parterres cut into symmetrical patterns, are to be worshipped in their old forms, not so much in accordance with any recognised principle as in obedience to a new turn of archæological sympathies. Something more is surely possible than this merely archæological revival. A brief review of the past history of the subject may be useful, by way of placing the reader in a position to consider what may be accomplished from our present starting-point.

There can be little doubt that the origin of the old English garden in connexion with the house was mainly practical; it was a place in which to grow vegetables, fruits, and medicinal herbs which were required for use in the household. Horace Walpole, in his lively and piquantly written essay on 'Modern Gardening' (1770), puts this view very decisively.

Gardening, he says, was one of the first arts that succeeded building; culinary and medicinal herbs were objects with every manager of a household, and it was convenient to have them within easy reach.

'We have no reason to think that, for many centuries, the term garden meant more than a kitchen garden or orchard. . . . When a Frenchman * reads of the Garden of Eden, I do not doubt that he concludes it was something approaching to that of Versailles, with clipt hedges, berceaux, and trellis work. If his devotion humbles him so far as to allow that, considering who designed it, there might be a labyrinth full of *Æsop's* fables, yet he does not conceive that four of the largest rivers in the world were half so magnificent as an hundred fountains full of statues by Girardon. It is thus that the word garden has at all times passed for whatever was understood by that term in different centuries. But that it meant no more than a kitchen garden or orchard for several centuries is evident from the very few descriptions that are preserved to us of the gardens of antiquity.'

He proceeds to calculate that the gardens of Alcinous, according to the description in the *Odyssey*, could only have comprised four acres. But he need not have gone nearly so far back as that. The remarks of the earliest English writers on the subject since the days of printing entirely confirm Walpole's view. In Hyll's 'Most brief and 'pleasaunt Treatise teaching how to dress and sow and set a 'Garden' (1563), we find even that the garden is regarded from a commercial point of view; it is to be 'near a city' for the more convenient disposal of its produce, and the same advice is given by Didymus Mountaine ('Gardener's Labyrinth,' 1577). Mountaine's is mainly a practical treatise, but Hyll evidently regards the garden as a place for ornament, in addition to its practical uses. He gives directions for the best site for a garden; 'a commodious and playne field 'somewhat lying aslope,' down which he proposes to send small courses of water at certain distances apart from one another; the garden is not to be near a barn, because chaff will blow over it, and the place not to be 'infected with the 'vapours of ditches and styning puddels standing nere, for 'that both infecteth and corrupteth the plants and dulleth 'also men's spirits that walketh therein,' in which advice both the practical and the pleasurable uses of the garden are kept in view. He goes so far as to recommend a maze in the centre of the garden, and hints moreover at a second

* The French taste for formal gardens on a great scale was satirised by Walpole, as the opposite of that form of irregular quasi-natural landscape gardening which he was recommending.

maze, but, as if afraid of appearing too light-minded, he adds apologetically :—

‘ There be which set these mazes with lavender, cotton, and such like. But let them be ordered (in this poynt) as liketh best the gardener, and so an ende. For it is here not expressed for no necessary commodity in a garden, but as an ornament upon pleasure ; and so I wish the gentle-hearted readers to take it.’

He gives a bird’s-eye plan of a garden, consisting of a square enclosed by a very thick hedge, the entrance in the centre of one side ; in the centres of two other sides, facing each other, are two little semicircular apses formed by the hedge, of which one contains a bower, and the other gives space for the well which is regarded as a necessary adjunct of a garden ; within this square is another fenced by a palisading, leaving a broad walk all round between that and the outer hedge, and within this palisading is the garden proper, laid out in small symmetrical rectangles with walks between, and in the centre a square laid out in an ornamental pattern. Mountaine copied this plan into his book. Here we see obviously utility and adornment going hand in hand.

Two points are to be specially noted in Hyll’s garden plan : the absolute squareness and symmetry of the whole, and the importance given to the outer hedge, which is high and thickset. This may have been in the first instance for protection, but there seems to have been also a decided feeling for the privacy and retirement secured by an impenetrable hedge. In Crispin de Pass’s ‘ Hortus Floridus ’ (1614) we find the hedge bent over and made into a regular roofed cloister walk, divided from the garden by a small hedge breast high, and terminal figures (apparently carved in wood) making pillars to support the roof. In William Lawson’s ‘ A new Orchard and Garden ’ (1618) we have a dissertation on fences, of which the best are said to be ‘ quickwood, ‘ and moats or ditches of water,’ and ‘ all your labour past ‘ and to come about an orchard is lost, unless you fence ‘ well.’ This is one of the most significant distinctions between the ancient system and that of Kent and Repton, of whom the former invented the sunk fence or ‘ ha-ha,’ while Repton’s great notion was to open out views into the surrounding country. The older school, on the contrary, regarded the garden, or (as they called it indifferently) ‘ the ‘ orchard,’ as a place of retirement, shut out from the outer world. The orchard, however, was at this time no mere plantation of fruit-trees, according to the modern meaning of the word, but a retreat to be laid out for pleasure and

meditation, and Lawson goes pretty carefully into the consideration of the work from this point of view. The form of laying out the grounds is a matter of personal taste; 'the forme is so far necessarie as the owner shall think meete for that particular kind of forme wherewith every particular man is delighted;' and though the circle has been regarded as *forma perfectissima*, it is so to be regarded only when no greater reasons can be urged against it. What these reasons are it is worth while to note:—

'Forasmuch as one principall end of orchards is recreation by walks, and universally walks are straight [the italics are our own], it follows that the best forme must be square, as best agreeing with straight walks; yet if any man be rather delighted with some other forme, or the ground will not bear a square, I discommend not any, so it be formal.*

The words italicised form a significant contrast with the modern landscape-garden method, in which walks are made in all kinds of broken-backed curves, with no reason except to make them look 'natural;' and the reader will even be counselled to place clumps of shrubs in suitable positions, so that the walk may appear to wind in order to go round and avoid them! With the older gardeners a walk was a provision for getting from one part of the garden to another, and getting at the successive beds with the greatest convenience, and to twist a walk for mere effect was a thought that never entered into their heads. Equally significant are the closing words of the quotation; the author will not disapprove of any design, 'so it be formal,' i.e. so that it have a distinct and obvious design. 'One round labyrinth may grace the forme, so long as space is left for the [straight] walks;' and he goes on to describe how 'I have seen squares rising by degrees, with stairs from your housewards, according to this forme which I have with an unsteady hand rough hewen;' and here follows one of those half plans, half

* In a similar strain of advice is the doggerel poetry of J. E., 'Of Gardens' (1673), half a century later:—

'I will not divers knots to you suggest,
To chuse of them which please your fancy best;
That is preferable beyond compare
Which with the scantling of your ground doth square.

When all things thus provided are, again
Level your ground, that, being smooth and plain,
Garden and borders both may even be,
Admitting no irregularity.'

bird's-eye views, which are the favourite mode of illustration in the old books, showing the house standing at the top of an oblong piece of ground, which is divided into six squares by a middle path down the centre and two cross paths, each two squares forming a platform on a different level from the next two, with steps at the sides; all the squares the same size, but each treated in a separate manner; three being laid out as parterres (all of a different pattern), another with shrubs planted in rows, another with one large tree; a canal divides the house from the garden. He also indicates 'walks set with great wood' as flanking this terraced garden. The owner is not to trouble his mind as to the time and cost of thus laying out his 'orchard;' he works not for himself alone; 'those who see your garden after your death shall record your love to your country;' surely a noble and beautiful consecration of the work. But still finer is Lawson's reflection on the intellectual or spiritual value of the garden to its owner, which is worth quoting at length:—

'Mee thinks hitherto we haue but a bare orchard for fruit, and but halfe good, so long as it wants those comely Ornaments, that should giue beautie to all our labours, and make much for the honest delight of the owner and his friends. For it is not to be doubted but, as God hath given man things profitable, so hath he allowed him honest comfort, delight, and recreation in all his works of the hands. Nay, all his labours under the Sunne without this are troubles, and vexation of minde. For what is greedy gain, without delight? but moyling, and turmoyling in slavery? But comfortable delight, with content, is the good of euery thing, and the paterne of heauen. A morsell of bread with comfort, is better by much than a fat Oxe with unquietnesse. And who can deny, but the principall end of an Orchard is the honest delight of one wearied with the works of his lawfull calling? The very works of and in an Orchard and Garden are better than the ease and rest of and from other labours. When God had made man after his own Image, in a perfect state, and would haue him to represent himselfe in authoritie, tranquillitie and pleasure upon the earth, he piaced him in Paradise. What was Paradise? but a Garden and Orchard of trees and hearbs, full of all pleasure? and nothing there but delights. The gods of the earth, resembling the great GOD of heauen in authoritie, maiestie, and abundance of all things, wherein is their most delight? And whither doe they withdraw themselves from the troublesome affayres of their estate, being tyred with the hearing and judging of litigious Controuersies? choked (as it were) with the close ayres of their sumptuous buildings, their stomacks cloyed with varietie of Banquets, their eares filled and overburthened with tedious discourings? Whither? but into their Orchards? made and prepared, dressed and destinated for that purpose to renue and refresh their senses, and to call home their ouer-wearied spirits. Nay, it is (no

doubt) a comfort to them, to set open their Cazements into a 'most delicate Garden and Orchard, whereby they may not only see that, wherein they are so much delighted, but also to giue fresh, sweete, and pleasant ayre to their Galleries and Chambers.'

A few years later follows, in somewhat similar strain, the worthy Gervase Markham, whose 'English Husbandman' (1635) is perhaps the most typical treatise of the period in this country. He speaks contemptuously of those who run after foreign treatises, which deal with methods not suited to our climate and country. 'I cannot be induced to follow the 'rules of Italy unless I were in Italy, nor those of France 'unless I were in France.' As to the site for a garden, no doubt 'the best ground is the best,' but he would counsel the reader to believe in the power of making a garden anywhere, and 'refuse no earth whatsoever.'

'A garden is so profitable, necessary, and such an ornament and grace to every house and housekeeper, that the dwelling place is lame and marred if it want that goodly limbe and beauty. . . . When I behold upon a barren, dry, and dejected earth, such as the Peake hills, where a man may behold snow all summer, or on the East moores, whose best herbage is nothing but mosse and iron stone, in such a place I say to behold a delicate, rich, and fruitfull garden, it shewes great worthiness in the owner and infinite art and industry in the workman, and makes mee both admire and love the begetters of such excellencies.'

There are, according to Markham, 'two forms of proportions 'belonging to a garden, the first only beautiful, the second 'both beautiful and stately.' What kind of distinction he implies by the 'stately' garden, we gather from the succeeding words, 'as when there is one, two, or three levelled 'squares, each mounting seven or eight steppes one above 'another, with distinct or several Alleys of equal breadth and 'proportion [he seems to have here appropriated Lawson's 'idea]. Place in the centre of every square either a Conduit 'of Anticke Fashion, a standard of some unusual devise, or 'else some Dyall, or other pyramid, that may grace and 'beautify the garden.' Each square of his garden is laid out in ornamental beds of a different pattern, and 'an industrious brain may with little difficulty devise or fashion 'to himself divers other shapes or proportions.' In the setting out of the work, 'take heed that you keep your level to 'a haire, or you shall fail in your whole work,' in which he is quite right; if a garden is to be a level garden, any accidental deviation from the level would be painfully apparent. Then follow diagrams of ornamental 'knots,' for parterres, in

which the small box hedges, which form the lines of the pattern, are made to cross each other in such wise as to appear to interpenetrate, like a knot loosely tied in a rope. Here we come undoubtedly on one of the weak points of the old formal garden—too finical an artificiality, the introduction of tricks which are out of keeping with the true nature of garden growths. The artificial nature of this treatment is illustrated in a manner more amusing than the author was aware of, in the chapter headed ‘For the entertainment of ‘any great person, in a Parke or other place of pleasure, ‘where Summer bowers are made, to make a compleat ‘garden in two or three days.’

* Take up the sod and make quarters; cast forth Alleys by paring away the green sward with a paring spade, finely and even and in a direct line (for a line must ever be used in this work). . . . set forth your whole knot, or the pourtrayal of your arms or other devise, and then taking a clean broome that hath not formerly been swept withall, you shall brush all uncleanness from the grasse, and then you shall behold your knot as compleat and comely as if it had been set with hearbes many years before [apparently the green sods were to take the place of the small clipped borders of the permanent garden]. As for flowers or such like adornments, you may the morning before remove them with their earth from some other garden, and plant them at your best pleasure. And thus much for a garden to be made in the time of hasty necessity.’

The suggestion that you may make in this extempore garden ‘a pourtrayal of your arms or other devise’ throws a sinister light on what ornamental gardening of this kind may come to, and it may be at once said that, whatever difference of taste there may be as to the formal or informal laying out of a garden, there can be no question that the imitation in flower beds and borders of artificial objects in outline is utterly bad and debased taste, wherever and whenever we find it. The taste was in truth rather Dutch than English, and it does not appear, from the existing representations of English gardens in the seventeenth century, that this country suffered very much from this Dutch toy taste—in the gardens of her great mansions, at all events, of which contemporary engravings exist. Nor do we find evidence in these of such terrible inventions as those in Isaac de Caux’s ‘*Raisons des Forces Mouvantes*’ (Frankfort, 1615); fearful devices of artificial caves containing mermaids, satyrs, and others, or Apollo playing the violoncello to the Muses, or a figure playing an organ in one grotto and an echo answering from an adjoining one, all to be put in action by De

Caux's ingeniously devised mechanisms. The book is one of the most curious records that could be found of the solemn and systematic provision for the indulgence of the most preposterous and vulgar taste in pleasure grounds to which the human intellect has ever been perverted. Yet it is wholesome to know that such enormities were, and had their day of admiration, if only to guard against being led into such paths again. Good taste in this world has to make a continual fight for life, and we know not what vulgarities human nature, in search of new sensations, may not still be capable of.

Of bad taste, however, there is little to be seen in the illustrations of mansion grounds during the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century. Formal the taste was, but refined and reasonable of its kind. Square or oblong parterres arranged in divers proportions, thick clipped hedges, and canals of water, were the main elements of effect. The ornamental parterres were divided into two classes, 'cut work' and 'embroidery,' the former consisting of beds cut in the turf in various patterns, the latter of designs worked upon the turf in little hedges of flowers or herbs, such as would now be used as borders. London and Wise ('The Retired Gardener,' 1706) give various designs in which these methods are interchanged, some of them having cut work in the centre and embroidery as a framework, others the embroidery as a central ornament and the cut beds arranged around it. The patterns are carefully designed, and all the lines accord with the main design; and if there were to be beds in artificial forms at all, this was at least preferable to the simple plan of many modern gardens in recent days, where you see, perhaps, an oval bed in the centre of a grass plot and a round one at each end, or a round bed flanked by two half-moons, or a bed in the shape of a bent sausage, all of them cut with little or no relation to each other, the only aim being to cut each bed into some recognisable shape, no matter what. Mostly each of these old garden designs was on a small scale, so that the pattern could be readily taken in by the eye; if more ground was to be laid out, the parterre was not enlarged, but multiplied, each division, as a rule, having its own treatment. This was a sound method, since it provided variety, and avoided the difficulty, which would always be felt in laying out a large plot of ground in a decorative pattern, that the eye could not take it in from a standpoint on the level, the design of the further portions being lost or distorted by

the perspective ; it could only have been really seen from the upper windows of the house, or from an artificial 'mountain' raised for the purpose. A flat expanse was the rule, with perhaps a terrace of no great elevation adjoining the house. Thus the garden had a strictly architectural relation to the house ; it was the decorative *encadrement* in which the house was set, and in most cases it was laid out with reference to the plan and shape of the house, and centralised on one or more sides axially with the axis of the house plan. Nor was there in England any desire for great size and extent in gardens of this type. John Rea, in his 'Flora, Ceres, and 'Pomona' (1665), gives a naïve limitation as to the size of garden which could be advantageously undertaken by persons of different situations in life : 'For the habitation of every 'gentleman, or person of considerable fortune and ingenuity, 'there should belong two several gardens joyned together, 'and only divided with a wall, so as there may be a passage 'out of one into the other, and both these are for delight, 'recreation, and entertainment ;' and he goes on to advise that they should not be made too large ; 80 yards square for the first garden, and 30 for the flower garden will be 'enough 'for a nobleman,' and for a private gentleman 40 yards and 20 yards respectively.

Thus the gardens of the time we are speaking of, with their highly elaborated design, were intended as treasures of beauty and amenity within a small compass and in immediate relation to the habitation. Of the manner in which the various elements were combined and arranged we get examples in several illustrative works of the period. Prominent among these is Badeslade's 'Gentlemen's Seats 'in Kent' (1720), containing thirty-six engraved views in the usual style of the day, large bird's-eye views from which the plan can be distinctly made out and the effect to some extent realised, at least by those who can build up the effect in their mind's eye from this rather dry and mechanical method of illustration. The view of Chevening shows us a courtyard and fountain in front of the house, and a long canal-like pond in the rear, with an avenue parallel to it on each side of the house ; on the right of this is a tract of quasi-maze character formed by lofty and thick square-clipped hedges winding about, with deep-set walks between ; on the left a similar series of hedged walks or squares of somewhat more formal laying out ; the grounds are also studded here and there with rows of trees spaced equally and in formal lines, but otherwise left in their natural

growth. This is a very complete garden of the kind, combining various attractions within a comparatively small space. The view of Knole shows a much more formal arrangement, the ground being divided into rectangles treated variously, one of them being devoted entirely to parallel rows of small thin trees cut into the shape of pyramids, lining each of the parallel walks, and between these four rows of smaller shrubs clipped into a kind of wineglass shape (without the stalk). This is an example of the weakness of the formal garden system, for anything less interesting than this arrangement, in proportion especially to the trouble required to make and keep it up, it would not be easy to imagine. It may be observed here that one of the favourite devices for lining a walk or surrounding a parterre was to place a row of small clipped trees in the shape of thin pyramids at regular intervals, alternating with shorter bushes trimmed into a round form on the top of bare stems. The taste for this seems to have been nearly universal; it occurs over and over again in the views of seventeenth and early eighteenth century gardens. There is a disposition to revive it now, and it most certainly is not worth reviving, unless the object is merely to produce an imitation of an old garden, which is hardly a thing worth doing.

A view of Badminton in Atkyns's 'Gloucestershire' (1712) shows a combination of the element of the parterre garden and the thick clipped hedge, the parterres being arranged as jewels encased in surrounding ramparts of deep square-cut walls of hedge, one within another, with deep narrow lanes between; possibly this is rather exaggerated in the engraving. The effect would be very pretty, but the hedges must have kept the sun very much away from the flower-beds. Beyond the enclosure of the garden are shown avenues stretching away and intersecting each other, over an expanse of flat country—one of the few instances in which in these old illustrations we find any attempt shown to treat formally and artificially the part of the estate outside the garden fence.

Switzer, in his 'Ichnographia Rustica' (1718), gives a large plan of 'The Manor of Paston divided out and planted 'into rural gardens,' in which are introduced winding walks among shrubberies laid out in subordination to a regularly designed system of main lines, and he gives a plan of another still larger domain, laid out with a long canal as the backbone of the system, and avenues radiating from the head of it and crossed by others at oblique angles, forming

what the French call 'rond-points' at the intersection. But these have the appearance of being models or designs rather than representations of existing work.

Beeverell's '*Les Delices de la Grande Bretagne*' (Leyden, 1727) gives us further illustrations of the arrangement of gardens in connection with various mansions, and of the college gardens at Oxford and Cambridge; the variety of arrangement is considerable, but the materials are much the same; ornamental parterres of different patterns, clipped hedges, and ponds or canals. Frequently there is an open courtyard before the house, with gardens on either side of it, and it is observable that the favourite way of making the approach from the gate of the courtyard to the house-door is by a circular carriage drive, with a lawn in the centre, and a statue or fountain in the centre of the lawn—an arrangement which may be seen in front of Ham House, and which is both effective and convenient as a carriage approach, except for the rather sharp turn near the gate to get into the circle. Longleat had a straight causeway leading up to the door, with gardens on a lower level on either hand. The view of Melton Constable shows a long canal or fishpond stretching away in the rear, with square parterres on each hand, and a long avenue stretching away beyond—a kind of scheme which was carried out in a larger and more sumptuous manner by William III. at Hampton Court. The main lines of this latter are still left, though the parterre gardens are entirely transformed. As laid out under William III. the space in front of the palace consisted entirely of an assemblage of ornamental parterres, filled with 'embroidery,' with an inner semicircle accentuated at five points by fountain basins, the largest on the central axis, and the smaller ones at the sides, with radiating walks to the outer semicircle, and beyond that the long radiating avenues, of which the trees remain, though the walks are gone. In Queen Anne's time a great maze of square-clipped hedges had been formed at one side of the palace (as at Chevening), with a circular opening in the centre. The whole plan was formal enough, no doubt, but it was a sumptuous and palatial conception. Something of the same kind on an even more sumptuous scale had been shown, on paper at least, half a century before by Mollet in his '*Le Jardin de Plaisir*,' where he gives a plan for a palace garden. It is divided into large rectangular spaces by a series of walks at right angles, each walk bordered by a double line of trees. Four of these compartments are laid out as ornamental parterres;

six as open lawns with a statue in the centre, two as lakes with a fountain in the centre, four as plantations, the different arrangements being alternated and contrasted. Round three sides of the whole domain runs a great canal, expanding into a semicircular sweep on the side farthest from the mansion, and bordered all round by a quadruple avenue of trees. In Mollet's book we see in their most elaborate and artificial form the designs for ornamental 'broidery,' imitations of scroll work in the manner of Renaissance foliage ornament, and other such gauds.

The reign of these 'toys,' as Bacon called them,* was not to be for much longer. In 1736, according to the view and plan given in Mr. Law's 'History of Hampton Court,' the 'knots' had been sheared away from the garden, which was laid out only in triangles of plain grass lawn between the walks, and reduced to one fountain in the present central basin, the other four fountains being made away with, though the alternate clipped pyramids and rounded bushes still encircled the grass plots and extended along the long straight walks right and left. Possibly the well-known satire of Pope had assisted in despoiling the parterres. Pope was not without reason in his rhyme, yet it must be confessed that the garden portion of the Hampton Court grounds was now reduced to comparative commonplace. But the obliteration of these vanities was only the first hint of a coming change which was to sweep away a great deal more. The discovery was to be made that artificial gardening was all a mistake; that it was nature alone that was beautiful; that nature, on the one hand, was not regular or symmetrical, and therefore gardens should not be so; that nature, moreover, was especially beautiful in the contrast of hill and valley, rising ground and hollows, and that therefore, where the site did not present these, we must create them. One of the earliest distinct and definite statements of this principle is in the third volume of Switzer's '*Ichno-graphia Rustica*,' which we will quote at length, the rather because it is a favourable statement of this view, presented in language not without eloquence:—

* 'As for the making of knots, or figures, with divers coloured earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house on that side on which the garden stands, they be but toys; you may see as good sights many times in tarts.' (Essay 'Of Gardens'.) Thus it will be seen that Bacon, like Milton, kept an independent taste, and was not entirely carried away by the gardening fashions of his day.

‘For, supposing a Person should be possess’d of a Garden, thirty, forty, fifty, nay, as it is sometimes seen, of a hundred Acres of ground; the Beauty is soon discovered, and at the same time that that is, the Love of it too often vanishes, and when we come to add the Expense thereto, we soon find it a lothsome Burden on the Owner, whilst perhaps at the same time his Estate that lies contiguous to him, is as much neglected, when by spreading money more lightly at home, it might in a great measure be dress’d and improv’d and be made altogether as beautiful as the most elaborate Garden; besides the affording him a continual Profit and Employ. To confirm the Supposition; if his Grounds were handsomely divided by Avenues and Hedges; and if the little Walks and Paths that ought to run through and betwixt them, were made either of Gravel or Sand; and if there were Trees for Shades with little Walks and purling Streams, mix’d and incorporated one with another, what could be more diverting? And why, is not a level easy Walk of Gravel or Sand shaded over with Trees, and running thro’ a Corn Field or Pasture Ground, as pleasing as the largest Walk in the most magnificent Garden one can think of? And why, are not little Gardens and Basons of Water as useful and surprizing (and indeed why not more so) at some considerable distance from the Mansion House, as they are near it? Besides as these Hedge Rows, little natural Coppices, large Woods, Corn fields, etc., mixed one amongst another, are as delightful as the finest Garden; so they are much cheaper made, and still cheaper kept. And more than all, the careless and loose Tresses of Nature, that are easily mov’d by the least Breath of Wind, offer more to the Imagination than the most delicate Pyramid, or any of the longest and most elaborately clip’d Espaliers that it is possible to make; for, altho’ we don’t by this absolutely reject, in some few proper Places, something of that kind, yet why should that be thought such a Beauty, as to exclude things more natural? And why should not a judicious mixture and Incorporation, of one with the other quite thro’ a large Estate, be of more value, (viz.) as at or near the House, a little more exactitude is required: so after that view is over one would sometimes be passing thro’ little Padducks and Corn Fields, sometimes thro’ wild Coppices, and Gardens, and sometimes by purling Brooks and Streams, Places that are set off not by nice Art, but by luxury of Nature, a little guided in her Extravagancies by the Artists Hand, while sometimes it may not be improper unexpectedly to fall into a little correct, and elaborate Garden; but as those should not be too often so, they ought not to be too large. Again, why should we be at that great Expense of levelling of Hills, or filling up of Dales, when they are the Beauty of Nature? Why should we esteem nothing but large regular Walks, the only Characteristicks of a noble Seat? But, for diversity, should not rather mix therewith Serpentine Meanders; and instead of levelling Hills or filling up Dales, should think it more entertaining to be sometimes on the Precipice of a Hill viewing all round and under us, and at other times in a Bottom, viewing those goodly Hills and Theatres of Wood and Corn that are above us, and present themselves everywhere to our View? And if we have not such by Nature, to

create them by Art, by digging a Hole in one place, to make a Hill in another; and so to make the most level Country (which of all others is the least beautiful) as delightful as anything that Nature throws in our way or Art can create.'

It will be observed that here Switzer, though he drops into the admission that 'near the House a little more 'exactitude may be required,' loses sight of the real reason for this, the architectural element of the garden, and asks why little gardens and basins of water should not be as useful at a little distance from the house as near it; to which the answer is simply that in the middle of an informal landscape there is no proper excuse for such a creation, it is an intrusion out of keeping with its surroundings. The essential distinction, however, of the method suggested in the above quotation, as compared with the previous practice of gardening, consists in the obliteration of the marked boundary which separated the earlier artificial garden from the natural landscape beyond the boundary, and in the idea that picturesque landscape of a quasi-natural type was a thing which could be created artificially. Formerly all modification of the ground had lain in the direction of designing confessedly artificial effects; now we were to exercise our ingenuity in creating effects which were to pretend to be natural. There are limits within which something of this kind may be excusable or necessary, under special circumstances; but it is a principle essentially false, and to what preposterous conclusions it may conduct we shall see further on. It was not till towards the latter part of the century, however, that this view of landscape gardening had made such progress as to furnish Horace Walpole, the type of the elegant writer and superficial thinker, with matter for his brilliant, or rather smart, little essay before alluded to, in which an abundance of clever 'points' are made in favour of the new system; points so clever and so happily put that one is tempted sometimes to forget the false taste in art in admiration for the piquancy of the literary expression. Mr. Blomfield, indeed, is too stern an artistic moralist to give way to such a weakness. The sentence in which Walpole describes the abandonment by Kent of the marked line of demarcation between the artificial garden and the natural landscape—'He leaped the fence 'and saw that all nature was a garden'—Mr. Blomfield characterises as 'his masterpiece of claptrap;' but so brilliant a literary hit is in itself a form of art; besides, it is not without a certain degree of latent truth. If Walpole

had said nothing worse than that, one could afford to pardon him; nor can we quarrel, as Mr. Blomfield does, with his definition of the park as 'a contracted forest or an extended 'garden,' which, on the whole, is a fair expression of the truth. Nor is Walpole without reason when he observes, after quoting Sir William Temple's description of Moor Park gardens, with their balustrades and terraces and summerhouses ('the sweetest place,' says Temple, 'that I have seen in my life'), that 'any man might design and 'build as "sweet" a garden, who had been born in and 'never stirred out of Holbourn.' What does exasperate one with Walpole is that, with all this criticism on artificial taste in gardens, he is himself artificial in a far worse sense, and does not know it; artificial in his manner of writing as well as in his gardening tastes, of which we cannot have a more flagrant example than his encomium of Kent for his manner of treating artificial water:—

'Of all the beauties which he added to this beautiful country, none surpassed his management of water. Adieu to the canals, circular basins, and cascades tumbling down marble steps, that last absurd magnificence of Italian and French villas. The forced elevation of cataracts was no more. The gentle stream was taught to serpentine seemingly at its pleasure, and, where discontinued by different levels, its course appeared to be concealed by thickets properly interposed, and glittered again at a distance where it might be supposed naturally to arrive. Its borders were smoothed, but preserved their waving irregularity—a few trees scattered here and there on its edges sprinkled the same bank that accompanied its meanders; and when it disappeared among the hills, shades descending from the heights leaned towards its progress, and framed the distant point of light under which it was lost as it turned aside to either hand of the blue horizon.'

That the 'gentle stream' which was taught to 'serpentine' wanted the most essential beauty and characteristic of a stream—viz. the movement and flow of the water, and was in reality only a long pond wriggled in and out among artificially contrived trees and banks to mimic the course of a river, seems an objection not worth noting to Walpole's taste; and yet this is the same man who observes on another page that 'fountains have with great reason been banished 'from gardens as *unnatural*' (!) Walpole seems even to have been vexed at the idea that a man should be deprived of any trick of deception which his neighbour enjoyed.

'The ingenious author of the "Observations on Modern Gardening" *

is, I think, too rigid when he condemns some deceptions, because they have been too often used. If these deceptions, as a figured steeple of a distant church, or an unreal bridge to disguise the termination of water, were intended only to surprise, they were indeed tricks that would not bear repetition; but being intended to improve the landscape, are no more to be condemned because common than they would be if employed by a painter in a composition of a picture. Ought one man's garden to be deprived of a happy object because that object has been employed by another?'

There is something touching in this last appeal, coming from a man who has condemned a fountain as 'artificial,' but who craves to have his mimic church spire, so as not to be outdone by the neighbours! And while Walpole praised Kent for 'leaping the fence' and connecting the garden with the outer scenery by his introduction of the sunk fence, yet we soon find that it was not the natural scenery Walpole cared for; it was nothing to him unless medicated. 'Since we have been familiarised in the study of landscape,' he says, we hear less about 'fine open country.' 'An open country is but a canvass on which a landscape might be designed.'

This sublime declaration may be taken, perhaps, as a compact statement of the position taken up by the school of which Kent, Brown, and Repton are the distinguished names; but it would be doing great injustice to Repton to group him *sans phrase* with his two predecessors. He speaks, indeed, with great respect of Brown as the inventor of landscape gardening, but he was himself a far more enlightened and able man. Brown's one idea was to give 'extent;' to set the house (as Repton observes) in the middle of a bare grass field, and leave an open park beyond studded with 'clumps' of trees. Uvedale Price, in an amusing passage in his work on 'The Picturesque,' proposes that Walpole should get a painter to improve one of Claude's landscapes into what Claude might have made it 'had he had the advantage of seeing the works of Mr. Brown,' and proceeds to describe how the painter would clear out the masses of trees, introduce 'clumps,' pare down the irregular river banks, and whiten the distant buildings to bring them out properly. But Repton was no such raw butcher of landscape as this. To begin with, whether his principles were right or wrong, he understood his business thoroughly at every point, and his works give constant evidence of his keen observation and practical resource. He studies and figures the sections of his ground scientifically, noting the effect of

contour on outward appearances; he notes that a river is never the same width for long, because the water-line is defined by irregular contours of land,* and recommends this point to the contrivers of artificial rivers; he illustrates the unsuitability of a high boundary wall to a house on a high situation, where it nullifies the advantage of prospect; he notes the false taste of double lodges to an entrance, to give a pretended dignity to what is only a gatekeeper's residence, observing that it is the entrance gate itself which should partake of the character of the mansion, not the house of the man who opens it; he has an eye to fifty points of this kind, and nearly always has a logical reason for his method of dealing with them. He disclaimed being a follower of either Le Nôtre or Brown; he would take what was good in either system, according to the circumstances and situation; and Mr. Blomfield,† who, in his plea for the 'Formal Garden,' contents himself, as far as we have observed, with a single contemptuous reference to Repton, would have found, if he had paid special attention to him, instead of carelessly bracketing him along with others as a heathen man, that Repton is entirely in accordance with him as to the beauty and suitability of formal gardens in connexion with the house, and the æsthetic necessity of marking them off definitely from the park land outside. Repton refers to this subject several times, observing that a house is an artificial object, and that to a certain extent around the house art may be avowed;‡ that 'the gardens near a house may be considered as so many different apartments belonging to its state, its comfort, or its pleasure;§ and he pursues this idea at greater length in the following passage from another of his publications: ||—

'I cannot too strongly recommend a due attention to the following circumstances, which will be deemed innovations in the modern system, by those who contend that landscape forms the basis of landscape gardening—viz. first, to reduce the size of the pleasure ground, as it is

* There are exceptions to this where, in soft land, a river has cut itself a channel between vertical banks, as in the Avon between Bath and Bristol, much of which looks like a canal.

† For convenience, we refer to the book as Mr. Blomfield's, as the literary matter is apparently entirely his, Mr. Thomas's joint authorship being confined to furnishing the charming sketches with which the volume is illustrated.

‡ Observations on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening.

§ An Enquiry into the Changes of Taste in Gardening.

|| Designs for the Pavillon (*sic*) at Brighton.

called, within such limits that it may be kept with the utmost artificial neatness. Secondly, not to aim even at the appearance of extent in garden scenery, *without marking its artificial boundary, or separation, from the natural landscape.* Thirdly, when the dressed grounds form part of the view from the windows, especially those of the principal rooms, let it be artificial in its keeping and in its embellishments; let it rather appear to be the rich frame of the landscape than a part of the picture. Fourthly, whether the dressed garden be seen from the windows, or in a detached situation, let it be near the house, and if possible connected with it by a sheltered, if not a covered way. And lastly, as the winter of England extends from November to May, it is highly desirable to provide a garden for those months, and thereby artificially to prolong our summers beyond the natural limits of our precarious climate.

‘In the summer every field is a garden; but in the winter, our open gardens are bleak, dreary, unsheltered fields. Where the walks are extended to the lengths that too commonly prevail, we find that no one uses them except the nursemaid and children, who are compelled to do so, or the unfortunate visitor who is not less compelled to walk round the place on the first day of his visit, and who ever afterwards makes his escape into the neighbouring lanes or enclosures to enjoy the country; while in the artificial garden, richly clothed with flowers and decorated with seats and works of art, we saunter or repose ourselves, without regretting the want of extent any more than while we are in the saloon, the library, or the gallery of the mansion.’

It is true that Repton, in drawing the distinction between the new and the old method, mentions especially the employment in the latter of boundary walls, which are so far from being concealed that they are made a special feature. He would not have approved of this, and his generation would not; his idea was to construct fences so that they might be effective barriers, without obstructing the view (he gives sections of fences to show how this may be done); but he evidently contemplated a direct and visible demarcation between the garden and the ‘natural’ landscape; and his remark elsewhere—‘That the boundary fence of a place ‘should be concealed from the house, is among the few ‘general principles admitted in modern gardening’—refers, with him, to the ultimate boundary of the estate, not to that of the house garden. Repton would no more have carried formal work out into the park beyond—as at Hampton Court and in Switzer’s plans—than would his critic Mr. Blomfield (whether they are right or wrong in this will be considered presently); the only distinction is that Repton would have treated the ‘natural’ scenery, but so as to give it, he averred, the semblance of being natural. Here came in his art of landscape gardening.

In his 'Sketches and Hints' Repton defines the objects of landscape gardening to be to display the natural beauties and hide the natural defects of the situation; to give the appearance of extent by hiding the boundaries; to conceal every indication of art; and to remove or keep out of sight all objects of mere utility which cannot be rendered ornamental. In its most general and obvious meaning, there is not much objection to be made to this programme; it is clear that to form a park out of an enclosed tract of country a good deal of alteration must be made in removing hedges, and often in planting or replanting trees; and if this planting is not done in a formal and symmetrical manner, then it must have more or less the appearance of being natural landscape. In some of his efforts there is no question that Repton was highly successful in a perfectly legitimate manner. In the large edition of his principal work he introduced chromolithographs with moveable slips of foreground or middle distance, so as to show the place as it was before and after his operations; and his very first example—the grounds of 'The Fort' House, near Bristol—completely justifies him, in that case at all events. This was a house standing in a small park, through which a public footpath went, and beyond which, on the right, were seen some rows of common street houses; by altering the section of the park ground to a slight concave, raising the outer edge and making a sunk fence there to hide the public path, and planting large trees to shut out the street houses, a bare and forlorn-looking domain was transformed into a retired and pleasant little park. Some of his other transformations are equally obvious improvements. In other cases, certainly, the improvement is only obvious to the sophisticated eye of the landscape gardener, who, as Uvedale Price says, is like a picture-restorer, always looking out for something to clean and polish. As to his destruction of avenues, for which he has done penance in the pages of Jane Austen, Repton was not without good reasons for his practice. As an artificial arrangement of trees, an avenue was necessarily at variance with his desire for an appearance of natural scenery; the line of it cut a park in two and hid the landscape beyond, and experiment (he said) would show that the effect of an avenue might be perfectly preserved to anyone looking along the vista, even if many breaks were made in it by a partial removal of the trees. This, also, is true. Nevertheless doth the present deponent aver that, were it his happiness to possess an old house with a complete avenue of trees as an approach, all

the landscape gardeners in the world should not persuade him to make a break in the avenue. Repton had the excuse that, going from estate to estate in his professional campaign, he found avenues everywhere, and not unnaturally thought the prospect monotonous; perhaps, too, we may find another explanation in his naïve remark that 'it is a fortunate circumstance for the possessor where the improvement can be made rather by cutting down than by planting trees—the effect is instantly produced.' The small detached groups of large trees in a double line, sometimes found in parks, or on sites which have been parks, show where Repton has been; they are what he has left of the avenues.

In many points Repton was in advance both of his contemporaries and successors in the craft. He is above the devices of planting various coloured trees to produce in-and-out effects, and recommends massing trees of the same species together (following the order of nature). Some of his axioms and 'objections' are full of good sense—e.g. 'An approach which does not evidently lead to the house, or which does not take the shortest course, cannot be right.' His remark that in regard to the landscape-gardener's work there are only two styles of architecture, the 'horizontal' and the 'vertical,' is an admirable generalisation, showing a clear perception of the relation of architecture to landscape, and he is quite correct in his view that the horizontal style requires, for its best effect, association with thin spire-like trees, and vertical architecture with rounded masses of foliage. In spite of an unhappy passage in an early (anonymous) edition of his 'Observations,' on the picturesque suggestions of a stone bridge with part of the arches broken away, he seems in his more matured thoughts to have been quite sound on the subject of sham structures, which is creditable, considering that such men as Robert Adam and other eminent architectural authorities had published deliberate designs for 'ruined bridges,'* and that such a really refined writer as Gilpin† could deliberately recommend the placing of a ruined aqueduct among trees, observing that, though the Romans did not allow trees near an 'aqueduct' lest they

* See 'Works in Architecture,' by R. and J. Adam (1773-79).

† Author of 'Scenery of the New Forest' (1791), a delightful book illustrated by fine and powerful lithographs printed in two or three tones. It has been republished lately in what may be called a skinned form, on poor thin paper and with weak outline illustrations—a laughing-stock to those who knew the old book.

should penetrate and spoil the masonry, 'there could be no 'impropriety in the introduction of a ruined aquaduct in a 'woody scene, as trees of any magnitude may be supposed 'to have grown up, since it had fallen to decay.' It is significant, however, that while Repton could see the absurdity of sham structures, he could not see the falsity of sham rivers. In his 'Objections' he says—

'Deception may be allowable in imitating the works of Nature; thus artificial rivers, lakes, and rock scenery, can only be great by deception, and the mind acquiesces in the fraud after it is detected; but in works of Art every trick ought to be avoided. Sham churches, sham ruins, sham bridges, and everything which appears to be what it is not, disgusts when the trick is discovered.'

In his curious belief that the mind 'acquiesces in the 'fraud' by which an artificial piece of water is made to simulate a river, Repton only expressed the general feeling of his own day; but even in his own day Uvedale Price was against him, and asserts roundly that 'neither propriety 'nor beauty can arise from it unless the heads or extremities of it are perfectly well managed and concealed; and, 'after all, the success is hazardous; you must always 'suppose it a portion of a larger piece of water, and it is not 'easy to carry on the imposition.' Everyone nowadays (except a landscape gardener) must feel that Price is entirely in the right here. But after all criticism has been passed upon Repton, so much remains to his credit in the way of knowledge, ability, and common sense, that one cannot but echo the conclusion expressed by Mr. Sedding, 'The best advice one can give to a young gardener is— 'know your Repton.'

To come now to the modern books on our list, we find in Mr. Milner's 'Art and Practice of Landscape Gardening' a re-statement of the theory of the 'art' as practised by the landscape-gardening school. Mr. Milner is in the unfortunate position of an author putting forth seriously and carefully a treatise recommending a view of his subject which is rapidly passing out of favour, and into which he certainly will not be able to infuse new life. On the purely practical part of his work he is a competent and experienced authority, and his advice as to horticulture and as to the practical formation of the ground for terraces, lakes, and other such requirements, gives a value to these portions of his book. His mistake is in supposing himself an artist, and in aiming at fine writing (which Repton never did), at which he is a very poor hand indeed, as witness the very first sentence of his book:—

'To define the province of an art must always be an opinative endeavour, since conceptions of beauty are varied and ever varying, and the means whereby art can express what is beautiful appeal—with their fascination or their fuller force of conviction—rather in the measure of the recipient's application than of the giver's power.'

It will not be surprising to find after this that the author is not always safe even in his grammar, as, for instance, 'the ending of a river scene should be hidden, like parts of a lake should be.' However, the art of landscape gardening is more intelligibly if vaguely defined on the succeeding page as 'the taking true cognizance of Nature's means for the expression of beauty, and so disposing those means artistically as to co-operate for our delight in given conditions.' In other words, we presume, we are to make up our minds what it is that we admire in nature, and proceed to produce the same effects artificially. There is a suggestion of failure in advance in such a proposition. As Mr. Blomfield observes, 'Anyone who loves natural scenery will want the real thing; he will hardly be content to sit in his rockery and fancy himself among the mountains,' and though it is perhaps hardly fair to take a rockery as the adequate representation of the landscape-gardener's ambition, nevertheless, even in the larger project of the arrangement of artificial glades and plantations and water to look as if they were natural, the sense that it is a made thing will rarely be absent; the trail of the serpent will be in this Eden. But let us see how Mr. Milner proceeds to dispose nature's means artistically so as 'to co-operate for our delight.' To begin with, the walks are all to be laid out in sinuous broken-backed curves, because nature, as a rule, does not fall into straight lines or geometrical curves. Nor, we may add, does nature contrive to plant little clumps of bushes on the concave sides of such curved walks, so that the twist of the walk may appear to have been forced upon it in order to elude these obstacles. But that is part of the landscape-gardener's art. Wriggle your walks into all kinds of unnecessary and unmeaning curves, and then contrive plantations or rockeries at certain points afterwards to give an excuse for the curves. Really we must say that we can hardly imagine a more puerile employment. 'The eye seeks to estimate distant features, and insensibly gains a standard of measurement from intervening objects. . . . The idea of spaciousness can be artificially promoted, particularly by the breaking of continuous lines and hard boundary lines, and providing various objects for the eye.'

‘to count just outside the line of sight.’ This last is a well-known resource in the painting of architectural compositions, but does nature provide for us in that way, or can any such provision appear natural? ‘Trees and high banks ‘on the edge of water diminish its extent when seen from ‘the opposite bank, and make it dull.’ Do they? Is not such an effect, with foliage close on the water, and its reflections, one of the great charms of lake scenery? This is hardly ‘taking true cognizance of Nature’s means for ‘the expression of beauty.’ Trees and shrubs should clothe the hill tops and slopes in masses of irregular outline. ‘A ‘skyline of trees should not be continuous, but should be ‘broken’; and on another page we read—

‘If the foliage were so disposed that formality intruded here, regularity in the height of the trees, similarity, and an appearance of massiveness in the leafy clothing of the hill side, how wasteful an opportunity for beauty of effect the planting would appear! When such a regularity in foliage is found, it should be our object to break up its apparent surface, we should never create it.’

It would seem that the author has been so occupied with his wretched receipts for creating picturesque effects that he has forgotten not only to look at nature, but even to remember the conditions under which natural growths are produced. Mr. Ruskin has drawn attention to the fact that the outline of trees usually approaches a curve, having its line nearly equidistant from the point of parting of the main branches; naturally, because the tree has vital force enough to push its twigs to a certain extent in every direction, and no further, and unless it is influenced by some special circumstances, such as prevalent keen winds forcing it in one direction, the average growth will be about the same in every part. Similarly, in a plantation of trees of one kind (and the tendency of nature is to grow groups of the same trees on one site, not to mix them) growing under the same conditions of soil and light, the tendency will be for the trees to grow to about the same height, like conditions producing like results.* Most people who love natural

* This is the case even where trees are not of the same class, in a plantation left to natural conditions: each tree seeks a general level for skylight and sunlight. We once noticed a curious instance of this in the case of a birch tree which grew from near the bottom of a very steep-sided dell, the upper portions of which were thickly covered with trees. The birch, in its struggle for light, had shot up a bare thin trunk to a great height, and only began to branch and bud when at such a height that its usual proportion of branch growth would bring it to the average level of the other trees.

scenery find, we believe, something very beautiful in the mass and contour of a thickly wooded hill. But it does not suit the landscape gardener. He must have a single tree towering above the rest, to break the line. We presume that on the same principle Mr. Milner would wish to graft some longer branches on a tree of ordinary growth, in order to break its comparatively regular outline: the proceeding would be just as logical as that which he recommends with the plantations. And this is 'taking cognisance of Nature's 'means'!

Mr. Milner is as amusing by water as he is by land. He rises here to his best poetry of style—'dimpled streams,' 'brawling brooks,' lakes 'glittering in the cool moonlight,' or 'pulsing and beating the shore,' and other such flowers of literary expression, dance along his pages. 'Water adapts itself to its superficial environment, and expresses its beauty with infinity of conditions. In utilising them, we should imitate the spirit of beauty in Nature's operations, but not distort her effects;' which we find means that we should not introduce imitations of rushing streams in a flat country, or 'in a mountainous district work in 'simulation of a broad sleepily flowing river.' We hope here be truths. It is needless to say that the landscape gardener's river is only a lake in another form; the living flow which is the great charm of the river cannot be created. The only difference is between a long twisty lake and a short wide lake. In both it is one of his great aims to prevent you seeing all the water at once, to make his river disappear round a corner, in the vain hope of persuading the spectator of its unlimited length. 'Bridges may, of course, be introduced for utility, but they may also be contrived to excite the impression of length and extent of the watercourse by conveying the impression of the impossibility of going round or crossing it by other means' (!) 'It is indispensable that portions of the lake and its shore be hidden from the spectator at other points on its margin;' and accordingly we have an illustration of the threadbare trick of little promontories, with trees on them, thrust out into the water, and we are told that 'a bay suggests, with more or less appositiveness, the idea that here was the line of torrent at the supposed natural formation of the lake, where the land was by such means denuded of trees;' and for this reason, apparently, views from the house should be directed towards such bays, in order, we suppose, to stimulate the geological imagination of the spectator. So, in making a rock for

a 'natural' waterfall, 'a fault may be made in the strata; and it is well, in constructing rockwork, to inspect and copy some natural formation of the kind.' In the same vein we are told that 'when a distinct hollow is apparent between two clumps of trees, it is sometimes effective to plant the sides of each group next the hollow with trees of a similar kind, so as to create or suggest the idea that the groups have been separated by the cause that made the hollow.' That anyone should entertain such puerile ideas in his own mind is pitiful enough, but that he should deliberately sit down and write out for the public the way the trick is done, with an idea that it will bring him credit, is a fatuity that would be almost impossible to believe if we did not see it in print. Mr. Milner's ideas about garden architecture are on a par with his notions of scenic effect. He works the old worn-out trick of 'rustic' designs for bridges, boat-houses, &c., and when he gets out of rusticity, in designs for terraces and fountains, he has nothing to suggest but the merest commonplace things, which look as if they were taken out of a speculating builder's pattern-book.

It is a relief to turn from this tradesman's art to the two other books on our list, in which a real perception of art is combined with that literary sense which can be eloquent without descending to fine writing. The late Mr. Sedding's essay, it must be admitted, is rather a prose poem in praise of gardens than a serious and logical treatment of the subject. It appears to have been put together in a hurry, has no regular plan, and it must be admitted that it 'proves nothing;' but it contains pleasant fancies and apt quotations from English authors of all schools, and affords delightful bits of desultory reading for all lovers of gardens. It is hardly worth while to try to analyse where the author has attempted no sort of analysis; we may content ourselves with commending it to the reader as a book full of a kind of artless and spontaneous literary charm, and lit by a bright spirit of enjoyment of all that is beautiful.

Mr. Blomfield's book stands on a very different pedestal. Admirably written throughout, in a literary sense, it is one of a type of publication to be regarded with special respect—viz. a small book embodying the results of a great deal of study. It is completely logical and consecutive in its arrangement. Essentially, it is a treatise in favour of formal gardening as opposed to landscape gardening, starting with a discussion of the principles of the subject, going

at some length into the history and characteristics of the old formal garden in England, and concluding with a recommendation to the present generation to go and do likewise, 'not for archæology, not for ostentation,' but because this form of garden gives real pleasure and delight; 'the best English tradition has always been on the side of refinement and reserve.' The statement of the principles which the author wishes to recommend is, however, a good deal combined with his historical sketch; practical teachings are evolved from the subject *en route*. He, of course, comes down heavily on the landscape gardener; 'our landscape gardeners take themselves too seriously; as the late Charles Blanc pointed out, their pretensions to be natural have landed them in the worst of all vices, "le faux naturel;"' and as to the question of nature, 'so far as that goes, it is no more unnatural to clip a yew tree than to cut grass.' There may be a query to that; the point was worth suggesting, but short grass is a natural condition in many situations (as on the rolling slopes of the Sussex downs), while trees growing in a formal shape are certainly never found under natural conditions; and, after all, as the author is arguing that the formal garden is in place as an artificial creation, because it is in direct relation with the artificial architecture of the house, it was hardly worth while to defend the naturalness of the garden treatment. On the other hand, it is perfectly true that there is nothing more 'natural,' properly speaking, in artificial-made rockery than in the formation of a grass bank in the shape of a 'horseshoe.' The rockery is always palpably a sham; it deceives no one, and, in fact, it loses both the qualities of nature and of art; it is not like nature, and it has not the formative and creative quality of art, and this dilemma runs through the whole category of the landscape gardener's devices.

In a passage in the third chapter, containing the history of the formal garden, Mr. Blomfield suggests, and we have no doubt rightly, that until the appearance of Capability Brown, the architect, 'or rather, the architect-builder, as he 'usually was,' designed the grounds as well as the house; that Du Cerceau, in his 'Les plus Excellents Bastiments,' gives as much attention to the gardens as to the palaces, while in all the books of seventeenth-century illustrations (to the middle of the eighteenth century, we might add) house and grounds are shown as a whole; the thing was one con-

ception. To these illustrations of old mansions and their grounds reference has already been made.

The chapter on 'Courts, Terraces, and Walks' (matters which even the landscape gardener may admit to be within the proper province of the architect) is very good, and should be read by all those who have houses to build or rearrange. A page of examples of forecourts, plans reduced to a very small scale, is given, and offers a great deal of suggestion in a small compass. Especially does Mr. Blomfield lament the disappearance of the old approach to Longleat, to the illustration of which we have already made a passing reference:—


'The outer court was only separated from the park by a fence, with a wrought-iron gateway leading to the forecourt proper. A broad flagged causeway led from the gates to the front door, with flights of fifteen steps leading to a lower terrace on either side in front of the house. The sides of this causeway were formed apparently with grass slopes; on either side of it were grass lawns at a lower level than the terrace, with circular basins and fountains in the centre. The effect of such an arrangement must have been quite magnificent. The whole of it was swept away by Capability Brown; and the utter insignificance of the present approach shows the full capacity for mischief of the landscape system.'

In fact, the approaches in such cases were designed by the same mind, either that of the noble owner or his architect (for it is an open question whether the great Elizabethan and Jacobean mansions of England were not often designed by their owners rather than by the person who would now be called the architect), who designed the house, and formed a fitting framework to it. In modern days we are reduced to the taste of the gardener, with his 'carriage drive and 'rhododendron bed.'

In his chapter on 'Knots, Parterres,' &c., the author rather lets his archæology get the better of his taste. Agreeing with him fully as to the ugly form of most modern flower-beds, we cannot see that the making of coats of arms and mottoes in parterres was in any better taste, or the lines of borders worked to look as if they interpenetrated, or the formation of artificial 'mounts' in the gardens, a feature which Mr. Blomfield would probably have scoffed at if a modern landscape gardener had done it. Neither can we see the use of introducing illustrations of old devices for clipping hedges and trees into shapes of battlements, adorned with birds and ships, &c.; these are interesting as curiosities of old-fashioned gardening, and should on that account be kept

up where they already exist, but to our thinking they are as bad and false in taste as any of the sins of the landscape gardener; and if the author does not, perhaps, intend to recommend their revival, nine-tenths of his readers will think he does, for he conveys no warning against them, except for a general remark at the close of the chapter, to the effect that 'over-elaboration and incapacity for self-suppression were the vices which wrecked the formal gardener.' The chapter on 'Garden Architecture' we are altogether in sympathy with, and it is charmingly illustrated; among other points the author draws attention to the suitability of lead as a material for statues and vases for open-air situations, which resists the weather well, and turns in time to a delicate silvery grey. We agree with him that marble is unsuited for open-air statues in this climate; it requires a kindly climate and bright sunshine, otherwise it has a forlorn and starved effect; and bronze is rather *prononcé* for garden surroundings. Mr. Blomfield recommends stone in preference to marble for statues; but these also get green and unhappy after a winter or two, and become, in Bacon's words, 'nothing to the true pleasure of a garden.' Mr. Blomfield does not forget the sundial, the most suitable (since it must necessarily stand in the open air), the most suggestive and poetic, of all quasi-architectural garden ornaments. Illustrations of some examples are given, but we love not the intricate puzzle-dials common in Scotland, chopped into many facets; they are not decorative in effect; the simple flat dial and single gnomon is in far better taste, and has more of the sentiment of repose which one looks for in a garden.

Mr. Blomfield's book is one which ought to have a distinct influence in promoting a perception of the beauty and suitability of formal gardens in immediate connexion with the house, and in discrediting the commonplace and meaningless methods of the average modern gardener. He shows that the formal garden is in place, not only in connexion with large mansions, where there is much wealth available to spend in the sumptuous laying out of such gardens, but in connection also with dwellings on a smaller scale, and where the owner's means are more restricted. By the planning of a formal garden, beside or behind the house, and a well laid-out forecourt in front, in direct relation to the plan and architecture of the house, a small house is raised and dignified in character; the house forms part of one design with the gardens, its importance and apparent

extent are magnified, yet in a manner quite apart from mere ostentation, and the garden becomes, as Repton says, another apartment, or set of apartments, added to the house. There could be no better example of this dignified treatment of a small house than in the view of Ambrosden given by Kennett,* which we had noted for special reference, but which we find Mr. Blomfield has also included in his illustrations, in a smaller reproduction from the old print. Here we have a simple two-storied house of moderate size, planned in the shape , with the roof returned all round at the same height to form gables at the ends of the wings, the front entrance at the centre of the recessed portion, and windows evenly spaced at each side of it. Nothing breaks the continuous line of the eaves round the three faces; the whole is perfectly simple and unpretending, but assumes a dignity of appearance almost entirely owing to the treatment of the grounds in front of it. A square space equal to the whole length across the wings, from one outer angle to the other, is enclosed by two tolerably high walls running down to the roadway, with a palisaded fence on a dwarf wall along the front of the space, and a large gate and gate piers in the centre. This square is laid out with a broad walk up the centre from the gate, with a level lawn on either hand, and a narrower walk running round the whole. The space embraced between the two wings is separated from this outer court by an Italian balustrade connecting the inner angles of the wings, with urns over the piers, and leaving an opening in the centre corresponding with the width of the broad central walk of the forecourt, but with no gate. Two steps at this opening give access to the inner court on a slightly higher level, the line of the centre walk being continued up to the front door, and a lawn again on either side of it. Nothing can be simpler and less ostentatious; there are not even any ornamental parterres; yet by this addition a building which might otherwise look only like a large farmhouse is raised to the dignified and quasi-monumental aspect of a gentleman's country residence. This is one of the most significant and instructive of all the illustrations given in Mr. Blomfield's book. On the other hand, some of the illustrations, as well as some portions of the literary matter, are somewhat too archæological in their tendency, for a book which seems

* *Antiquities of Ambrosden and other places in Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire, 1715.*

intended as a guide for modern work. The old garden at Levens Hall, for example, which both Mr. Sedding and Mr. Blomfield have adopted as an illustration, with its shrubs cut into a variety of clumsy and ugly artificial shapes, is much more likely to repel than to attract any but a determined garden antiquary. Mr. Blomfield's admission that 'there is something a little childish about it' is far too mild a criticism. The weak part of the book, in fact, is the absence of any sufficiently clear statement as to what is possible and desirable with the formal garden in the present day; there is too much of the spirit of a revival about it, as if everything were to be admired and accepted which belonged to what we quite agree was the best period of English gardening, but which had its faults of taste like most other periods. Our aim should be to revive the principle and spirit of the formal garden, avoiding its eccentricities and conceits, and considering what new elements we can introduce into it; and if Mr. Blomfield's book reaches, as is very likely, a second edition, he may much increase its value by adding a chapter going more fully into the question of what should be done in the modern garden, instead of leaving the reader with the impression that he has only to follow ancient precedents. To suggest only one point, it may be questioned whether the employment of formally clipped trees is really essential to a formally planned garden in a climate like ours. We admit fully the charm of the effect under a bright summer sun, but how about its appearance in winter, and in a cold rainy spring? And this is only one of various points which require consideration. Let us adopt, and (if we can) improve the formal garden, not merely revive it.

That done, there still remains the question what to do with the park (where it exists) outside the limit of the formal garden. Considering how mercilessly Mr. Blomfield criticises the landscape gardener, it was rather to be looked for at his hands, though his main subject is formal gardens on the small scale, that he should suggest on what principle he would have the outer park treated. On this head he seems only to have negatives to offer. He will not have the landscape-gardener's foolish cooked effects pretending to be natural: nor will we. But, in referring to the great system of exterior avenues in Kip's view of Badminton, while admitting their probably fine effect, and praising them for the absence of any affectation of being the work of nature, he gives this praise grudgingly, and calls it 'a failure in that

‘ strictly logical system which separated the garden from the ‘ park and left the latter to take care of itself.’ We are not so sure about the logic; but, at any rate, let it be remembered that a park has to be *made*, in some fashion; it does not cut itself naturally out of a cultivated and enclosed country; and the critic may reasonably be asked what he proposes to do with it. Where there is a stately mansion, a large domain, and a large fortune (the latter condition being a *sine quâ non*), we have no sort of doubt that the principle of a formal laying out of the park on a grand scale, as in the Badminton instance just referred to, and as was done at Hampton Court, with avenues, centre points, and artificially treated water, is the very finest thing that can be done with the ground; and the complaint that it does not contrast properly with the formal garden is a mere *doctrinaire* objection; it contrasts sufficiently—it is formality on a grander scale and in a different sense; the argument for it is the same as that which Mr. Blomfield himself employs for the formal garden as against the landscape gardener’s rockeries; the prince or millionaire who can afford to lay out his park thus can afford to travel for his natural scenery; in his park he wants artificial stateliness on a great scale. Where this cannot be afforded, or where the more modest pretensions of the habitation would not justify it, we believe that (except in the melancholy business of the sham lakes and bridges) there is really no better guide than Repton. It will probably, in most cases, be necessary to plant up some parts of the ground artificially, possibly to clear others; it is necessary to consider where planting is wanted and where clearing is wanted, but to carry out this in as broad and simple a manner as possible, with no concealment of the fact, and with none of those devices of varying the tones of the foliage to produce light and shade, and other like trickeries, in which the modern landscape gardener is so fertile and futile. Alter nature as far as necessary, but leave her still—nature; and trust your woods and lawns to make their own lights and shadows.

The symmetrical treatment of the park, however, where possible, has the additional advantage of simplifying the difficult point of the treatment of artificial water. Where the park is symmetrical, the water can be treated in symmetrical basins or canals forming part of the general design. With the park left as natural scenery, it is, no doubt, somewhat difficult to treat the lake artificially. As Repton very sensibly says, ‘ While I should condemn a long straight

‘water in an open park, where everything else is natural, I should equally object to a meandering canal by the side of a long straight wall, where everything else is artificial.’ The actual size of the water is an element in the problem. Where it is of such extent as really to merit the title of a ‘lake,’ it should be frankly left as such, whether it was an original natural feature or has been artificially collected into a valley. There should be no useless bridges, no attempts to conceal the extremities so as to induce the spectator to imagine it more extensive than it is. But where the extent of water can only be small, the natural treatment reduces it to the level of a ‘pond.’ It is then far better treated in an artificial form—a long canal or a circular basin. To give some support to this artificial treatment, it may be centralised with the axis of the house, leaving an open lawn or glade between the two; or it may be architecturalised by the introduction of an architectural feature, a pavilion at the head of a canal, or a fountain or monument in the centre of a circular basin. At the worst, if the water seems too artificial for the scenery, we have the answer given by the Frenchman to Sir Uvedale Price, when the latter was remarking to a friend on the ‘too dressed and artificial appearance’ of the water in a picture of Claude’s—‘*Cependant, monsieur, on pourrait y donner une si belle fête!*’

On the subject of garden and park architecture, so miserably misunderstood in general, it may be observed that all attempts to ‘harmonise’ such architecture with the scenery of a naturally laid-out park, by treating it in what is called a ‘rustic’ manner, are follies unworthy the name of architecture, and that there is no more certain evidence of a vitiated and vulgar taste. Architecture is an essentially artificial creation, and the bridge, summer-house, or shelter, should be treated as architectural design in the true sense of the term, an object framed in by and contrasting with nature, not pretending to blend with it. In the case of formal gardens and parks the architecture should, of course, appear to form part of the whole design; in the case of an informal park (for we are agreed that all gardens should be formal), it is well to connect any architectural erection, if possible, with some partially formal feature in the ground, with a broad walk, or (as above) with artificial water, so as to let it appear as designed for the situation. Park architecture has not received the attention it deserves, partly because it has been too often left to be supplied from the pattern-book designs of the landscape gardener. Rightly regarded, it affords a

special opportunity for the display of graceful and refined fancy in architectural design, since it deals with a class of structures which are little restricted by utilitarian considerations, and in which the architect is at liberty to consider beauty as the main object and justification of his work.

Above all, if it is desired that the best should be made of the artistic treatment of the garden and park scenery, and that such treatment should become an object of real and living interest, we must get rid of any submission to the dictates of mere fashion. Here, as in some other points, Repton showed himself superior to his generation, and has a hint for us, which we may well take to heart. In defending himself for having retained a formal terrace which, according to the reigning taste of the day, should have been removed, he says, 'Although it is a remnant of the geometric gardening of the last century, yet it is an object of such comfort and convenience, that it would be unpardonable to destroy it, for no other reason than because the straight walk is out of fashion; this would be acknowledging (what I protest against) that the art of landscape gardening ought to be under the dominion of fashion.' And if the revival of formal gardening is undertaken merely as a fashion, the arbitrary adoption of the taste of a former period, it can have no other fate than has attended the revival of Gothic architecture—to be pursued until all the copying has been done, that could be done, and then to be abandoned in favour of another fashion, leaving only a collection of sham eighteenth-century gardens as its record.

ART. VIII.—*Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse de Gontaut, Gouvernante des Enfants de France pendant la Restauration. 1773-1836. 8vo. Paris: 1892.*

THE existence of the Memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontaut has long been one of the open secrets of French society. Copies of her manuscripts have circulated from time to time in the hands of her friends, and quite lately the industrious M. Imbert de Saint-Amand was allowed access to a document really indispensable for the historian of the Duchesse de Berry. The extracts published by him served but to whet the appetite of all who had not been able to judge of Madame de Gontaut for themselves, and the publication of her book has given great pleasure. It has done so in France, in a country rich beyond others in this delightful form of literature, in family papers and historical documents of the deepest interest. Nor will the book be without attraction for English readers. Notices are to be found in it of the Duke of Wellington, of Mr. Pitt, of the Duke of Portland, and of the families of Villiers and Greville; while the writer twice spent some months in Edinburgh, and in the society of which Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe have left such attractive records.

We think the present moment well timed for the appearance of this charming autobiography. The manuscript is the joint property of the Duc de Rohan and of the Comte de Bourbon-Busset, who represent the families of the two daughters of the Duchesse de Gontaut. It is on their joint action, and with their permission, that the book now sees the light. To have published it sooner—that is to say, so long as Henri V. lived, as any hope of ‘fusion’ between the two branches of the royal House of France mocked loyal eyes with a perpetual mirage, might have been injudicious. It could but have served to widen the breach between the Legitimist party, designated by its enemies as *les blancs d’Espagne*, and the supporters of the Orleans dynasty. On the other hand, to have delayed its appearance much longer would have been to run the risk of a chilly welcome for a book of which the interest is personal as well as historical.

Madame de Gontaut has been dead for many years, and dead, too, are all the personages of the first rank in that gigantic drama, with which the eighteenth century closed. After their passion and their day dreams, their fever and

their chills, they all sleep well. But it is a truism to declare that total extinction does not come with the actual closing of a coffin-lid. Not only do the good and the evil deeds of a man live after him, but his personality does not perish at the moment of his funeral. Death has still something left to destroy. In truth, we die many times. The old-world imprecation, 'Let his memory perish,' expresses admirably the fact that a secondary existence is generally secured to us through the faithfulness of other men's recollection. So long as any child survives to mourn for us, so long as our name can evoke a distinct image in any human mind, so long as anyone can recognise our portrait, our handwriting, or our *tour de phrase*, we have not absolutely left the world. Obliteration only comes with the passing away of our generation, and it is the coming in of the new generation that inevitably and remorselessly brings about the last of our successive and partial annihilations.

Now annihilation is not yet by any means the case with the Duchesse de Gontaut. Both her daughters have left descendants bearing the proudest names in France and Austria, and they are glad to remember her worth. Packets of her letters are preserved, not only in French but in English charter-rooms (as, for example, in the case of the Marquis of Bristol, at Ickworth), while in all the country houses round Edinburgh legends still linger about the governess of Henri V. For these reasons we propose to review at some length the autobiography of the Duchesse de Gontaut.

There is a rage in France at the present moment for the *inédit*, and no other literature can compare with that of France in the number of documents which are yearly exhumed for the benefit of the public. This appetite is a feature in French society. Does it take its rise in the realistic taste of the present school of art, or is it a form of regret for 'the grace of a day' that is not only 'dead,' but that 'can never come back' either to Paris or to history? Are these books merely monuments to the extinct *noblesse* of the eighteenth century and to the soldiers of the Grande Armée, or do the documentary records of the past become more attractive in proportion to the nausea produced by the incessant and kaleidoscopic succession of new things? It is certain that the hurry and triviality of our *fin de siècle* prevent the completion of any literary work of sufficient merit to stand the test of time, and that in the absence of original matter the public are glad to ransack old papers. We think that some of the matter which in Paris is yearly regilt to

please this craving hardly deserves preservation ; but here, at least, we have a book which more than justifies publication—a book so impregnated with the temper and the loyal prejudices of the writer that it leaves on our minds a pleasing impression of unity which cannot be obtained by any known process of book-making.

Commenced in 1853, this record of a useful and chequered life was originally drawn up for the benefit of one of the grandchildren of the Duchesse de Gontaut, the Comtesse Georges Esterhazy (*née* Louise de Chabot), and it is evident from the date, as well as from the pretty and affectionate dedication, that the *gouvernante des Enfants de France* did not commence to write her memoirs until she was quite an old woman. It must have been a laborious task, for the writer was not only eighty years of age, but she had also some infirmities. Eyes that had grown dim in watching for any pilot stars in the murky heaven of French politics might well, after fourscore years, refuse to do her bidding, and her hand having grown tired, she was obliged to employ an amanuensis. But apart from any mere question of fatigue, how sad must have been the memories evoked ! Living to such a ripe old age, the autobiographer had survived her parents, her husband, and her eldest daughter, the beautiful Duchesse de Rohan. Those losses befell her, so to speak, in the course of nature, but during the period when the barbarities of the Jacobins turned France into one vast prison, both Madame de Gontaut and her husband lost relations by the guillotine. Then in the royal family she had seen the deaths by violence of the Princesse de Lamballe, of Louis XVI., of Marie Antoinette, of Madame Elisabeth, of Louis XVII., of the Duc d'Orléans, of the Duc d'Enghien, of the Duc de Berry, and of the Duc de Bourbon. As her ties to the Court were even from early childhood of the closest description, she felt all those shocks acutely. Her father, one of the *menins* of Louis XVI., was brought up along with the King and his brothers. She was herself the godchild of the Comte de Provence ; her fortune was in girlhood sacrificed to pay for the flight to Varennes, and when, at the Restoration, she left her mother and one of her daughters in England, and returned to Paris with the King, she did so at his command.

In the sudden joy of his restoration Louis XVIII. needed to see it reflected in friendly eyes. He was sure of the fidelity of Madame de Gontaut, and in due time he appointed her as governess to the infant daughter of the Duc de Berry. Another pupil in the person of the Duc de Bordeaux was

afterwards confided to her, and to the posthumous son of that murdered sire she vowed an unalterable attachment. From the hours of his birth and of his baptism her post at his side was full of danger. It may be argued that, difficult as it was, it was rendered needlessly so by the exploits of the Duchesse de Berry, and that it could not bear comparison with the tragically onerous duties of the Duchesse de Tourzel. It is true that there never was in the case of Henri V. any arrested flight to Varennes, to be followed by months in a prison which was but an anteroom to the grave. Nor was there during the girlhood of Mademoiselle any incarceration in the Temple to cast a shadow over a lifetime. But when Charles X. lost his throne, and by his abdication at Rambouillet bequeathed his rights to the Duc de Bordeaux, the child became, by that very act, a homeless and proscribed pretender to the crown of France. Then for Madame de Gontaut herself there were years of exile, steep stairs to be climbed in foreign countries, in sunless Holyrood and joyless Kirchberg, in the stately Hradschin and in the shabbier exile of Goritz. Saddest part of all, there was bitter bread to be eaten at scantily furnished tables, where the monotony of the ceremonial was broken only by the quarrels of those courtiers whose self-love and rivalries had managed to survive the power for which they once scrambled. Those unfortunate fugitives, all persons of honourable birth and training, all exiles from the same country, who ought to have been united by their equality of privations as well as by their absolute devotion to a lost cause, dragged over Europe, along with the ruins of a royal race, a phantom court, and in that court all the jealousies which ought to be reserved as a scourge for princes in prosperity. Needless to say that in such contests it is the old, the intelligent, and the devoted servants who have to give place, and so, after four years of service in exile, and after having finished the education of Mademoiselle, the *gouvernante des Enfants de France* abandoned the post which she had filled with much labour and self-denial.

To write an account of such a career, of such advancements and such losses, to describe both triumphal entries and hurried flights, and to place on her canvas so many royal persons at once sinned against and sinning, required a firm hand. The writer in such a case generally starts by declaring himself or herself to be without partiality, but the least trustworthy autobiographers are assuredly those who, like Madame de Genlis and the Duchesse d'Abrantès,

‘protest too much.’ Their asseverations only serve to throw into higher relief the sympathies of the one with the Orleanist party, and of the other with the Imperial régime. Madame de Gontaut lays no claim to overmoderation. Her birth and her relationships, like her ways of thinking, were all those of the Bourbon court, and she probably was shrewd enough to guess that by *la noblesse vilaine*, that new aristocracy which Napoleon created, she never could be loved. She had to bear calumny as well as sorrows, and both were sad themes for the pen of an old woman of eighty; but, fortunately for herself and for her daughters, this woman always had what the French describe as *le cœur haut placé*—a heart in the right place. Neither danger, nor injustice, nor grief could long prey upon her. She possessed one of those healthy and exceptionally endowed organisations in which wounds do not fester but heal, where gratitude and good sense help to retune the shattered nerves; and it may be inferred that her motives must have been pure, since she was able to make light of all personal losses. Enemies a woman so distinguished at court was certain to have, but she seems not to have made them by intrigues, and for those who offended her she knew how to make charitable allowance for their conduct. Writing as she did for her grandchildren, it stands to reason that she should ignore that the Duchesse d’Abrantès first sought to give an odious colour to her friendship with Charles X., and then, after the King’s morality was above suspicion, stigmatised her as a *béguenle*. Perhaps, too, the warm-hearted Frenchwoman never was aware how slander, having crossed the Channel, found an historian in the late Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. He disliked her cordially. Well acquainted with her during both her visits to Holyrood, he often expressed his astonishment at her popularity, and still more at her influence with Charles X., who, he said, was likely to take as his second wife the governess of the royal children. Even if aware of this rumour, Madame de Gontaut could, in her old age, afford to smile at it. She knew the spirit of envy that generally animates a court, and she had long lived in an atmosphere where *liaisons* existed. Some of those she had seen were of the most daringly immoral nature, and others were but phases of that *amitié décente* by which the luckless and ill-mated *émigrés* strove to give themselves an illusion of conjugal happiness. It was the fashion of the day for political enemies to bring the darkest accusations against each other, and to throw fire-

brands about, without even pretending that it was done in sport. It was done to wound and to discredit the party quite as much as the woman, and it is to the credit of Madame de Gontaut that she bore no resentment under the circumstances. Even after she left the court of Charles X., rather than endorse the policy of the Duc de Blacas which cost the exiled King so many friends, she had not a bitter word to say against her former employers. The Duchesse d'Angoulême (Dauphine) retained her respectful devotion, and the Duchesse de Berry her indulgent affection, to the last. Their sorrows were hers, and even of the King and his advisers she drew no satirical pictures, though it would not have been difficult to point the moral of so many cruel disappointments, of so many friendships forfeited, of so many opportunities wasted, and of so many combinations all fatally predestined to go wrong.

Because of the large heart and humorous good sense of the writer this autobiography will be found to have a singular charm of its own. 'At eighty one does not write well,' is Madame de Gontaut's verdict on the way in which she tells her story. Even granting that exceptions only prove the rule, we think that this lively octogenarian, at any rate, did not write amiss. The book is the woman, and she could not have written badly. She was even in old age too full of cheerful good sense, of serene piety, of family affection, and of loyalty, while to a kind heart she added that peculiar social grace which distinguishes a high-bred Frenchwoman of the best type. That charm is so delicate that it is hardly possible to analyse it. It is, perhaps, easier to describe what it is not than to say wherein its magic lies. It is not in money, nor in fine clothes, nor in æsthetic furniture. It is innocent of exclusiveness, being before all things and above all things well-bred; it has nothing in common with the foibles of a *coterie*, or with that notoriety which *tout Paris* now covets, appreciates, and bestows. If it is not to be found in 'a smart set,' neither need it be looked for in a provincial woman, since it is the product of advanced refinement, coupled with a traditional and experimental knowledge of the great world. It belongs to the noblest blood, but only to the *grande dame* who remembers that *noblesse oblige*. The woman who possesses it is never eccentric, though she is independent; in fact, her character is so based on self-respect that she cannot attach any undue weight to the artificial distinctions of rank, wealth, and fashion. She has pride, but she conceals

it; she loves power, but she wields it with smiles; she has great endurance, is as gay as she is tasteful, is genial and conciliatory, and yet knows how to defend herself; men love her, and women can trust her, so that the charm which emanates from her, all impalpable as it may be, is a great power, even in a society too full of pretensions and of silly exaggerations. Given a Frenchwoman of this fascinating type, one might be tempted to say that the only thing that could add to her charms would be an acquaintance with the best part of English life. That was just what Madame de Gontaut possessed, for exile first threw her as a girl into English society, and there is no doubt but that both before and immediately after her marriage, her character was formed by this circumstance. She lived in London in such poverty that, like many another fair *émigrée*, she was glad to work for money, yet she mixed with the most brilliant men and women both in England and in Scotland. The friendships thus formed she preserved into old age, and being far too great a lady to be ashamed of anything that she and her mother might once have owed to their English hosts, she repaid their good offices with the warmest affection, and was able to speak lovingly of them to her children's children.

It may be urged against this autobiography that by its late publication (nearly half a century after the writer laid down her pen) the statements in it avoid the risk of being contradicted or refuted. Memoirs, we know, are often written, like those of Metternich, with a purpose, and so ostensibly so as to be at variance occasionally even with documents of which the writer had ample cognisance. De Ségur complained of autobiographies that in them '*la mémoire se plie aux fantaisies de l'amour-propre*,' and it is only fair to enquire how far the memory of Madame de Gontaut may have proved accommodating. She does not contradict herself, and if her book cannot be called an important contribution to modern history it is not because the writer is either incorrect or wilfully unjust, but because she is sketchy, and purposely avoids touching on controversial topics. For example, the supporters and the detractors of the Baron de Vitrolles will alike search her pages in vain for evidence as to the greater or lesser importance of his share in bringing about the Restoration. She speaks of events as she remembered them, as long-accomplished facts, and she rarely pauses to describe the means by which they were brought about. She speaks of men rather than of measures, and is reticent as to the doings of the Orleans princes during the Revolution and

the great emigration. For the details of the daily life of the King's brothers, and for the dawn of the ambitious hopes of Louis-Philippe, we must consult, among recent revelations, not these memoirs of Madame de Gontaut, but the correspondence of the Comte d'Artois with the Comte de Vaudreuil, and the still more remarkable papers extracted from the portfolios of the Baron de Guilhaume. In the same way the intrigues of an exiled court, and the glaring divisions between the friends of Charles X. and the party of the Duchesse de Berry, have found many abler exponents than the governess of the royal children, and for their study the recollections of Châteaubriand, and the recent books of MM. de Falloux and de Villeneuve, will be found more vivid, and, it must be added, more provoking. Affection and respect often obliged the Duchesse de Gontaut to be absolutely silent. For example, one of the most telling passages in her book is the account of the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux. You seem to see the attendants running hither and thither, and to feel all the rapture with which the advent of the *enfant du miracle* into a house of mourning was hailed. Madame de Gontaut tells how she seized the first two persons whom she met, and compelled them to act as witnesses to the labour and the safe delivery of the Duchesse de Berry, and she names all the officials who were present. She goes on to describe how the King made them like the *gouvernante* sign their testimony to the royal infant's birth. But to read these passages even between the lines you could not guess that any one ever heard the birth of Henri V. called supposititious, or that lampoons to that effect once circulated so freely that Louis-Philippe did not disown all belief in the story when it got copied into the London papers early in October 1820. Such a topic Madame de Gontaut lets severely alone, not wishing for a moment to admit a possibility that the royal family could have organised, or that she could have connived at, a fraud which in any class and under any circumstances would have been disgraceful, and which, in the case of a direct heir to the House of Bourbon, must be regarded by many Frenchmen as an act of treason.

Madame de Gontaut, *née* Mademoiselle de Montault-Navaille, was the only daughter of a Gascon gentleman by a young Burgundian heiress, Mlle. de Coulommiers. She was born in 1773. One of her cousins, the Vicomte de Valence, married a daughter of Madame de Genlis, and he is mentioned at great length in the memoirs of that industrious

writer. From this marriage originally sprang an intimacy between the Montault family and Madame de Genlis, and through Madame de Genlis there came to be frequent intercourse with that lady's pupils, the children of the Duc d'Orléans (Egalité). Political circumstances soon came to loosen the tie, but at first the clever young Joséphine de Montault could not fail to be interested by the gatherings at the Convent of Bellechasse, the more so as 'Les Veillées du Château' were about to see the light in the winter of 1789.

The following spring lengthened into summer, and on July 10th, a comedy was to be acted for the birthday of Madame de Genlis. Our heroine, with her mother, and with the Comtesse de Gontaut, were invited to be present. Amusements had been provided for the young, but anxiety was really predominant in the circle, and some one even whispered that there was fighting in the streets of Paris. The guests grew alarmed, especially the Comtesse de Gontaut, whose son, the Marquis de Saint-Blancard, was a captain in the Gardes-Françaises. The crowd in the Rue Royale grew immense. Many of the Gardes mutinied against their officers, and sided with a populace that sought to get into the Tuileries, so that M. de Saint-Blancard had to take refuge in the house of his future bride, Mlle. de Montault. The next day was even more horrible; arms were taken from the Garde-Meuble, and pillage went on. The Montault family became practically prisoners in their own house. Two days later they made their way to Versailles, where M. de Montault offered his services to the King, and where the Comte d'Artois recommended the whole party to make a journey southwards. In the Château du Lys, near Nismes, they felt themselves in safety, as the provinces had not yet lost their fidelity, or the peasantry their old simplicity of manners. But M. de Montault could not recover from the painful impression made on him by the first days of the Revolution, and by the vista of danger then opened. He sickened and died at the age of seventy-two. '*Je crus mourir*' is his daughter's commentary on this first sorrow. Alas! she was to know many more. The Gontaut family begged the widow to join them at Bagnères de Bigorre, and there some months were passed in what must have been congenial society to Mlle. de Montault, though her actual marriage with M. de Saint-Blancard did not take place till after both families had emigrated. It was a trifle that sufficed to drive Mme. de Montault and her daughter into exile. They were

invited to a party at Bellechasse, and though her mother had a great dislike to the society which the Duc d'Orléans frequented, and which Mme. de Genlis organised to please him, the ladies accepted that invitation. They found Mme. de Genlis strangely dressed in a tricolour petticoat, and with unpowdered hair, and the Duc de Chartres presently invited Mlle. de Montault to dance with him to the tune of '*Oh ! ça ira !*' Mme. de Montault refused to permit this, and, on a pretext of indisposition, withdrew her daughter. A family council was held. It was decided that by their precipitate retreat from the society assembled at Bellechasse these ladies had incurred serious danger. Orleanist agents were by this time at work, especially among the Amis de la Constitution, who met at the Jacobin Convent of the Rue Saint-Honoré, the loyalty of some regiments was tampered with, and already the supporters of the King and Queen dared not express their opinions without risk to themselves. The family of Mme. de Montault accordingly started for Switzerland. They were among the earliest of the emigrants, but, being women, they can hardly be blamed for their flight. In Paris there was no protection from rioters and incendiaries, and at Coblenz the King's brothers asked for nothing better than to gather the emigrants around them, in what they trusted would prove but a temporary banishment from France and from office. The name of Mme. de Montault occurs in De Vaudreuil's correspondence at this date, and it is evident from the context how deeply, in the intimacy of the Polignac circle, that lady and her daughter shared the hopes and fears of the princes.

In the meantime an army of volunteers had been raised by the Prince de Condé, and the King's brothers were insanely hopeful.

'It would be easy to give you an idea of the confidence with which the armies filled us. Here is a letter which Louis XVIII. received from Paris. "All goes on to a wish: the declaration of war will be your safety: one good pull at the collar and you will be able to finish the great work thus begun. Two months more and the coalition armies may make it possible for you to finish the season at Brunoy." . . . I have sought to justify the illusions with which they rocked themselves at Coblenz; they were founded on a project of flight for the royal family which got imprudently discussed. A confidential envoy, sent to my mother by M. Durvet, brought her a piece of tape which had been sewed into a lining, and on which was written, "Will you give your sanction to the loan of a part of the *dot* left in my hands? It will be repaid to you by one whom you love when you meet, which I hope is to be soon. Answer by the same method." "Yes, a hundred

times yes!" was my mother's reply. Alas! the arrest of the King at Varennes rendered this sacrifice (which had helped to furnish the sum needed for the projected evasion) useless.'

Here perished the private fortune of Mlle. de Montault, and to the credit of her betrothed, M. de Saint-Blancard de Gontaut, it ought to be added that he knew of this sacrifice, and had the nobility to approve of it, though it was but a prelude to the endless disasters, vicissitudes, and privations which only resignation and mutual affection rendered endurable to both families. The young people were married in London, and went to live in a cottage near Epsom, M. de Saint-Blancard adopting from that time the style of Vicomte de Gontaut-Biron.

'It was then that the friendships began which, lasting to the close of my life, have made the happiness of great part of it. According to our promise we went to Micklefield Green, the charming home of Lord and Lady Edward Bentinck. Lady Edward, who spoke French badly, had an originality of mind that was very amusing. She loved passionately whatever took her fancy. I had the good fortune to please her, and she made so much of me as to embarrass me. She said that she was perfecting my acquaintance with the English language by teaching me the most comical phrases, and this provoked general mirth. Several people visited us - among others, Lady Salisbury, Lady Essex, and two old ladies Capel, who did seem to me very singular. They appeared one day driving a phaeton, and wearing large men's hats, in which were planted all the feathers of their fine poultry yard. Lord Clarendon and Lady Charlotte Villiers were intimate friends of Lord Edward's. Lord Clarendon was the descendant of the famous Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, whose daughter married the King James II. Lord Clarendon lived in his fine *château* as a real *grand seigneur*; a Tory by his inclinations, he was cold and silent, but he received with stately ceremony the gentlemen of his county, and gave them great dinners, above all at Christmas. He had two married brothers, George and John Villiers. Mr. George Villiers married a charming person, Miss Parker, sister of Lord Borington. We became bound to each other by a friendship tender enough, I hope, to resist the two dangers of time and absence. Mr. George Villiers had several children. After his death his son succeeded to the title as Earl of Clarendon. While quite young he entered the Cabinet, became minister plenipotentiary at Madrid, and viceroy in Ireland. He is now Minister for Foreign Affairs. From his childhood upwards he has been a pleasure to me. I augured well of his mind. Lord Clarendon has a great deal of intelligence, many accomplishments, and a warm heart. I have a great regard for him, and I hope that he returns to the old friend of his family a little of the feeling which he has inspired. . . . Among the English with whom we were most intimate were Lord Liverpool and Lord Bristol, who up to the time of their deaths never ceased to be tenderly attached to us and to our family. . . . Lady Charlotte Villiers wished to make us acquainted

with the daughters of the Duke of Portland, whose seat of Bulstrode lay at no great distance from us. This family was venerated in the county, and I had a great wish to see Lady Charlotte Greville, Lady Mary, and her sisters, all living at Bulstrode. The Duke of Portland was then prime minister. Lady Charlotte Greville was newly married. Very young, graceful, and winning, the word *charmante* seemed to have been invented for her. The impression she made on me that day remains with me now. Fresh as the roses of which she gave me a bouquet, her black eyes and ebony hair made a delightful contrast with her white and transparent skin. Her smile was pleasing. She was not little, she was not tall; she was perfect! . . . We promised each other to meet often, and to-day, when I am eighty years of age, my heart beats with the hope that I shall see her once again, if God gives me strength. . . . This year, passed in Hertfordshire, left me the most agreeable recollections.'

The next years were fated to be painful ones. Madame de Montault returned from a visit to the princes at Mittau all the poorer for her journey. The ladies took a humble little house in Marylebone, and there they painted, and sewed, and embroidered for their living, though it was not till they had moved down to Pimlico that twin daughters were born to Mme. de Gontaut in the autumn of 1796. Events in France were very unpropitious to these little heiresses of an historic name. The Marquis de Gontaut had been put in prison, and owed his life only to the fall and death of Robespierre; but the less fortunate Duc de Biron had been guillotined in the last year of the *Terreur*. For either Mme. de Montault, or her son-in-law the Vicomte, to re-enter France and there to recover the assets of the murdered duke was impossible; the names of both stood on the fatal list of emigrants: and thus it fell to the share of our heroine to disguise herself, to take ship at Dover, to land in France, and to spend some time in Paris in more or less danger, and in the society of relations who had known cruel sufferings. Everything was changed. She sent a letter to the Hôtel Gontaut, addressed to her brother-in-law, and begged the messenger to return with the answer.

'I seemed to have a long time to wait, and great was my consternation when he brought back my letter open, and said, "They don't know you in that house, *citoyenne*. Nearly every one has left it for the Pyrenees, and the rest are gone I don't know where. They gave me back the letter; here it is." . . . "To whom did you deliver it?" I cried with emotion. "First of all I was made to show it at the door; then I gave it to a gentleman, who did not look at all pleased, and who on reading it said, 'I don't know her, and I return you her letter.' Is there anything more for your service?" I had prepared another letter

for my grandmother, in which I implored her to receive Joséphine, Mme. François. This I addressed to the Rue Royale—that is to say, Rue de la Révolution—and again I sat down to wait in great agitation, thinking that after many sufferings I might again behold my kind and excellent grandmother, and the house where I had been so happy. The same messenger reappeared, and this time I felt as if my heart must break. He had my letter in his hand, and threw it on the table, saying, “It is making a fool of a fellow to send him on such errands. The old lady has not been there for long and many a day; they guillotined a lot of people in that house, and besides after the *émigrés* left it was sacked, and has since been sold more than once. It is now occupied by folk who don’t know you. That is all the porter could tell me; and I want two francs for these two errands.” I paid him. I required to be alone to lock myself in, to fall on my knees and to seek from God the courage required to support such a position. What was to become of me? To whom should I turn? Who would take compassion on me, and with only three francs in my pocket what was I to do? Pressed down by the weight of such thoughts, harassed with fatigue, I was still on my knees with my head in my hands which rested against a broken chair. Will you believe it? I fell asleep in this position, and I slept so profoundly that it was night when I was woken by a voice which, in my first surprise, I took to be that of my husband. I listened. “It is here, in number one, under the archway, that Madame François is staying, is it not?” He was assured that no Madame François lodged in the house. But I opened the door, and by the light of the street lamp recognised the face of my brother-in-law. I broke down, but he made me a sign to moderate my emotion, and began to speak with me about my trade and the business that had brought me here. As soon as we were alone, “What folly!” he cried. “What imprudence! You alone here! Does my brother not know what our position is? Has he never heard of our condemnation to death and of our captivity? You call yourself Madame François; that is well. But now what are you going to do? Where are you to go?” “I hoped to go to my grandmother, but the letter I have just sent to her has not helped me; all traces of her are lost.” “As to your grandmother you may be reassured. She is safe enough at Fontainebleau. Let us think about you.” I then explained to him the object of my journey, and told him the great difficulties I had had to encounter on my way so far. His friendship was much interested, and we sought together what would be the simplest way of getting into the Hôtel Gontaut. We agreed that he should let me pass from the boulevards into the garden; that after seeing my sister-in-law, Madame de Ganges, he would take me to his hôtel, get me a card of safety under my name of Montault, and then he would go out to Mont Germon and warn my sister-in-law, the Marquise de Gontaut, of my arrival. Her servants, who had known my mother, would know me again under the name of Mlle. de Montault. . . . I enjoyed under that hospitable roof all the happiness which the friendship and support of my family could procure for me. But how many questions to be asked! how many things to say to each other! Two days passed together slipped away only too fast. But I did not

wish to delay rejoining my grandmother; I had written to her, and she expected me with impatience. We met again. It was a blessed moment. But I found her aged, and her expression was that of prolonged suffering. I sought to soften such memories by encouraging her to look for a speedy reunion with my mother. She had had no letters since Goblentz and before the defeat of the armies. She was ignorant of my marriage and the birth of my children, and listened to me with as much eagerness as tenderness. . . . During the ten days of our residence together she gathered up strength to tell me of all her cruel anguish. I admired her firm resignation. She took up her narrative from the moment after our separation, that of the confiscation of our goods, the arrest of many friends, the preparations for the flight of the royal family, to which she had been privy, and their arrest, their return to Paris, their horrible ill-treatment, then the Temple, and the death of the King, to be followed by the execution of the Queen and of Madame Elisabeth. Many details which we had not known wrung my heart: my grandmother had known it all, had nearly seen it all. Then the arrest of her brother and of her son, torn from her arms, and the impossibility to learn their fate, which reduced her to searching in the carts that carried the victims to execution for those who were dear to her. Not to find them there was for this unhappy mother at least the reprieve of one day. At last the cruel morning came: she heard the well-known noises which heralded the approach of the chariots of death. Shuddering she looked. She saw her dear ones! They saw her! She cried aloud! Here, poor mother, she could tell me no more; but her companion assured me that they had heard, or believed they heard, on the Place Louis XV, the fatal knife fall which ended the days of her brother and of her son. She did not go mad, she nearly died, but with time this angel of sweetness and resignation found in prayer a solace for her woes. The confiscation of my father's property had been delayed. The house in the Rue Royale belonged to him, and in it my grandmother was still living when it was invaded. She went out of it, and found herself in the street, not knowing where to go, and possessing only the miniature of her daughter and some trifles that her maid had been able to secrete. Somebody took pity on her, and led them to Fontainebleau. . . . "But, my dear child," said my grandmother, "I see the dawn of a new era. France begins to weary of faction, and to feel a need of laws under a chief. I get letters from a friend who speaks to me of a young officer whose talents and energy have gained for him an immense ascendancy in the army, and who has done wonders in Italy. She talks as if we ought to know him. Help me with your young memory. Do you not recollect, dear child, a young officer, a stranger to us, recommended to your father while he was at the École Militaire?" "Yes, I perfectly remember him, and I can even tell you his history. It was at the time that my father's house in the Rue Royale, opposite the Garde-Meuble, was being built, that the Marquis de Tinbrune, governor of the École Militaire, lent my parents a large apartment with a balcony looking over the Champ de Mars. They were to occupy it till their own house became habitable. A friend of my father's, the Comte de Marbœuf, begged him to arrange that the son of a

friend of his should be moved up as quickly as possible from Brienne to the École Militaire in Paris. It was difficult for my father to obtain this, but as soon as it was promised he sent for the young man, who stayed with my mother. I remember the day on which he put on his uniform. My mother liked him and gave him dinner every Sunday, and she used to tell him he 'had a head' (I, *par parenthèse*, thought it a very handsome one). When allowed to come in at dessert I used to slip in between my mother and him. One day I wanted to draw out his sword. He gave me a fillip on the fingers, saying, 'That is not to be touched.' " "Do you remember his name?" asked my grandmother. "Oh, perfectly—*Napoleon Buonaparte*." "Ah! that is he," she replied.'

When Madame de Gontaut returned to England she took a house in Dover, and there in the *salon* of Mrs. Villiers she was able to give to Mr. Pitt accounts of all she had just seen and heard in Paris.

'Before my journey there had been so little communication between the two countries that my narratives were interesting. At first the scrutinising eye of Mr. Pitt frightened me, but I got accustomed to him. He often passed his Saturdays and Sundays at Deal. He was cold and silent, but he listened with friendliness, and was very fond of hearing French spoken.

'Later, in Mrs. Bouverie's house, I got to know Mr. Sheridan. He was very witty, no doubt, but I preferred the solid, tranquil intercourse of Mr. Pitt.'

M. and Mme. de Gontaut were not allowed to remain in Dover. The army of Condé, on which the Royalists pinned their hopes, had not been successful, and what was worse, its contractors had not been paid. No sooner had Monsieur landed in England than he was threatened by creditors whose claims he could not disprove, though he might hitherto have been kept in ignorance of them. While the matter was pending he was advised to go to Edinburgh, as the right of sanctuary still attached to the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood. He could occupy rooms in the Palace, the park and the hill of Arthur's Seat were within the precincts, and on Sundays he was free to extend his visits beyond these limits. Charles took this advice, and availing himself of the law of *grith*, or sanctuary, went down to Holyrood with only MM. des Cars and de Puysegur; but many of his friends soon rallied round him, among whom were M. and Mme. de Gontaut.

The *faits et gestes* of the little colony gave rise to a great deal of hospitality, and to not a little talk, in Scotland. The society comprised the newly married Comte and Comtesse de Vaudreuil, Mme. de Poulpry, and the too frail and famous

Bichette de Polastron, who was for so long the sole occupant of the heart of the Comte d'Artois. Mme. de Gontaut says that Holyrood struck her as more like a prison than a palace, and she thought that quarter of the town dark and unhealthy. M. de Vaudreuil, who had a lodging at Abbeyhill, was better pleased with it, and both expressed their sense of the hospitable kindness with which the great Scottish families welcomed the royal stranger. Nor did the good offices of the lairds stop at mere politeness. The Duchess of Buccleuch engaged Mr. Dundas to further French interests in St. Domingo, and, as M. de Vaudreuil said, it only rested with themselves to profit by many balls, fêtes, and concerts. 'We feel it better, however, to live *en retraite*, as our august Prince sets us that example.' After the Duc de Berry joined his father there was a little more animation in the circle, but money was scarce, and however gilt by the kindness of strangers, exile is exile still. The condition of the princes at Mittau and in Scotland became daily more embarrassed and embarrassing. Supplies failed or were intercepted; the news from La Vendée was bad, and friendly sovereigns found it neither easy nor profitable, in the face of the victories of Bonaparte, to receive the Bourbons as guests, or to assist their cause. The blood of Louis XVI. did indeed cry from the ground, and it was not unnatural for De Vaudreuil to flatter Charles with hopes of a speedy and terrible vengeance; yet nothing could be more deplorable than the predicament of Louis' heirs, occupied as they were in bringing about the invasion of France by *émigrés*, volunteers, and foreign armies. Disaffection gradually crept into the monarchical party itself. Some friends were as unalterable in their devotion as they were hopeful; but others, like M. d'Antraigues, were pessimists, and maintained that, unless hatred be the path to a throne, the *sacre* of Louis XVII. at Rheims was the most distant event possible. Counter-ambitions gradually began to raise their heads, and while France, fascinated by the victories of Bonaparte, was unlikely to ask for the return of the princes, the young Louis-Philippe of Orleans was calculating his chances of ultimately supplanting them. In 1809 he wrote to consult M. de Guilhermy about his impending marriage. 'Would it not,' he asked, 'be an excellent plan for him (considering that he had never borne arms against France) to marry a princess of the house of Bourbon-des-deux-Siciles, and to have children by her?' Some bird of the air must have carried to the head of the house of Orleans the murmurs of

such *émigrés* as declared 'that, though loyal to the cause of 'monarchy in France, they did not feel themselves bound 'in any way to the persons of the princes.'

Mme. de Gontaut did feel herself so bound, and her loyalty received a fresh impulse by the arrival at Hartwell of her godfather, Louis XVIII. She saw a great deal of him there, as Hartwell was close to the house of her friend Lady Hampden; but she was actually on a visit to Lord Bristol when it first dawned on the Royalist *émigrés* in England that the throne of Louis XVI. was likely to be filled by his brother. It is characteristic of the blunders of Louis XVIII. that just as he had often hoped against hope, and in the face of both facts and possibilities, so he was the last to believe in the turn of fortune's wheel by which a liberal monarchy would be tried in France. Sanguine at the wrong moments, he had not the *coup d'œil* which told him to expect a Restoration from the presence on French soil of more than a million and a half of enemies, and this owner of the 'Bourbon sceptre' was intensely surprised when in the words of Chateaubriand he was told that it 'would banish from 'Paris the foreign legions which the sword of Buonaparte 'had led thither.'

Very strange and new the Paris of the Restoration appeared to Mme. de Gontaut. Napoleon had indeed opened France to 30,000 *émigrés*, but death had thinned the ranks of those who ought to have welcomed her, and those who remained were astonished at her English fashions and at her friendship for the Duke of Wellington. She was naturally intimate with all the *sommités* of the allied armies, but her admiration for Wellington was not mere worship of a celebrity. Mme. de Gontaut had seen plenty of them, but never in any other man had she met with this union of simplicity of mind, manliness, and gaiety with great genius and a stern sense of duty. She had hardly time to feel herself at home in Paris when the health of her mother obliged her to return to England, and she was there when Waterloo closed the episode of the Hundred Days. Mme. de Gontaut says of its hero:—

'I got a note from Lady Uxbridge; then an aide-de-camp brought to Lord Maryborough a note from his brother, the Duke of Wellington, of which I still recall the words: "Fitzroy has lost an arm at the close of the most hard-fought battle. Lady Fitzroy is in Brussels. Send her mother to her as soon as possible. We have immense losses to deplore. Lord Uxbridge, having been wounded by the last cannon-ball fired, has had to have his leg amputated on the ground." Lady

Augusta Paget fainted, Lord and Lady Mornington rushed out of the house to the War Office; we ran after them, and the list of killed and wounded caused many tears to flow. I read several letters from the Duke to his friends. He narrated quietly, almost naïvely, what had been his emotions during the thirteen hours of that terrific conflict at Waterloo—his doubts of victory till Blücher appeared—and he spoke with justice, and even with admiration, of the valour of the French.'

Louis XVIII. was re-established by a combined army, and again the white flag waved under the eyes of shouting Parisians. The marriage of the Duc de Berry gave Mme. de Gontaut that place at Court in the suite of the bride which was a preliminary to her future rank and duties as a duchess and *grande gouvernante des Enfants de France*. Her own children were already married, Joséphine to Fernand de Chabot, Prince de Léon and afterwards Duc de Rohan; and Charlotte to the Comte de Bourbon-Busset. In the eyes of this Royalist mother-in-law it was no small merit that the latter could boast of a relationship to the reigning family, and that by a tie none the less genuine because it went back to 1466. The ancestor of M. de Bourbon-Busset, prince bishop of Liège, was murdered in 1482, and on his descendants was conferred the right to wear the royal arms and liveries. Their family estates, in the Bourbonnais, are still considerable, and their castle, one of the most splendid in France, is a well-known object to all the dwellers in Vichy, as its towers dominate the beautiful valley of the Allier.

Gratified by the establishment of her children and by the confidence of her employers, nothing was left for the new Duchesse de Gontaut to wish for but for a continuance of good fortune in the best of worlds. But Louis XVIII. was as incapable of the errors that destroy as of the great strokes that establish the future of a dynasty. Many of the old evils had been removed, but in truth his family was unpopular. The French had settled in their own minds that all Bourbons and all *émigrés* were rancorous and unforgiving, and they resented the grave looks of the Dauphine, that Orphan of the Temple for whose sorrows no adequate system of weights and measures could possibly be conceived. Nor was the Duc de Berry more esteemed. Mme. de Gontaut describes the last day of his life.

'On Sunday, February 13, the Duc de Berry came to see his child (Mademoiselle, afterwards Duchesse de Parme) before going to the mass of the Chapel Royal. . . . All hurried as he was, he stopped to say to me in confidence that he was sure that before many months Madame

would add to his happiness by giving him another child. "I have reasons for being sure of it," and then, giving me his hand, he said "*Au revoir*," with so much happiness that the tears came into my eyes, so touched was I to see him delighted with the news he had given me. Poor prince! he had no conception that on this fatal day they would afford the only consolation possible for my heart. The princes were overwhelmed with receptions and private audiences. I saw Madame when she returned from the Tuileries, gay and in excellent health. She passed the rest of the morning with Mademoiselle, playing with and delighting in her little girl. It was the last Sunday in Carnival, and she told me about the masks she had seen and her projects for the evening. Society was much occupied with a fancy ball (masked) at Mme. de la Briche's, but in the present state of her health Monseigneur thought it more prudent to take her quietly to the opera. There they received one or two visits, and paid a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Orleans in their box. Being rather tired H.R.H. did not wait for the end of the ballet. Her carriage was called, and Monseigneur gave his hand to her and to Mme. de Béthisy to assist them. At that moment he felt himself rudely pushed, and took it to be a clumsiness on the part of the footman, but on putting his hand to his side there found a poniard, driven home up to the hilt. He drew it out, handed it to the Comte de Mesnards, and said, "I have been assassinated, and this poniard has reached my heart." Madame, catching these last words, jumped down and received her staggering husband in her arms. She was covered with his blood, but preserving all her presence of mind she was able to hold him up till M. de Mesnards helped him to sit down in the ante-room of their box. He fainted; then coming to himself he said, "Come, dear wife, that I may die in your arms! but quick! quick, fetch a priest!" He fainted again, and when in this state was lifted into the saloon behind the box. His sight grew dim as his strength ebbed away, and his arms sought wildly for his wife. "Caroline," he cried, "are you there?" "Yes," replied the princess, "I am here, and I will never leave you." Bougon, his surgeon, arrived, and seeing that the wound had ceased to bleed began to suck it. "What are you about, Bougon?" cried Monseigneur; "be careful! that dagger was perhaps poisoned." But nothing could stop the surgeon's zeal. Monseigneur kept asking for a priest. The Abbé de Latil, Bishop of Chartres, appeared. Now for long Monseigneur had felt a repulsion to this priest, which he could not explain, but as soon as he saw him he said to M. de Clermont-Lodève, who had brought him, "It is all right; God has sent me a trial for which I am grateful. It is to him that I must make painful confessions, and from him that I must receive hope and comfort." They talked long together, and from that moment Monseigneur was calm and full of courage. Madame sat in the background. Keeping him in her sight, her heart and soul watched over him. Monsieur (Charles X.) and the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême and the Duc de Bourbon as soon as they heard of the crime arrived. The Duc and Duchesse and Mademoiselle d'Orléans, being still in the Opera House, were the first to appear, and through all this scene of horrors the music of the ballet might be heard. Monseigneur received the last

sacraments, surrounded by the royal family and his household, and by some friends and marshals who had penetrated to where he lay. The staircase and the approach to the little saloon were crowded with people, who on their knees all prayed for Monseigneur. It is from Madame la Duchesse de Berry that I got all these details. On this Sunday of Carnival all Paris was making holiday. I was alone at the Elysée when suddenly I heard a noise and recognised the voice of my son-in-law the Prince de Léon, who, wishing to speak to me, insisted on getting in. The sentry of the body-guard opposed this, having orders to admit no one at such an hour. The altercation grew so loud that I got up and rang, and called him; but he had already left. My maid came in, astonished to behold a crowd of people pressing eagerly into the court. While I slipped on a gown she ran down. Through the door I cross-questioned the sentry, but he knew nothing. Sarah came back, hardly able to stand, and she stammered out, "Monseigneur has been struck—is murdered." Horrified, I ran to the bed of Mme. Lemoine, bade her get up and watch. I flew out to the staircase which led to the vestibule. That was full of masquers, of common people, of ladies in ball dresses, all screaming and weeping. I could not distinguish a face or hear a word, but I saw MM. Décazes and de Semonville. I went to them and questioned them. "Calm yourself," they said; "Monseigneur has been stabbed, but he is not dead." "Oh! speak! speak!" I cried; "I have a right to know everything." . . . My footman having followed me, I told him to call the officer on duty who was to come and take my orders, and very soon after the immense crowd dispersed, the court and the apartments lit, and the room ready to receive the Duc de Berry. I sent to ask for Madame's orders, and was desired to bring Mademoiselle. My husband and several other persons accompanied us. The immense crowd, awe-struck, and lighted by lugubrious torches, made way for the carriage of the child whom I held to my heart. Not a word was said, and in a religious silence I reached that chamber of pain. Monseigneur, on a truckle bed, lay on his right side, and the great wound in the left ribs was visible as I entered. Madame walked up to me, took his child, and presented it to Monseigneur. He made an effort to kiss it. "Poor child!" he said; "may you be less unfortunate than your sire!" Stretching out his arms, he tried to bless it. Madame gave it back to me. It was asleep, and I put it behind the pillow on which Monseigneur's head rested. I heard every one of his sublime words of pardon. He asked incessantly for the King. "I have a favour to ask; if it is possible let him come." Not seeing the King arrive, he said to Monsieur, "This man must be mad. I am assured that he has no ground of complaint against me. That is a consolation. Father, I wish for his pardon, and I implore you to obtain it." Hoping to wring a confession from the assassin and to learn the names of his accomplices, they placed him in the little room beyond the saloon, from which he could see and hear Monseigneur. But the words of pardon did not reach the monster's heart. His features expressed nothing but savage hatred. Placed as I was, I could watch him. Monseigneur, seeing that Madame was on her knees at his side, was grieved for her fatigue and said,

"Caroline, take care of yourself for the sake of the infant you carry."
. . . Still the King did not arrive. * M. Décazes, haunted by the idea of a conspiracy, contrived under various prétexts to delay his Majesty's start from the Tuileries, and this delay was to the stricken one more painful than the pangs of death which had visibly got hold upon him. The dawn began to break. In the middle of the silent crowd a sound of horses' feet was heard. Monseigneur exclaimed, "At last! there is the King! Oh, let him come quickly. I am dying," and he held out his arms. Louis XVIII. pressed his hand. Monseigneur cried, "Oh! pardon, pardon for this man!" pointing to the monster, whose sombre face made one shudder. The King, deeply moved, embraced his nephew and said, "We can speak of that again. You are not really as ill as you think;" and then sat down beside him. The last agony gained on him dreadfully fast, and he could only articulate once again, "Pardon, pardon for that man." It was the last effort of the kindest of hearts; it was the Christian's last wish. Monseigneur was dead. Our sobs could no longer be suppressed; the King closed his eyes, and after this last duty moved away. The assassin was led out. Madame fell on the floor in a swoon. The Vicomte Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld lifted her up. I followed, having Mademoiselle in my arms. I sat beside her in the carriage, with her head on my shoulder; and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, on the front seat of the carriage, had to support us both. Arrived in the court of the Elysée, she recovered consciousness. . . . She caught at me convulsively, and laid her little girl on her heart. The child was frightened and cried.'

This narrative, which differs in no material points from the account given by Dupuytren, the surgeon on whose arm the King leaned as he left the scene, is very pathetic. What renders it more so is that history repeats itself. In 1854, the same poor little princess who was Mme. de Gontaut's charge on the day of her father's assassination, was obliged to sit beside a murdered husband, and to see the lifeblood of the Duke of Parma ebb away, while he in his turn asked from God and from men the pardon of the frenzied zealot who had stabbed him.

We must return to the *gouvernante des Enfants de France*. The birth of a posthumous son to the Duchesse de Berry raised her spirits again; but Louis XVIII. died in 1824, and with him died the least mediocre of the Bourbon princes of the elder branch. Charles succeeded to a general disaffection, produced by the incompatibilities of parties, and by the puerilities of a society which was ready to re-establish old abuses and to foster bigotry. The King was wont to boast that he and La Fayette had never changed—that is to say, that they had learnt nothing. Most of his friends, especially the party of the Polignacs, might have said the same thing of themselves, for they did not choose to dis-

tinguish between the fine national movement of 1789, towards justice and constitutional reforms, and the guilty fury of 1792-3. It must be added that in England a Tory aristocracy had also not done much to enlighten them, and that the French clergy of 1830, instead of bringing peace, did something towards bringing the swords of the Three Days. Still *les Bourbons chéris* of Talleyrand's adulation were really the authors of their own ruin. In vain did Mme. de Gontaut tell the King some home truths. He only replied that the *grande gouvernante* was *insupportable*. He had by the dissolution pushed his royal prerogative to the extremest verge, but even at this eleventh hour, had he dismissed Polignac and selected his advisers from among the constitutional royalists, he might have escaped falling into the gulf, and have established together the charter and the throne. As he listened only to friends as confident and short-sighted as himself, he soon had to make his way from St. Cloud to the coast.

‘The order to start being given at two in the morning, the carriage of the Duc de Bordeaux led the way. . . . The carriage of Mademoiselle came next; I was with her. . . . The King, accompanied by the Duc de Raguse and the principal gentlemen of his household, was on horseback. I saw a hand laid on the door on my side of the carriage. I leaned forward. As the day was beginning to break I recognised the eyes of the King; their expression was sad but not overwhelmed. He said not one word, and thus in silence acted escort to his little grandchildren, the only treasures left to him on earth. When I left St. Cloud, the Court of France and all its grandeurs, I had not even sighed; when I saw the sad and resigned features of the King I wept. We went at a foot's pace and in silence. The King desired us to move to the Grand Trianon, and on arriving there at six o'clock we went into the marble hall, and there, in the rising sunlight, we all recognised each other. The Duchesse de Berry was in her riding habit, and had little pistols in her belt. The King asked her what they were for. “To defend my children,” she replied, “in case danger touches them.” The King patted her on the shoulder and smiled. We heard mass in the chapel of Trianon that opens out of the marble hall. The Ministers joined the King at Trianon, with the exception of the Prince de Polignac, who did not appear. The King having lent him one of his carriages, he shut himself into it. I never saw the Prince de Polignac again. I do not know what the King's councillors talked over at Trianon, but they all dispersed. The King then decided to go to Rambouillet, which we only reached at eleven o'clock. The probability of his appearing never having been thought of, the castle was shut: no provisions and no help to be got! I had the windows of a little apartment opened, and there established Mademoiselle. She was tired, and I put her to bed, but she was hungry. I sent into the town. “Nothing! nothing!” was the answer;

"the troops have taken all we had." My poor little Princess could not sleep, she was so famished. I went to the kitchen: to the pantry: everywhere! not so much as an egg was to be got, when one might have been an immense help. I could have cried. I went upstairs to her again, hoping that she might have dropped off asleep. She was watching for me. Hunting in her room I came on a bit of stale bread which, to judge by its hardness, must have lain long forgotten in a cupboard. She seized it, broke it in half, and said to me in a touching voice, "Let it never be said that I did not share my last bit of bread with you: here it is; do eat it." Adorable little princess! After sucking the wretched crust she fell asleep in my arms. I passed a sad night, but with the daylight my courage returned.'

The Dauphine, who had been at Vichy, joined this melancholy party at Rambouillet, and on August 16 the King sailed from Cherbourg. Before many hours he stood again an exile on the shore of England.

Shortsighted as he was, Charles must have been shrewd enough to feel that his position was now very much more anomalous than it had been when the nations fought against Napoleon, and when the English Court and Cabinet sought to restore monarchical institutions to France in May 1814. Now if France had driven out her sovereign, 'the French' had a 'King,' and the English constituencies, while preparing for a great measure of Parliamentary Reform, were not likely to eye with sympathy the ruler who had just made the *ordonnances*, and who to national rights was determined to oppose 'the right divine.' The most that Charles could look for in London was sympathy with his poverty, and with the fresh sorrows that had fallen on the Duchesse d'Angoulême (Dauphine). The exiles were, however, advised not to draw attention to themselves in London, but to retire to Holyrood. Nothing sadder could have befallen them than to have to revisit thus, and without hope, a place where they had already led narrow and uneasy lives, but where, at least, it had once been free to them to dream of Paris and of Rheims.

The King never reproached his friends. Perhaps, if memory did her work, he might, and he did, reproach himself for public mismanagement and private weaknesses. When last a dweller in this sanctuary of Holyrood, he had been the lover of *Bichette de Polastron*, so frail yet so fair that when she wept tears of repentance her cheeks were like 'flowers covered with dew.' But the whole society, too much addicted to *les enfances et les bêtises*, hardly realised how they had helped to bring down the pillars of the King's house. Perhaps the happiest person in the suite was Mme. de Gontaut. She had a duty to perform, and she performed it,

The royal children had to be educated, Mademoiselle had to be prepared for her first communion, and the safety of the Duc de Bordeaux could only be secured by constant vigilance. Mme. de Gontaut had no lack of personal friends, and while the King went to shoot at Dalmeny, at Gosford, at Penicuik, at Melville, and at Arniston, she was, by her old friendship with Lady Hampden, Lady Hopetoun, and Lady Hope of Pinkie, conversant with Scottish society and the best forms of Scottish family life. The last day of his sojourn in Scotland was spent by the King at Pinkie House. Mme. de Gontaut said to Sir John Hope that so long as she could see her royal pupils safe behind those long, nine-foot-high garden walls she was easy in her mind, as nowhere else were they so safe from infernal machines and the plots against the life of the Duc de Bordeaux which kept her in constant anxiety. The King, on taking leave of his host, said that he left Scotland with regret, and that if his stay in Austria proved unsatisfactory he should return to Holyrood and to a country where he had so many kind friends. The King, with his son and his grandson, sailed from Leith, but Mademoiselle and her governess, who accompanied the Dauphine, made a short stay in London, and the whole party met at the Hague.

The Duchesse de Berry had not been at Holyrood, because this was the period of her ill-starred expedition into La Vendée, when she made a desperate appeal to the Royalist passions of the west. That affair ended deplorably, first in the imprisonment of the royal lady, and then in her secret marriage with M. de Lucchesi, who from having been one of her agents became her second husband. It did not require these steps on her part to accentuate the difficulties of Madame de Gontaut's place beside the King, the Dauphine, and the royal children. The exiled Court was presently torn by the intractable follies of the Duchesse de Berry, and as the little Duc de Bordeaux approached his legal majority fresh difficulties arose. There were Royalists who declared that by the abdication of Rambouillet this boy was the legitimate King of France. Forgetting that minorities cannot rule, but can only bring about bloodshed in a divided nation, they were ready to bow the knee to Henri V. It was to be regretted that the eloquence of M. de Chateaubriand added fuel to their enthusiasm. There was the Duc de Blacas, who, possessing the ear of the King, led a pretty resolute party. There was another party ready, after the demise of Charles, to greet the sulky and childless Dauphin as Louis XIX. There was a Jesuit faction, and an

anti-Jesuit one; there were the friends of the Duchesse de Berry and the enemies of M. de Lucchesi—in fact, there were nearly as many minds as men, there was little money, and no rest. It was thought that a proclamation from Henri V. might be useful, and Chateaubriand was sent for by the Duchesse de Berry to Ferrara, where the mother of the young claimant told him that she meant to go to see her son, from whom she had been too much separated. Chateaubriand, in describing this secondary Court in exile, says :—

‘ We really were not unlike a *troupe* of French strolling players playing in Ferrara, and by the kind permission of the city’s magistrates, “The Fugitive Princess; or, the Persecuted Mother.” The theatre represented to the right Tasso’s prison, to the left the house of Ariosto, and in the background that castle where the *fêtes* of Leonora and Alfonso took place. This royalty without a kingdom, these disturbances in a Court which was shut into two strolling carriages, and which of evenings had for its palace the Hotel of the Three Crowns, these state councils held in an inn chamber, formed one of the strangest scenes that it had been my fortune to witness.’

Round Charles a triumvirate had in the meantime formed itself. It consisted of the Duc de Blacas, the Baron de Damas, and the Cardinal de Latil; they ruled their master, and even intercepted the letters of his followers. Such was the Court when the Duchesse de Gontaut left it in 1834. She hurried back to Goritz when she heard of the King’s illness. But Charles X. was attacked by cholera; the *gouvernante des Enfants de France* arrived too late, and sovereign and subject could only meet again where beyond these voices there is peace. The King slept in that vault of Goritz which has become the St. Denis of exile, and the Duchesse lived on among her children. She lived to write these memoirs. When we consider her lifelong intimacy with Charles X., who as a frightened little child crept in to look at the bier of Louis XV., and how she herself survived to see the Second Empire of the Napoleons in France, we can appreciate the great space of time covered by her recollections. Her book offers a wonderful picture of society in London in the early part of this century, and of life in France under the restored Bourbons. Hardly any trace of such a society now exists in London. The plutocracy and the democracy have changed it all. And still more is this the case in Paris. The capital of France is the playground of Europe, and, if the *dynamitards* will permit, it may probably long continue to be so; but many of the old families have died out, or are hidden away in their country residences behind the new and Americanised society of to-day.

- ART. IX.—1. *The History of the Isle of Wight.* By the Rt. Hon. Sir RICHARD WORSLEY, Bart. London: 1781.
2. *Description of the Principal Picturesque Beauties, Antiquities, and Geological Phenomena of the Isle of Wight.* By Sir HENRY C. ENGLEFIELD, Bart. Folio. London: 1816.
3. *The Oglander Memoirs.* Edited by W. H. LONG. London: 1888.
4. *Letters to the 'County Press,' 1884-92.* By the Rev. E. BOUCHER JAMES, M.A., Vicar of Carisbrooke, late Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

THE 'ryvers,' or pirates of the Isle of Wight, among whom King John is by popular tradition supposed to have found a refuge after signing 'Magna Charta,' no longer haunt the shallow creek of King's Quay. It is no longer necessary, as it was when, in 1633, Sir John Pennington, on board the 'Vauntgard,' lay 'athwart Donose, the southern-most poynt of the Ile of Wight,' to search its bays and inlets for 'Pirates, Pickeroones, or any such as disturb the 'peaceable traffick of his Majesty's subjects.' Such perils as these had ceased sixty years later; nor were the wreckers, who plied a brisk trade in Chale Bay, to be feared between Portsmouth and Ryde. Yet, in 1698, Dr. Prideaux, a well-known figure in the University of Oxford, took pains to 'disswade' his nephew, who had 'a phancy to passe over 'into the Isle of Wight,' from so foolhardy an exploit, because of 'the hazard of passing the sea.' The voyage was not unattended with discomfort, if not with danger. Wilkes, writing in 1788 from his 'villakin' at Sandown Bay to his 'dearest Polly,' describes his lucky passage of an hour and five minutes in a wherry with two oars 'not larger than 'a Thames boat hired for 4s. 6d.,' in which he committed himself 'to our English Deity, old Neptune, who favourably 'heard my prayers.' Whether Hassall prayed to Neptune or not in 1798, he was less fortunate in his passage. On his leaving Portsmouth for Cowes 'a combustion of the 'elements' began, which prevented his reaching the Roads till 'seven tedious hours' were passed.

Nor, when arrived at the coast of the island, was it easy to land. In 1753 Henry Fielding, detained at the anchorage off Ryde when on his voyage to die at Lisbon, endeavoured to spend the time of his detention on the island. But

'between the sea and shore there was, at low water, an impassable gulf, if I may so call it, of deep mud which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming; so that for near one half of the twenty-four hours Ryde was inaccessible by friend or foe. However, as there is scarce any difficulty to which the strength of man, assisted with the cunning of art, is not equal, I was at last hoisted in a small boat, and, being rowed pretty near the shore, was taken up by two sailors who waded with me through the mud, and placed me in a chair on the land.'

Eighty years later Marryat speaks of the wherries which 'came in as far as they could, and were met by a horse and cart, which took out the passengers and carried them through the mud and water to the hard ground.'

Once landed, the difficulties of the travellers were not ended. Internal communication was difficult. In Elizabeth's time the inhabitants were so cut off from the mainland that there was no regular post, and all letters were conveyed to and fro by a 'coneyman' who visited the island at short intervals to buy rabbits for the London markets. Everyone travelled on horseback—the mistress on a pillion behind the master. Sir John Oglander's coach, in 1600, was the second seen in the island, and persons treated the journey to London as an 'East Indian voyage,' and, says Sir John, always made their wills before starting. Even a century ago there was but one vehicle to be hired—an old one-horse chaise, that belonged to a man in Newport, who walked at his horse's head, leading it by a leathern strap.

In 1892 access to what Mrs. Norton called the 'Cockney Paradise' is as easy as it once was difficult. Every summer the population doubles itself, and, the season ended, shrinks as suddenly by a half. Quiet and seclusion vanish before the crowds whom railways, steamers, coaches, bicycles, or their own feet, carry to the remotest districts. Picturesque fishing-hamlets are transformed into Surbitons-by-the-Sea, and, for four months in every year, the island becomes a tea-garden, with every lion carefully caged and every spot of beauty or interest converted into a source of profit or a place of picnic. When Jones, in his poem of 'Vectis' (1782), apostrophises Carisbrooke Castle as commemorating

'A bleeding kingdom, and a murder'd king;
O sacred Charles! Thy unexampled fate,
Thy injured Manes meets me at this gate,'

he did not foresee the day when, instead of the royal shade, he would be beset by vendors of photographs, Alum Bay sand, pears, and ginger-beer, or solicited by a group of

mendicants who would do no discredit to the porch of a French cathedral.

Still, the presence of man cannot entirely destroy the natural charms of a strangely varied landscape, or wholly efface the historical associations with which the island is liberally endowed. What Drayton wrote of the Isle of Wight is as true now as it was in the days of Elizabeth:—

‘Of all the Southern isles, she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great’st in Britaine’s grace;
Not one of all her nymphs her sovereign favoureth thus,
Imbraced in the arms of old Oceanus.’

The main object of the following pages is not to help tourists to make a tour of the island. For such a purpose there exist guide-books innumerable. Our object rather is to collect such scattered rays of light as illustrate some of the stirring scenes enacted on its stage, or the lives of worthies who have helped to make its history, or, by birth or residence, have enriched its fame. The field is varied, the list of celebrities long. A selection only is possible. As in its geological structure the island reveals the phenomena of stratification—as in its electoral history it illustrates the development of our representative system—as in its varied landscapes it offers a miniature abstract of English scenery;—so its history is an epitome of British history. Each epoch has left a mark upon its surface. Here are commemorated the Celt and the Roman, the Jute and the Saxon, the Dane and the Norman. Here were played romantic parts on which hung the fate of kings and kingdoms. Here lived and died many worthies whose illustrious names the nation will not allow to perish. The portrait-gallery of island worthies is long, and it is our good fortune that many of their pictures have been painted by the cunning hand of the Rev. E. Boucher James, the Vicar of Carisbrooke. For years past his antiquarian and historical labours have delighted the natives of the island; but their scattered publication in the columns of a weekly newspaper of local repute has rendered them inaccessible to the general public. To his valuable contributions to the history of the Isle of Wight we desire, once and for all, to acknowledge our obligation.

‘It is, and hath been, a taxe layd on this Island,’ says Sir John Oglander, ‘that it never produced any extraordinary ‘fayre handsome woman, nor a man of any supereminent ‘gwyftes in wit or wisdom, nor a horse excellent for goodness.’ It is with the second charge alone that we are here

concerned. Among its natives have been Sir John Cheke, the tutor of Edward VI., who preferred to turn rather than burn in the days of Queen Mary, and to whom Milton addressed the lines :—

‘Thy age like our’s, O soul of Sir John Cheke,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught’st Cambridge and King Edward Greek ;’

Dr. Cole, the friend of Ascham and of Leland, the preacher of Cranmer’s funeral sermon at Oxford ; the three servants of Queen Elizabeth, to whom she entrusted her soul, her body, and her goods—Dr. Edes, her chaplain, Dr. James, her physician, and Lord Chief Justice Fleming ; Thomas James, the friend of Camden, and the first Bodleian librarian ; Dr. Hooke, the scientific discoverer ; John Lisle, the regicide ; William Keeling, the explorer ; Admiral Hopson, who broke the boom at Vigo Bay ; Sir Robert Holmes, who took New York, and introduced the guinea ; Dr. Arnold, the head-master of Rugby ; and among living worthies may be added the names of Miss Sewell, and the authoress of ‘The Silence of Dean Maitland.’ The list is not scanty for so thinly populated a spot as the island was till half a century ago. But the list of ‘overers’ whose connection with the island has enriched its fame is longer and more brilliant. Among its Governors were Henry, Earl of Southampton, the friend of Shakespeare ; ‘Salamander’ Cutts ; General Webb, in whose regiment of Fusiliers the young Mr. Esmond was gazetted ; and Lord Cadogan, the last survivor ‘of Marlborough’s captains and Eugenio’s friends.’ Among its Parliamentary representatives were Lucius, Viscount Falkland ; John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough ; Sir Philip Francis ; James Stanhope, afterwards Lord Stanhope, the captor of Port Mahon ; Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington ; Lord Palmerston ; Sir John Copley, afterwards Lord Lyndhurst ; and George Canning. Other celebrities who have resided in the island have been Bishop Ken, who, like Samuel Wilberforce, was Rector of Brighthelmston ; Dean Hook, of Whippingham ; John Wilkes, Keats, George Morland, and the present Poet-Laureate, Lord Tennyson.

Such are some of the worthies who have made the history of the island which is chronicled in the stones of Carisbrooke Castle. Close to the castle is the site of the earliest Celtic settlements. The rivulet of Lukely, that runs down from the chalk hills, is bordered by rich meadows ; above rise the hills, with the belts of trees, the thin, dry soil easily scratched

by imperfect implements, and the downs affording pasture to flocks and herds. At the bottom of this valley was placed the Celtic fortress. Standing, as it does, in a commanding situation, holding the roads that radiate to the centre of the island, it was held by the Romans as their strongest post. There in succession were raised the palisades of the Jute and the Saxon, the Norman keep of Fitz Osborne, and the out-works of Richard de Redvers. There lived Isabella de Fortibus and her ancestors before her. Of the Honour of Carisbrooke all land was held. There mustered the ancient Militia of the island. Under the shelter of its walls grew up the town of Newport and the priory of Carisbrooke. To it the inhabitants looked for protection, and from under its walls the victorious French were beaten back. There were sworn in, before the captain of the castle, the chief officers of the Corporation of Newport. As civilisation advances, the gloomy keep and hall are transformed into a fortified residence, and the arms of Montacute and of Woodville adorn its walls. There is chronicled the alarm that was spread by the Spanish Armada, and the dates of 1588 and 1598 mark the preparations for resistance. On the possession of Carisbrooke turned the fate of the Civil War in the island. There were imprisoned Charles I. and two of his children. There was also imprisoned Sir Harry Vane. There Davenant, as a prisoner, wrote part of 'Gondilbert;' and there Harrington, in converse with Charles I. perhaps conceived his 'Oceana.' There, too, came Dorothy Osborne, most fascinating of English gentlewomen, to take upon herself her brother's fault and win the heart of Temple. There the Governors of the island, in the days of their power, kept open house, and dispensed hospitality with lavish hand; there, also, in the days of their decadence and non-residence, the castle became a ruin, its military uses ended and its social uses neglected. There, under its walls, Keats composed part of 'Endymion,' as he drank in the scenery from its battlements, and conversed with the descendants of the jackdaws that had chattered to Charles I. Carisbrooke is, as has been said, the centre and the chronicle in stone of the history of the Isle of Wight.

Geology and natural configuration, well portrayed by Sir Harry Englefield, show that the Isle of Wight was once a promontory attached to the eastern extremity of Dorsetshire. But history only knows it as an island, severed from the mainland by the 'gwyth,' or channel, whence its name is derived. Bede describes it as separated from the mainland by

‘a sea in breadth three miles, which is called Solvent; in which, namely the sea, two tides of the ocean, which boil around Britain from the boundless Northern Sea, meet together in daily strife, and, the conflict being ended, return to the ocean whence they come.’

Such was the early explanation of the tides, for the force of which the Solent of to-day is celebrated. Drayton, in his rugged verse, describes the same natural features:—

‘betwixt the foreland and the firme,
She hath that narrow sea, which we the Solent tearme,
Where the rough ireful tides, as in their straits they meet
With boystrous shocks and rores each other rudely greet,
Which fiercelie when they charge, and sadlie make retreat,
Upon the bulwark’t forts of Hurst and Calsheat beat,
Then to Southampton runne.’

The Isle of Wight, so say the Triads, was first settled by a fugitive Belgic tribe which came from Galedin—a country that Celtic scholars identify with The Netherlands. The island was then a primeval forest, for the most part wild scrub or swamp, with here and there a rising ground which could be cleared, cultivated, or pastured. Then, as now, on the east and on the north-west of the island the two Yars wound their sluggish ways to the sea, and the name of the streams is the same Celtic root which survives in the Garonne. The Lugley brook, which flows through the Vale of Bowcombe by Carisbrooke to Newport, has the same Celtic root as the Lug in Herefordshire. The Medina, which rises in the northern foot of St. Catharine’s Down, and divides the island into the East and West Medene, is the Mede, or the Medway, or the Mayenne. Of the early settlers, vestiges remain in other quarters than in place-names. The sub-structure of Carisbrooke is the vallation of a Celtic entrenchment; burrows and cairns along the lines of the Downs indicate the resting-places of their dead; their excavated, wattle-covered wigwams still survive in the shallow pits which clustered round the Gallibury thorn, that only disappeared within the last thirty years; the *men-hir*, or long stone, of Mottistone, which, as local tradition asserts, was hurled from St. Catharine’s in a trial of strength between the devil and an angel, marks a boundary of the primitive settlers.

Vespasian conquered the island before the close of the first half-century of the Christian era. The conquest was easily made and easily maintained. In spite of the name of Puckaster, no sign is found of any Roman camp; no military station

was allotted to the island; no place-name records any military engagement. Even the Roman road seemed unnecessary, though a portion of one runs near Carisbrooke, only to be lost on the Downs. It is also possible—though the local use of the word ‘street’ impairs the strength of the argument—that a Roman road ran from the landing-place at Gurnard, which corresponds to Leap, on the opposite coast, through Carisbrooke, and there radiated south and east. One road ran through Gatcombe southwards to Niton, the traditional route of the tin-merchants. Another ran eastwards to a wharf or quay on the river Yar, near Brading harbour. Portions of this latter road—if it be indeed a *via vicinalis*—are still known by the name of the ‘old road,’ and the line is perhaps indicated by the Rue Street, Arreton Street, and Street End, which unite Gurnard and Carisbrooke and Brading. Such a road is, however, conjectural. More undeniable proof of occupation is afforded by the Roman villas of Gurnard, Carisbrooke, and Brading. The first-named marks the site of a landing-place, the second of an official residence, while the warm climate, sunny aspect, and sea-bathing of Brading designated the third to be the ‘villa rustica’ of a wealthy Italian noble on the shores of a British Baie. It is a remarkable circumstance that a farm close to Morton, where the Brading villa was discovered, has been from time immemorial called ‘Romaus,’ and that a neighbouring copse bears the name of ‘Centurion’s Copse,’ though the designation is probably a corruption of St. Urien, to whom a chapel hard by was dedicated.

No record survives of the Roman departure from the island. Nor is the evidence much fuller which can be derived from early chroniclers respecting the coming of the Jutes and Saxons. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle (530 A.D.) states that Cerdic and Cynric conquered the Isle of Wight after a battle, or massacre, at Wiht-garas-burh (Carisbrooke), and (534 A.D.) gave the conquered lands to their nephews, Stuf and Wihtgar. Long after Winchester had become a Christian city the Jutish islanders worshipped Thor and Woden. It was not till 685 that the country was christianised, through the agency of Wilfrid, ‘the Star of the Anglo-Saxon Church,’ then an exile in the courts of Southern potentates. In that year Cadwalla, king of the West Saxons, vowed that, if he conquered the island, he would bestow a fourth part of the land and of the booty on Bishop Wilfrid. At the hour of victory he was mindful of his vow. And Wilfrid committed the part which he received to his

nephew Berwin, and Hiddila, the priest, who should 'minister the fount and laver of life to such as desired 'to be saved.' The traditional cell of the priest was at Brading; there the first Christian church was built, of wood and wattle, and there the first convert was baptised. Nor was Wilfrid mindful only of the souls of the islanders, since he also taught them—so says Sir John Oglander—to fish with hooks and with nets. With the conversion of the island is connected a pathetic episode. Two royal youths, brothers of Arvald, the last tribal king of the island, whose burial-place was discovered at Shalcombe Down, escaped from the sword of Cadwalla to the mainland. But their hiding-place at Stoneham was discovered, and orders were given for their execution. Then went Cynibert, abbot of the neighbouring monastery of Redbridge, and begged of the king that, if it were necessary for the youths to die, he might first administer to them the sacraments of the Christian faith. The king agreed; and he, as Bede tells us—

'having instructed them in the word of truth, and washed them in the fountain of salvation, rendered them sure of ingress into the Kingdom of heaven. And presently they, when the executioner approached, joyfully met a temporal death, by which they doubted not that they would pass to an eternal life of the soul.'

As time advances the history of the island grows fuller. Christianity first brought it within the sphere of national life. After the missionary came the administrator. Under the supervision of Bishop Daniel (sixth Bishop of Winchester, 705-44) the island became part of the see of Winchester; settlements were chosen, the woodland was cleared, and the timber churches were raised, surrounded by the huts and cells of religious communities. The earliest of the island muniments are the charters by which King Egbert granted Shalfleet and Calburne to the episcopal see. The coasts of the island were ravaged by the Danes; the Raven fluttered from the ash-wood galleys which rode in its sheltered waters; an encampment on Castle Hill, near Mottistone, probably marks the presence of the Northmen, who made its shores a rendezvous; and Bloodstone Well, near Firestone Copse, is popularly supposed to indicate a sanguinary struggle between the Saxon and the Dane. It was to the island that Ethelred the Unready fled for refuge, and to secure the safe passage of his wife to France. On its shores Tostig descended before he finally landed in the North; and here, all the summer and harvest of 1066, Harold,

with his fleet, watched for the coming of William the Conqueror.

Of the Saxon period numerous vestiges remain. Great cemeteries of Saxon dead have been discovered in various spots, and especially on Arreton and Chessel Downs. Here, from time to time, have been disinterred the articles that are most commonly found in Saxon graves—swords, spear-heads, rings and buckles of brass and iron, beads of glass and amber, urns and ornaments in bronze and bone, silver and gold. The patterns of many of these ornaments correspond to those of similar objects that have been discovered in Kent, and these common peculiarities, coupled with the similarity of accent, confirm the historical account of the British origin of the settlers in Kent and in the Isle of Wight.

When, after the battle of Hastings, the throne changed its master, the Isle of Wight entered upon a new stage of existence. In the centuries that follow three periods may be distinguished. In the first (1066–1293), the lordship of the island was vested in the great family, first, of Fitz Osborn, then of Redvers, and the Crown had no claim upon the personal services of the inhabitants, except through the lord of the island, who discharged them by a fixed money payment. The second period (1293–1483) is a period of transition; during the first part the Crown kept the lordship in its own hands, appointing wardens, removable at pleasure, and sometimes popularly elected; during the second part the Crown reverted to the older practice, and granted away the lordship in estate tail to great families. During the third period (1483–1892) the Crown has been represented by captains, or, since 1588, when the existing title was assumed on the approach of the Spanish Armada, by captains and governors, appointed sometimes for life, sometimes at the will of the sovereign, but always deprived of any feudal, territorial, or hereditary dignity.

The first period opens with the grants of the island to William Fitz Osborn, Earl of Hereford. To secure his new possession he fortified the keep of the Castle of Carisbrooke, and to earn the favour of the Church he is said to have founded the Priory of Carisbrooke, and granted to the Abbey of Lyra the churches of Whippingham, Niton, Newchurch, Godshell, Freshwater, and Brading. He enjoyed his honours for but a brief period. In 1070 he died, and the island passed to his youngest son, Roger. Eight years later it was forfeited to the Crown by the conspiracy in which

Roger and Earl Waltheof were engaged. Without civil or military government, the island became the gathering-place of all the disaffected of the realm. Here Odo, Bishop of Bayeux and Earl of Kent, collected his troops for that expedition to Italy by which he proposed, it was said, to gain the Papacy. It was probably in the Great Hall of the Priory at Carisbrooke that the turbulent and ambitious prelate was arrested by his brother, William the Conqueror. None of the Council dared, in spite of the king's order, to lay hands on a consecrated bishop. It was William himself who advanced and seized him by the robe, with the words: 'It is not a clerk, nor a high priest, that I condemn; but my own earl whom I myself set over my kingdom.'

From the beginning of the twelfth to the close of the thirteenth century the island was in the hands of the family of Redvers, Earls of Devon. To Richard de Redvers the island was granted by Henry I., and for two centuries it remained in the hands of his descendants. Nothing mean, profligate, or unknighly is recorded of a family which, from generation to generation, held the lordship of the Isle of Wight. The Earls of Devon fulfilled the duties and deserved the honours of chivalry. Under their firm rule the Castle of Carisbrooke was strengthened, and the famous well was sunk, to supply the place of the shallower receptacle which had failed Baldwin de Redvers in his hour of need. Under the shadow of the great feudal fortress grew up the town of Newport, to which Richard de Redvers granted a charter of incorporation, and where he built a church dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, whose murder and subsequent canonisation were the events of the day. Many churches were built by the liberality of the lords of the island. By them also the Abbey of Quarr was founded and endowed; there Baldwin de Redvers and his wife Adeliza were buried, and there William de Redvers, wearied with thirty-three years of power, retired to pass the remaining years of his life.

But the romance of the family centres round the last survivor, Isabella de Fortibus. In 1262 the brother of Isabella, Baldwin de Insula, Earl of Devon and Lord of the Isle of Wight, was poisoned at the table of his wife's brother, Peter de Savoy. His heir was his sister Isabella, born in 1237, the widow of William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle. On the death of her brother Isabella, Countess of Albemarle, became Countess of Devon and Lady of the Isle of Wight. She was, as Gibbon calls her, 'a famous and

‘potent dowager,’ who long survived her brother and her husband. Like all her family, she was a beneficent daughter of the Church, as her grants to Christ Church, Quarr, and Montebourg testify. But she was not disposed weakly to abandon one tittle of her rights to the crozier or the crown. For thirty-one years she administered her vast possessions with singular vigour, clinging with tenacity to all her prerogatives, and defending them, even against Edward I., with resolute determination. Her four children all died before her, and, widowed and childless, she lived alone among her tirewomen and retainers, in feudal isolation, with something of royal state, in her castle of Carisbrooke. Like her ancestors, she held the island in almost independent sovereignty, paying scutage to the king in lieu of military service for the lands within her rule. The landholders of the island were called her barons; of her they held their lands, to her they paid their feudal dues, to her they were responsible for the defence of the castle. All heirs under age were in her wardship. She held the return of the king’s writs; she nominated her own bailiffs, her coroner, and her constable of the castle. She claimed all wrecks of the sea and all waifs and estrays. To her the burgesses of Newport and of Yarmouth owed their charters, and to her they paid their yearly rents. Every three weeks her steward held ‘the Knighten Court’ at Newport, which had jurisdiction over the whole island, except within the liberty of Newport. The King’s levies were jealously excluded from her borders. At a crisis of public peril they were only admitted after swearing fealty to her, and under a written contract with King Henry, witnessed by his son Edward, that they should be withdrawn as soon as the danger was past.

A position so independent, in a post so important, seemed to Edward I. a danger to his crown. But Isabella successfully defended her rights and franchises before the itinerant justices at Winchester, and though the king made no secret of his desire to obtain the lordship, abated none of her prerogatives. It was not till Isabella’s death that her cherished inheritance came within the royal grasp. As she was returning from Canterbury to the island she fell sick, and lay at Stockwell, near London, in danger of death. Early in the morning of November 12, Anthony Beck, the soldier-bishop of Durham, ordered a deed to be prepared by which she surrendered to the Crown the lordship of the island, and other properties within its coasts, for

6,000 marks. By 9 A.M. the charter had been sealed with the seal of the countess, the lordship had been surrendered to the bishop on behalf of the Crown, and the king was placed in possession of the island. How Isabella in her lifetime was prevailed upon to part with her most cherished inheritance cannot now be known. The paltry sum, the hurried preparation of the charter, and Isabella's indomitable tenacity, would suggest that the transfer was unfairly obtained, if the *bona fides* of the transaction were not otherwise established. After the surrender had been accomplished, the dethroned lady of the island lay for hours exhausted. At vespers she revived sufficiently to make her will, and to indicate her executors with her fingers. A little later, after receiving the Sacrament from Brother William of Gainsborough, she passed away on the evening of November 12, 1293.

With the purchase of the lordship and the death of Isabella de Fortibus closes the first of the three periods of island history. The second period (1293-1483) is transitional. During the first part, as has been said, the lordship was kept in the strong hands of Edward I. and Edward III., and the government was entrusted to wardens, generally chosen from among the chief gentry of the island, who exercised extensive military powers, and were appointed at the pleasure of the king. During the second part of the period, under the pressure of a disputed title and foreign and civil wars, the practice was revived of granting the lordship for life and in tail male. But the lordship did not, in fact, descend from father to son, and in 1483 the last of the lords of the island came to a violent end.

The acquisition of the island by the Crown formed part of that wise policy of consolidation which Edward I. pursued with less success in Wales and Scotland. The position of the Isle of Wight rendered its possession a matter of first-rate military importance. Throughout the Hundred Years' War it stood in the forefront of the storm, perpetually exposed to invasion. Edward's first care, and that of his grandson, was to secure the island against the French. The Castle of Carisbrooke was strengthened, and the round towers of the entrance-gateway bear traces of the same Edwardian system of fortification which is found in Caernarvon or Conway. An elaborate system of defence was organised in case of a landing. The number of men-at-arms, hoblers, and bowmen, whom it was the duty of the landholders to provide, was carefully specified. Beacons, watches,

and wards were to be kept. Stations were allotted to the militia forces, and districts assigned to particular officers. The king himself provided stores for the victualling of the castle; other forts were erected, and guards were maintained at the three principal landing-places of 'La Riche, Sham-blood, and Yarmouth.' All classes were pressed into the service of defence. The parish clergy were each responsible for some contribution in men, or money, or weapons. The Cistercians of Quarr were not exempt, and the abbey was strongly fortified. It may have been their readiness to defend their estates that saved the four alien priories from destruction in the reign of Edward I. The Cistercian cell of St. Cross had a crossbow with its quarrels; the Benedictines at Appuldurcombe, and the Cluniacs at St. Helens, had each two pairs of 'mustelers;' the Benedictines of Carisbrooke possessed a breastplate, a hauberk, a coat of mail, a corselet, two lances, and the military equipment of two battle-horses.

Nor were such precautions unnecessary. In 1340 the French landed at St. Helens, but were beaten off by the island forces, though with the loss of their leader, Sir Theobald Russell, of Yaverland. Again, in 1377, the French burned the towns of Newtown, Yarmouth, and Newport, and harried the country far and wide. They were, however, repulsed from the walls of Carisbrooke, and their leader killed by an arrow from the walls. Deadman's Lane, a name which civic vandalism has since altered to some meaningless title, marks the place where a number of the invaders were cut to pieces by an ambushade in a narrow road. The mound under which the slain were buried was triumphantly called 'Noddies Hill,' a title which local usage has since perverted into Node Hill. Such marauding expeditions made the island an uncomfortable residence. Industry languished, land fell out of cultivation, the inhabitants deserted their homes for the mainland. The depopulation was only checked by stringent measures. Special privileges were conferred on new settlers, and severe penalties inflicted on absentees. It was partly to prevent persons from leaving the island that only licensed boats were permitted to ply between it and the mainland.

Among the lords to whom the lordship of the island was granted between 1293 and 1483 were Piers Gaveston, who was appointed by Edward II.; Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, whose lozenges still adorn a shield on one of the buttresses of the keeper's lodging; Edward, Duke of York, the 'for-

‘sworn Aumerle,’ who was smothered in his armour at Agincourt; Philippa, his widow, whose hunting-tower was yet standing in the Forest of Bordwood at the close of last century; Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, whose patronage of learning and gift of books to Oxford earned him the title of ‘Good.’ It was during the ‘Good Duke’s’ tenure of the lordship that Henry, Duke of Warwick, was crowned King of the Isle of Wight. But the most picturesque figure in this second period is the ‘Rivers that died at Pomfret’—Anthony Woodville, brother of the Queen of Edward IV. This nobleman, who was first Lord Scales, and then Earl Rivers, was granted in 1467 the lordship of the island in tail male. As gallant in war as in love, he vanquished Anthony of Burgundy in a tournament, which readers of ‘The Last of the Barons’ will remember. He wielded the pen no less skilfully than the lance, for he was a patron of Caxton, who printed several of his translations from the French. He was executed at Pontefract in 1483, dying ‘for truth, for duty, and for loyalty.’ It was Earl Rivers who built the inner gateway of Carisbrooke Castle, and his shield, between the roses of York on either side, is still visible carved on the stonework of the parapet above the cross-barred wooden gates.

In 1483, with the death of Earl Rivers, the second period is concluded. Intent on lessening the power of the barons, Henry VII. reverted to the policy of Edward I. Henceforward, in uninterrupted succession, the island has been governed by captains, who after 1588 added the further title of governors. The government lost its feudal, hereditary, territorial character. The captain was chiefly a military officer, generally appointed for life, and, with larger power, corresponding to the lord-lieutenant of a county. In this capacity he was responsible for the security of the forts of the island, as well as for Carisbrooke Castle. He ordered out the militia levies in times of danger, and granted commissions to the officers. The ‘Knighten Court,’ now superseded by the County Court, was held under his patent, and the officials were appointed by him. The bailiffs of Newport, and, after the town, in the reign of James I., obtained a mayor, the mayors, took the oaths of office to him at the castle. He was also steward of the Crown lands, keeper of the king’s park at Parkhurst, clerk of the market, and coroner of the island. When the island returned six members to Parliament, his political influence was great, and he generally returned one or more of the representatives.

The military duties, political influence, and extensive patronage, together with the considerable revenue which the captain enjoyed from fines, fees, and salary, made the position a coveted piece of preferment. The captain was the centre round which the life of the island revolved. But gradually the office lost, first its military, then its political, and finally its pecuniary value, and, in the hands of non-resident officials, was gradually deprived even of its social importance.

Sir William Berkeley (1483) and Sir John Saville (1483-5) were the first two captains of the island. In 1485 Henry VII. appointed the brother of the late Earl Rivers, Sir Edward Woodville (1485-8), to be captain. He turned his influence to a disastrous use when he undertook to raise forces to assist the Duke of Brittany against the King of France. Numbers of the inhabitants flocked to his standard. Forty gentlemen and four hundred of the stoutest of the commonalty embarked with him at St. Helens, clothed in white coats with red crosses. Only one boy returned alive. The others were cut to pieces at the battle of St. Aubin du Cormier, in 1488. Scarcely a family in the island had not to mourn the loss of a relative.

Sir Edward Woodville was succeeded by Sir Reginald Bray, who was richly rewarded by Henry VII. for his services in perilous times. He it was who found the crown in a bush after the battle of Bosworth, and placed it on 'Richmond's' head. At Bray's death the captaincy was conferred on Sir Nicholas Wadham (1498-1511). To him is attributed the building of the tower of Carisbrooke Church, which is built in the Late Perpendicular style of Gothic architecture that prevailed in the reign of Henry VII. His second wife, who was an aunt of Jane Seymour, the mother of Edward VI., lies buried in Carisbrooke Church. Wadham College, Oxford, was founded by the widow of the grandson of Sir Nicholas. After the death of Sir Nicholas Wadham, two generations of the Worsley family held the captaincy. The first, Sir James Worsley (1511-38), was a Court favourite and a pluralist in lucrative appointments. By his marriage with the heiress of Sir John Leigh of Appuldurcombe he was the founder of the island branch of the Worsley family.

His son, Richard Worsley, was captain of the island, with a short interval during the reign of Queen Mary, from 1538 to 1565. His tenure of the office was a notable era in island history.

It was now that the country began to revive from the de-

population caused by the French invasions, by the wars of the Roses, by the pestilence, and by the disastrous expedition of Sir Edward Woodville. During the Civil War the island had suffered severely. John Newport, who had been appointed steward of the island by Richard, Duke of York, took advantage of the general disorder to plunder the inhabitants. He kept a household 'lyke a Lord with as rich wynys as coude be ymagened, namyng himself Newport 'thé galaunt, otherwise called Newport the riche.' On the petition of the people he was removed from his stewardship. No longer steward, he turned pirate.

'He and hus hath do so many gret offencis in the See aboute the Ilond, in murthering the Kingis people and hus frendis, castyng them owte of hur vessellis into the See, as thei haue be comyng to the port of Hampton.'

From these various causes the population, which in 1445 was at the

'nombre of xm sensible men and xxx Knyghtes and squyers dwellynge withynne, was so depopulate by pestilence, wars and oppressions of extorcioners,' that in 1449 there were 'skante xlii of sensible men, and knyghtes never one, and squyers no oze but Herry Brayn, squyer of youre Householde that may labour aboute Werres.'

The dissolution of the monasteries added to the general distress. In Lambarde's 'Historical and Topographical Dictionary' the author mentions, under the article 'Wight,' that 'the inhabitants of this island be wont to boast merely, 'that they neyther had amongst theim Monks, Lawiers, 'Wolfes, nor Foxes.' The boast, if made, had no foundation in fact. But the property of most of the monastic establishments had been already applied to educational objects before 1536. The Benedictine Priory of Carisbrooke, founded in 1086, and still commemorated in its noble church and in the name of the Priory Farm, was an alien priory. So also were the smaller priories of the Cluniacs of St. Helens, of the Benedictines of Appuldurcombe, and of the Cistercians of St. Cross. The oratory at Barton, with its arch-priest and its six frieze-coated chaplains, which was transferred to the College of Winchester, and the brothers and sisters of the recently founded fraternity of St. John the Baptist at Northwood, were easily dissolved. The solitary hermit in the chantry-chapel on St. Catharine's Down, whose duty was to say masses for the founder and to keep a light burning to warn vessels off the coast, was only missed by storm-tossed mariners. But the dissolution of the great Cistercian

house of Quarr was a social convulsion in the island. To the skill of the monks Newchurch and Arreton owed their cultivation. Here, by tradition, was imprisoned Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry II.; and in the copse called 'Eleanor's Grove' is the spot where she lies interred in a golden coffin, miraculously protected from sacrilegious greed. Here were buried in stately shrines several of the family of De Redvers, the munificent patrons of the abbey. Here also lay the Lady Cicely, second daughter of Edward IV., who died at Standen, having married for her second husband an Isle of Wight gentleman named Kyme. The monks of Quarr were fully alive to the responsibility of their position. Near to this abbey stood one of the thirty-one beacon-stations which, in the time of Edward III., guarded the island. The building itself was a fortified stronghold, enclosing forty acres within its walls, and with the seaward gate furnished with a portcullis and the walls pierced with loopholes. The lord abbot kept the state of a great prince. Twice was he chosen to be the warden of the island. His abbey was the school for the gentry. Happy was the gentleman who could place his son in the abbot's household. All the younger sons of the best families vied with one another to be the treasurer, the steward, or the chief butler of this powerful monastic house. Three times a week a market was held at the crossways near the abbey. Yet seventy years after the dissolution, though old men were still living who had worshipped in the great church, corn was growing on the ground which it had covered. The abbey passed into the hands of a Southampton merchant, who bought it to resell the materials. The abbey was built by John le Fleming, a Freemason of the Low Countries, and, by a singular revolution of fortune, it passed into the hands of his descendant, and in their family it still remains.

To carry out great social changes, restore the prosperity of the island, and protect it against invasion, were the problems which engaged the energies of the captains of the Tudor period. In this they were successful, and some at least of the credit belongs to Richard Worsley. Early in his tenure of the office he entertained Henry VIII. and the redoubtable 'Hammer of the Monks,' Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. The king's visit was partly made for the enjoyment of sport, which the island furnished in abundance. He had already charged his captain to provide a good head of game. It was a frequent accusation against the monks of Quarr that they were notorious poachers. The offence

was continued after the monastery was dissolved; which suggests that the monks were made, as they often have been, scapegoats for the peccadilloes of others. Henry commands Worsley to use his endeavours to put down poaching, for it was the royal mind to have 'the say'd Games of Ptridges and Fesant cherisht wⁱⁿ our sayde 'Isle;' and the captain is bidden to have 'diligent Regarde 'and Vigilant Eye that no man of no Degree or Condiçõn 'kill any Fesant or Partriche w^{it} Net, Engyne, or Hawke' on the royal estates.

Worsley soon had more important work on hand than the preservation of the royal game. In 1545 the French landed on the island in three companies. They were opposed at Sandown by the island levies, commanded by Worsley. At first the English gave way. But as the French straggled in scattered order up the downs that rise towards the Culver Cliffs, they were again charged with such effect that they broke in all directions and were pursued down to the sea. They were only saved from total destruction by the guns of the fleet and the landing of large reinforcements. A little further along the coast another landing had been made. Near Shanklin Chine the Chevalier d'Eulx and his men fell into an ambuscade and were cut to pieces. It was, perhaps, this experience that convinced Worsley of the need of fortifying the island against similar invasions. A blockhouse was erected near Yarmouth; another, called Worsley's Tower, on Norton Common, opposite Hurst Castle; and a third at Sandown. Two forts were also built to guard Newport Haven, as the entrance to the Medina River is called in Speed's map:—

'The two great Cows that in loud thunder roar,
This on the Eastern, that on the Western shore,
Where Newport enters stately Wight.'

The forts were amply furnished with curtal cannon, demi-culverins, bastard culverins, fowlers of iron, sakers, bases, falcons, and all kinds of Elizabethan artillery. The efficiency of the local levies was improved, and they were provided with weapons of the most improved patterns. Worsley distributed a number of harquebuses, stationed two armourers and a 'harquebute-maker' at Carisbrooke, and laid up plentiful stores of shot and gunpowder. His two boys, John and George, were killed by an explosion of the powder that was drying in the gatehouse at Appuldurcombe against the general muster in 1567.

A zealous Protestant, Worsley had served as one of the commissioners for the sale of church plate and property at the dissolution of the monasteries. Less pliant than his fellow-islanders, Sir John Cheke, who turned rather than burn, or than Dr. Cole, of Godshill, who became a fervent Catholic at the accession of Mary, he refused to change his principles in order to retain his office. Captain Girling was therefore appointed captain in his room. But on Elizabeth's accession he was at once reinstated, and continued to be captain till his death in 1565. His widow married Sir Francis Walsingham, who acquired through his wife the manor of Carisbrooke. It is said that Sir Francis, who was always hard pressed for money, pulled down the chancel of Carisbrooke Church in order to escape the liability for keeping it in repair. Whether the tradition be true or false, Walsingham proved a useful and powerful friend at Court to the inhabitants of the island.

In 1565 Edward Horsey succeeded Richard Worsley as captain of the Isle of Wight. He was already associated with the history of the island. During the last years of Queen Mary's reign the fires of Smithfield, the Spanish marriage, and the arbitrary stretches of prerogative of which her Government was guilty, alienated the loyalty of her people. Conspiracies abounded. Among them was a plot, hatched by Henry Dudley, in which a number of young men of good family in the West of England were implicated. It was called Arundel's, from an eating-house in St. Lawrence Pountney Lane, where the conspirators met. Among the boldest spirits was 'Ned Horsey,' a ruffling young cavalier, who was always humming 'Goodman Priest, now beware 'your pallet.' One object of the plot was the seizure of the Isle of Wight, and the conspirators had induced Girling, the captain, and Uvedale, the captain of Yarmouth Castle, to further their designs. The plot was discovered; but Dudley, Horsey, and others made good their escape to France. Under the protection of Henry II. they waged a privateer war on the Flemish and Spanish ships in the Channel, swearing that the Prince of Spain should never set his foot on the English coast. The buccancers were proclaimed traitors by the English Government; but their fast-sailing craft, manned by the hardy sailors of the West-country, swept the narrow seas from end to end.

At the accession of Elizabeth 'Ned' Horsey, the traitor and outlawed sea-rover, became a trusted and loyal servant of the Government. He probably owed the captaincy to

the friendship of the Earl of Leicester, with whose Puritan views he himself sympathised, if the phrase on his monument, 'fautor evangelii,' may be correctly translated 'hot Gospeller.' He proved himself to be a vigorous administrator—'a brave souldior,' says Sir John Oglander, 'but 'assuminge to mutch.' He was frequently employed by the Government on important diplomatic and military services. Thus, he was sent on a mission to Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto; he also commanded the royal cavalry in the North against the insurgent Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland. The following letter to Horsey seems to suggest that his predecessor and he had brought the island Militia to a high pitch of efficiency. It is taken from the unpublished Cecil Papers, and is endorsed '22 Nov. 1569. 'A note of the Q. Matstre to Mr. Edw. Horsey, Capten of 'the Isle of Wight:—

'A lfe to Mr Horsey Capten of the Wight Upon the receipt of these lres to mak his repaire hither unto the Q. w^t 500 of the best & choisest harquebuziers of his band w^t all the spede he may, leaving some honest & trusty gent in his stead to tak the charg & to see to the good order of the said Ile in his absence. for whose better assistance her mat^{ie} will oute of hand cause a convenient number of men to be sent thither from the counties adjoyning. And at his coming hither to understand the Q. furd^r pleasr in what sort shee meaneth to employ his service.'

Nor did he only confine himself to the military duties of his office. He did his best to foster the wool trade and develope other industries. He was a zealous game-preserve. Hitherto hares had been unknown in the island. Horsey introduced them, promising a lamb to anyone who would bring him a live hare. The latter part of his life he spent at Haseley, in the Isle of Wight, where he lived with Mistress Dowsabell Milles, 'not without some taxe of in-continency,' he having a wife alive in France. He died of the plague in 1582, and is buried in Newport Church, where his recumbent effigy, clad in armour, and a Latin epitaph, recall a picturesque and striking figure, who in his merits and defects belongs to the same type as the Drakes and Hawkinses of the Elizabethan era.

Sir Edward Horsey was succeeded by Sir George Carey (1582-1603), a cousin of Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards Lord Hunsdon. Carey was a strong, high-handed, but vigorous administrator, well fitted for the troublous times in which his rule was cast. Oglander describes him as 'a man beyond all ambitions, whoe, if owre forefathers

‘had not stode stiffly to itt, woold have browght us in subiection; hee wase ye fyrst that assumed ye name of ‘Governour.’ He resided in Carisbrooke Castle, where the ‘Great Hall,’ built by Baldwin de Redvers, was altered, and the buildings to the left of the Great Gate remodelled; and the whole adapted to the more modern requirements. His wife Elizabeth was a daughter of Sir John Spenser, of Althorp, Northants. She was somewhat exclusive in her society. Only ‘three gentlewomen of ffaschion and repute’—Miss Meux, Miss Hobson, and Miss Oglander—were ‘accounted fitting to kepe company with my Lady ‘Carey.’ At Carisbrooke she and her husband ‘kept ye best ‘hospitalitie as ever wase or will be kept there.’

Carey’s first object was to secure his charge against invasion. For defensive purposes the island was divided into ten districts, or ‘centons,’ each district being commanded by a ‘centoner,’ who was always a resident landlord. Under each centoner were a lieutenant and a force of from 150 to 200 men, half pikemen, half musketeers, with a number of ‘hobblers,’ or mounted orderlies. The whole force amounted to about 2,000 men. Each company was exercised twice a week by the centoner, who was also responsible for the order and ammunition of the parish guns, provided by each parish, and generally kept in the churches. On the mainland additional forces were collected, and boats were kept in readiness to throw 3,000 men into the island. Beacons stood ready for lighting on each down and headland, manned by watchers with loaded match and lighted gun. Jealous guard was kept over every creek and landing-place. The forts of Sandown, West Cowes, Yarmouth, Sharpnose, and Worsley’s Tower, were garrisoned by a porter and three gunners. The fortifications of Carisbrooke were strengthened under the superintendence of Captain Piers, and a portion of them still bears the date of 1588.

Fortunately, the efficiency of these precautions was never tested. On July 25, 1588, the Spanish fleet lay becalmed off the island, and was attacked by the light craft of the English. Under the year 1588, John Baker, the vicar of Carisbrooke, entered in the parish register the passing of ‘the greate and huge fleete of the Spanyards at Maudlines-tide.’ Two days later a fair breeze sprang up, and the great ships sailed on to Calais Roads. For the time the danger was past. But it might recur at any moment. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his ‘History of the World,’ recapitulates the warning which he gave to the Council, and points out the

danger to which the country was exposed if a hostile landing was effected on the Isle of Wight. The second Spanish Armada, of 1597, was almost destroyed in the Bay of Biscay, and Philip learned the lesson, taught in Victor Hugo's poem of '*La Rose de l'Infante*,' that

'Tout sur terre appartient aux princes hors le vent.'

But another was projected. The alarm which the preparations caused in England bore fruit in additions to the island fortifications. Carisbrooke Castle was surveyed by Frederigo Gianebelli, who designed extensive outworks with the salient or flanked angles then in vogue. Large sums were provided by the Government and by the inhabitants of the island; but the complete design of Gianebelli was never carried out. A ditch was dug around the castle, and the outer gateway was added, which bears the date of 1598. Fresh works were also commenced at Yarmouth and Freshwater, and Carey's sconce was repaired. The accounts for these military preparations are preserved in the Cecil Papers. From them it appears that the sum of 2,378*l.* was expended by the Government, in addition to the local contributions, and that the ditch at Carisbrooke was dug by '300 pioners at 8*d.* a peece by the day 'with two overseers at 3*s.* a peece.'

Once more the elements proved the friends of England. But the alarm caused by the projected Armada of 1599 was great. John Chamberlayne, writing in that year from London, says:—

'Upon Monday towards evening came newes (yet false) that the Spaniards were landed in the Ile of Wight, which bred such a feare and consternation in this towne, as I wold litil have looked for, with such a erie of women, chaining of streets, and shutting of the gates, as though the enemy had been at *Blackwall*.'

Such dangerous times were Carey's best excuse for his arbitrary conduct, against which the inhabitants remonstrated. They complained of his interferences with private trade, his restraints upon free coming and going, the monopolies that he granted, the tolls that he levied on the import and export of commodities. But the inhabitants gained little by their complaints. The Council supported the action of the captain and governor, and the principal complainant, Robert Dillington, was committed to the Fleet Prison. In another direction Carey's conduct was significant of the times. The power of the House of Commons was growing. Now, for the first time, there existed a party opposed to the Court, and it became the policy of the Crown to strengthen the

number of their supporters among the popular representatives. The Isle of Wight, placed as it was under the direct control of Elizabeth through her officer, the captain and governor, offered a favourable field for the acquisition of parliamentary influence. In 1584 Newtown was a mere village, and Yarmouth was fast decaying. But in that year Sir George Carey obtained for the three boroughs of Newport, Newtown, and Yarmouth the privilege of sending two burgesses each to Parliament. But the privilege was accompanied by a claim, unanimously granted by Newport, and tacitly accepted by the two others, that one at least of the members should be nominated by the captain of the island.

Under the vigorous rule of Horsey and Carey the island rapidly recovered from the miseries of the preceding century. The population rose to between 15,000 and 16,000. Newport, which till now had never regained the prosperity that the French invasion of 1377 had destroyed, grew in importance. As the pirate luggers that destroyed the trade of the island were captured or driven from the coasts, Cowes began to lift its head. Sir J. Oglander had seen as many as 300 sail at anchor in its roads, and St. Helens was crowded with shipping. The victualling trade grew brisk as the ports of the island were more frequented. Terms were made with the clothiers of Shepton Mallet and 'Meber' for the consumption of the island wool. Friends at Court, like Sir Francis Walsingham, or Lord Hunsdon, pushed the interests of deserving islanders like Edes, or Fleming, or James. As the scare of foreign invasion died away, the inhabitants ceased to send their wives and families to the mainland. Jacobean mansions like North Court, West Court, Sheat, Yaverland, and Wolverton, attest the growing prosperity of the island and its increased security as a place of residence. Money was plentiful in the pockets both of the gentry and the yeomen. No attorneys aided the people to waste their substance in litigation. If an attorney settled in the island in the time of Carey, says Oglander, he 'was, by his command, with a pound of candles hanging at his breech lighted, with bells about his legs, hunted owte of the island.' Sheep belonging to the commoners roamed over the downs, pigs fed on the acorns in the parks, cattle and horses grazed in the forest of Parkhurst. Barley bread was rarely eaten, even by the poorest, and bread was commonly made of wheat flour. Game abounded. The Undercliff swarmed with pheasants, partridges, plover, and curlew. The sedges of Brading and the creeks of Newtown

were filled with waterfowl of every kind. Hawking, coursing, and bowls were the chief amusements of the gentry: there were bowling-greens at Sandown, at East Cowes, and on St. George's Down. Bull-baiting was the favourite sport of the commonalty, and the bull-ring at Brading still exists. At Newport, the mayor and corporation of Newport attended the baitings in solemn state, and the first dog that was let loose was decked with ribbons, and called the 'Mayor's dog.'

The prosperity of the island reached its height in the popular captaincy of the Earl of Southampton (1603-25). This nobleman resided constantly at East Standen. He railed in a new bowling-green on St. George's Down, and built a house there, at which every Tuesday and Thursday an 'ordinary' was held. There were gathered together all the knights and gentlemen of the island. 'O what a wonderful change is this!' cries Gosson, the Elizabethan moralist; 'our bows are turned into bowls.' Thirty or forty gentry might be seen determined 'to bowl time away' with the captain, or absorbed in the cards and tables. Lord Southampton was the centre of island society. At this period, at least, the island was Royalist to the core.

Between 1625 and 1642 a variety of circumstances alienated the affections of the people, though the Leighs, Oglanders, Worsleys, Bowremans, and Dillingtons remained loyal to King Charles. The large sales of crown lands in the island diminished the personal importance of the sovereign. Here, as elsewhere, taxation was severely felt, and the burden fell the more heavily on the island because, through bad seasons and languishing trade, money was growing scarce. Here, as elsewhere, the imposition of ship-money was resented and resisted. The corporation of Newport in 1640 complain that their 'Mayor's gowne has been seized 'for shipp-money.' The Puritan feeling of the inhabitants, who boasted that there were no Papists within their coasts, was alarmed by the favour shown by the Court to what they considered Popish doctrines. The borough of Newport was jealous of the growing importance of Cowes, which began to forestall its trade. The two successors of Lord Southampton—Lord Conway (1625-31) and Lord Weston, afterwards Earl of Portland (1631-34)—neglected the island, and each of them only once visited his government. So greatly was Conway disliked, that the burgesses of Newport and Yarmouth refused to elect his nominees, and his unpopularity passed into a byword. Years after his death the

islanders sweetened their misfortunes by the remark: 'but my Lord Conway is dead.' The fortifications were allowed to fall into disrepair, and this though the country was threatened with invasion. Added to all this, the Scotch regiment which was billeted on the island in 1627 and 1628, while Buckingham was preparing his expedition to Rochelle, committed intolerable outrages. Worst of all was the conduct of 'ye red shankes, or ye Heylandors, beinge 'as barbarus in nayture as theyr cloathes.' In the language of Sir J. Oglander, there followed from their admission 'murthers, rapes, robbereys, bourglaryes, getting of 'bastardes, and almost ye undoing of ye whole island.' Nor could any redress or compensation be obtained from the Government. The discontent was further aggravated by the conduct of Jerome, second Earl of Portland, who was governor from 1634 to 1642. One piece of the captain's buffoonery is recorded which scandalised the sober church-going people of Newport, who had recently repaired and beautified their church, and were petitioning to be made a parish. Along with the roystering Colonel Goring and others, Portland marched down to the town gallows. As they went they drank healths, tore each others' shirts and bands, and ended the scene with a speech from the gallows, delivered by Goring with tipsy gravity. It was an occasion which a zealous Puritan and painful preacher like Harby, the minister and lecturer of Newport, would not fail to seize, in order to stir up the indignation of the townsfolk against the children of this world.

When the Civil War broke out, both sides endeavoured to secure possession of the island, and, above all, of Carisbrooke. While the gentry were on the side of the King, the yeomen, tradesmen, and smaller squires sided with the Parliament. Each move of the one party was followed by a counter-move of the other. When Parliament, in March, 1642, threw Jerome, Earl of Portland, into prison, and appointed the Earl of Pembroke in his room, the king retorted by commissioning Colonel Brett to be captain of Carisbrooke Castle. While the gentry were associating themselves for the defence of the present Government, the corporation of Newport sent word to Parliament that such an association was formed, warned it that 'if occasion should require the Borough has no powder,' and asked for thirty barrels. When Goring fortified Portsmouth, 'to the disturbance of the public peace of the country and the terror of his Majesty's good subjects,' Parliament sent a warrant

to the mayor of Newport to stop all provisions from leaving the island. If Colonel Brett, 'with divers other gentry, 'came swaggering into the towne' and threatened that he would have the constable laid by the heels, and one of the townsfolk whipped, the mayor, Moses Read, doubled the town guard and answered his threats with spirit. When Brett encloses a copy of his commission as lieutenant-governor during the imprisonment of the Earl of Portland, calls upon the mayor to put the town into a more civil posture, wishing 'to God that the Corporation and all others 'were as well affected as those they are pleased to call 'Papists, traitors, and villains,' and desires them in the name of the king to lay down their 'great though needless 'guard,' the mayor replies with the following letter:—

'Sir,—You were yesterday at Newport (as I understand) though I had little reason (until you told me soe) to believe that y^t was to have spoken wth me; as for your reasons for coming thither againe or refraining your reasons are best known to yourself. I have not knowne the 'Towne uncivill either before or since your last being there, and then I found it civill enough at my coming home, though somewhat distempered with those threats and menaces which I am enformed you left behind you. The common people did much distaste it . . . that the Constable of the liberties should be without my knowledge soe threatened to be sett by the heeles: Soe all the threatening which you seem to complayne of lay on your side onely. But if your complaynt be made good, doubt not the offender shall receive 'condigne punishment. I dare not undertake for the affections of other men (being seated in the heart inscrutable) as you doe for those whom you terme of the best quality; I know not what reason you have to asperse a whole towne and corporation with uncivill and bedlam terms which are too large (if I may be judge). . . . It hath not been the Custome that any mayors of Newport have been commanded by any Deputy lieutenant within the said liberty. . . . I am likewise thankfull for your assurance of not offending the said towne, which we hope to be true, yet—"abundans cautela non nocet," and for that reason as long as we neither hurt nor disturb any, give us leave within our said liberties to do what we list (soe lawfull) with our owne garde, seeing that the times must needes be confest on all hands to be dangerous, and we think it therefore a preposterous kind of care to bidd us be 'negligent.'

The next step on the part of the mayor was to inform Parliament of Brett's action, and to forward some intercepted letters, in which Brett promises to fall roundly to his business, and to send horses, men, and provisions to Portsmouth, out of the island. A few days later the mayor received a warrant from the high-sheriff of the county to arrest and imprison Colonel Brett. Assisted by four hundred sailors from Cowes Roads, the mayor marched the train-bands of

the town against the castle, where Brett had only a force of twenty men, and provisions for no more than three days. The odds were too great to admit of resistance, but the Countess of Portland, who was within the walls with her five children, advanced to the platform of the castle as the besiegers approached with a match in her hand, declaring that she would fire the first gun if honourable terms were not granted. Terms of capitulation were signed on August 24, 1642. The garrison received a safe-conduct out of the island to any place except Portsmouth; the Countess of Portland was permitted to reside in the castle till orders should be received from London; and the castle was surrendered to Captain Richard Swanley and the corporation of Newport, to be held for the king and Parliament.

The victory of the Parliament was complete in the island. Only the rumours of war reached its coasts until five years later, when Charles I. landed at Cowes, nominally as the guest, really as the prisoner, of Colonel Robert Hammond, who had been appointed captain and governor in 1647. Charles escaped from Hampton Court on the evening of November 11, 1647, and joined Sir John Berkeley, Ashburnham, and Legge at Ditton. Thence he rode with them across Hampshire to Titchfield House. There he remained with Legge, while Berkeley and Ashburnham proceeded to the island to ascertain how the governor, Colonel Robert Hammond, would receive him. Berkeley and Ashburnham reached Lymington, where they were detained all day by the inclemency of the weather. The next morning they crossed the Solent and arrived at Carisbrooke. Hammond was at Newport, and there they overtook him. Berkeley blurted out that the king had escaped from Hampton Court under fear of assassination, and Hammond replied that he would conduct him to a place of safety. The three then started for Cowes, where Hammond was joined by Captain Baskett, the commander of the Fort, and two servants. Thus attended, they crossed the Channel and arrived at Titchfield House. Ashburnham went upstairs to the king to announce Hammond's arrival. The king, striking himself on the breast, exclaimed, 'What! have you brought Hammond with you? Oh, Jack, you have undone me; for I am by this means made fast from stirring!' Ashburnham proposed to 'get rid' of Hammond, but Charles refused.

Attended by Hammond, Baskett, Ashburnham, Legge, and Berkeley, the king left Titchfield House for Cowes, where

they remained the night, the king sojourning in an ale-house, as the castle was used for a prison. The next morning he was conducted to Carisbrooke. In Herbert's *Memoirs* it is related that as the king 'passed through Newport a gentlewoman presented him with a damask rose which grew 'in her garden at that cold season of the year, and prayed 'for him, which his Majesty heartily thanked her for.' In the Gallery of the Luxembourg there was a picture representing this incident, and in an old catalogue the name of the gentlewoman is preserved as Frances Trattle. The picture, which was painted by Eugene Lami, was exhibited in the Salon of 1834, when it was bought by the Government. It now hangs in the apartment of the Secretary to the Chamber of Deputies. The picture was completed from a sketch made by Lami on the spot in 1831, he having been attracted to Newport by the pathos of the story as told by Guizot. The Market Place at Newport is accurately portrayed: the small houses standing in the angles of the church, the butchers' shambles, and the old Corn Market House, are drawn in exact accordance with the descriptions of the day.

Hammond, immediately on the king's arrival at Carisbrooke, sent a letter to the Houses of Parliament. On November 16, 1647, a debate on his letter was held, which resulted in instructions to provide for the king's safe custody. A most ominous paragraph appeared in the *Mercurius Anti-pragmaticus* (November 25, 1647) referring to Ashburnham. It says:—

'This fire-drake led his Majesty out of the way cleane when he forsook Oxford in disguise, and should have come to London, and not into the Scottish Camp; but his Majesty will have better guides when he forsakes the Isle of Wight; he forsook Paradise for this Isle, and when he leaves it and comes to his Palace at Westminster, it's but a step to Heaven.'

At first Charles was entertained as Hammond's guest. But all his indulgences were curtailed at the end of 1647, after the failure of Burley's ill-advised attempt to raise the town of Newport with beat of drum. From this time his imprisonment became close; the Barbican was converted into a bowling-green; and the king was not permitted to leave the castle. His anxiety to escape increased. Three attempts were made—in March, May, and July, 1648. But there was a traitor in the camp—perhaps Lilly, the famous astrologer—and each time the king was foiled. In October, 1648, the Treaty of Newport began to be negotiated between

Parliament and the king. Charles was released from confinement; suitable provision was made for his charges, his coaches, horses, and liveries; the Court was lodged in the Grammar School, the present schoolroom being the presence-chamber. The Parliamentary Commissioners, who were received at Cowes by Colonel Hammond, and welcomed with salvos of artillery, were lodged at the Bull Inn, now the Bugle. The 'treating house,' as it was called, was the old Town Hall. Nearly opposite the hall in the High Street, where a well-known stationer, Mr. Gubbins, now has his shop, stood the George Tavern, crowded to overflowing with Royalists. Never has the town presented a more animated aspect than it daily did in the autumn of 1648. Its little streets were thronged with the royal footmen in new suits, with 'broad silver-plate lace, two in a seam;' with the painful preachers, in their steeple-crowned hats and Genevan bands, frowning at the royal chaplains in the garb of the priests of Baal; with the coming and going of hurried messengers; with buff-coated, steel-headpieced musketeers; with gay Cavaliers in long ringlets and low-crowned Flemish beavers. And the noise and bustle were carried on far into the night. So vigorously was the king's health drunk at 'the George,' that a street riot was apprehended. Four files of soldiers were sent to arrest the revellers, but the latter made so manful a resistance that fresh soldiers had to be called in before the company could be secured. In November the negotiations were concluded, and shortly afterwards Charles was snatched away by the army, and removed to Hurst Castle. It is, or was, a local tradition that the death's-head moth was never seen till after the king was beheaded.

To Carisbrooke, a year and a half after the execution of Charles, were brought as prisoners his son Henry and his daughter Elizabeth. They were kindly treated; their rooms elegantly furnished, and provision made for their households. But no one was to kiss their hands, and Prince Henry was only to be known as 'Master Harry.' Six days after their arrival the Princess Elizabeth, a weakly, deformed girl, caught cold while playing with her brother at bowls—'a sport she much delighted in;' the cold grew to a fever; 'remedies of electuary' availed nothing; and on September 8 she was found dead, her face resting on the open Bible, which had been her father's parting gift. Baron Marochetti's monument in Newport Church was erected to her memory by the Queen in 1856. Prince Harry writes in June, 1652, to

Mildmay, to remember his liberty, 'and I not be thought to intend my pleasure more than my health in desiring it. You can best judge, how farr it will be best to procede in my behalfe, I would have nothing askt that may be thought unfitt, nor anything that is not so, if likely to displease.' Cromwell was probably pleased to be rid of his prisoner, and the prince was allowed to join his family in France. He lived long enough to see the Restoration, but died in 1660 of the smallpox, as Pepys says, 'by the peculiar negligence of his doctors.'

The Restoration made little substantial change in the current of island history. Here and there a deprived minister like Newnham continued to preach to his flock in the open air at Road Bridge, or Stroud Green. A few members of the Corporation of Newport 'obstinately and disaffectedly' refused the oath of allegiance and supremacy, and were dismissed. But for the most part the islanders accepted the change contentedly. Hammond and his successor, Colonel Sydenham (1649-60), had received their commissions from Parliament. Now a new captain and governor, Lord Colepeper, received his commission from the Crown. He had 'forgotten nothing, and learned nothing' in exile. As arbitrary as Sir George Carey, without Carey's excuse, he enclosed parts of Parkhurst Forest, to the impoverishment of the commoners; he imprisoned many unoffending persons in a 'noisome dungeon' in Carisbrooke Castle; he permitted the magazines and stores in the island to be wasted, and allowed the Militia to fall into disorder. A petition to the king and Council for redress was presented by the gentry of the island, and in 1667 Colepeper resigned.

Colepeper was succeeded by Sir Robert Holmes,

' the Achates of the general's fight,
Who first bewitched our eyes with Guinea gold.'

Holmes (1667-92), who belonged to an island family, and resided constantly in the island, was a popular and energetic governor. The times required a man of vigour in so responsible a post. Once more the island was threatened with invasion, and the Dutch disputed with the English the supremacy of the sea. A troop of horse was sent to the island in 1666 on the news of the Dutch fleet of eighty sail having put to sea. In July, 1667, the 'butter boxes are retreated from Plymouth *re infectâ*, and now lie before the 'Isle of Wight.' The following letter illustrates the alarm of the island. It is written from Mr. John Halls, the

receiver of the king's rents, to a friend in London, and is dated Swaynston, July 16, 1667:—

'To prevent such misreports as may come to yo^r eares I have thought fitt hereby to give you as well as I can an Account of o^r present Condition here. Upon Friday last the 12th instant towards the afternoone a Squadron of the Dutch fleet appeared on the East parte of o^r Island to the number of 50 sayle & upward whereof about 30 were great ships the rest catches & small vessells, which gave the Island such an alarme that we were all suddenly in armes, that night the flete came to Ancour in Sandham bay whereupon two companies of ffoote of Newport & the other companies of the East Medham marched all that night, soe as wth the companies of horse & ffoote w^{ch} were there before, by sun rising on Saturday they were ready to the number of 2000 att least att Binbridge fort & St. Hellens to receive the Enemy in case he had made an attempt to land. The forces of the West Medham together wth about 300 of Barkshire ffoote were ready att St. George's Downe early that morning likewise to march towards the Enemy upon any orders to that purpose. In the morning they weighed Ancor & came Eastward wth in 2 miles or thereabouts of Binbridge fort & passed on to St. Hellens makeing shew as if they would have come wth in the Island towards Couze, w^{ch} caused all o^r forces of West Medham being att St. Georges Downe about one of the clocke to march to Couze where they continued all that night though the flete came noe further then St. Hellens & there dropped Anchor our forces still facing them they did not att all offer to land but that evening about halfe an hour before sun setting I see them againe under sayle making westward of the Island but doe not since heare what is become of them, some doubt they expect more of their flete to come to them.'

Sir Robert Holmes was still governor when William of Orange landed at Torbay in 1688. The English fleet was ignorant of the intentions of the Dutchmen, who were expected to attempt a landing on the island. It was also wholly unprepared to cope with the invaders. Complaints pour in to the admiral, Lord Dartmouth, of the state of the vessels under his command. The 'Newcastle' is leaky, and the pumps cannot 'vent' the water; the 'Montagu,' 'Edgar,' and 'Warspite' are not fitted out, and the men are clamouring for their money; the 'Unity' fireship has lost her 'rurther,' and her complement of men is so 'short' that 'the captain cannot stow a boat, though but of seven oars;' the bad weather has disordered the 'Resolution;' the 'Portland' is manned, but waits for her guns. Captain Tyrwhitt, of the 'Cambridge,' writes that, 'having lost by the late sickness his good head of hair, he would beg his Lordship to bestow on him one of his worst short periwigs to keep his

‘head from the cold, and so enable him to come on board
‘and kiss his Lordship’s hands.’

Ships without sailors or guns, and captains without peri-wigs, were no match for the well-found Dutch fleet, which slipped past the island with an E.S.E. steady gale that held the English ships in the Thames. Like Lord Dartmouth, Sir Robert Holmes probably did his best for his master. But that best was little. He writes to Lord Preston that he feared he could not hold the island for the king, for he could not trust the militia. He has therefore drawn into Yarmouth and Hurst, which he means to hold. News comes in from all sides of the Dutch fleet. On November 4 Peter Gallows sends an express from Cowes that at break of day, on the east of the island, two hundred sail had been seen—supposed to be the Dutch fleet. ‘The drums are
‘beating now to have our company in arms, and likewise to
‘order the boats off East and West Cowes to sail for Yar-
‘mouth.’ A messenger rides in from Thomas Knight to say that a great fleet had been seen, but at such a distance that no exact accounts could be given. To increase the alarm and confusion, a heavy sea-fog hung all day over the island. It was impossible to see above two leagues to seaward. But through the mist the militia, which was out on the hills all day, could see great ships with their topsails upon the cap, and many of them with their lower sails brailed up, hovering off the coast.

Some attempt was made to effect a landing on the 5th. A Dutch man-of-war and two great flyboats, containing 1,800 men, had been ordered to cruise about the island, and give notice to such ships as lay behind to follow to Exmouth. They sent a boat on shore, ‘inquired what Papists were in
‘the island, and where the king was, and thought to have
‘landed two boat-loads of men; but, seeing there was like
‘to be some opposition by the moving of two companies
‘commanded by Major Knight, they retired on board that
‘boat which was first on shore, paid for what they eat and
‘drank, with many protestations of friendship.’ The current of island feeling ran strongly in favour of William. As late as December Sir Robert Holmes still thought of holding out for King James. But his men were turning against him, and he was left in ‘a desolate condition, having no man to
‘stand by me. The townspeople are ready to declare.’ Resistance was indeed hopeless; the cause was abandoned by King James himself, and the revolution was peacefully accomplished in the Isle of Wight.

Sir Robert Holmes was succeeded in 1692 by Lord Cutts, who had gained his nickname of 'Salamander' from his enjoyment of the hottest fire that the French could pour from the batteries of Namur. A good soldier, a man of humour, a writer of tolerable *vers de société*, Lord Cutts was a man of imperious temper. Parliamentary interest was becoming more and more important. And the Captain found the castle interest threatened by the interest of the families of Holmes, Worsley, or Barrington. Lord Cutts roughrode the corporations, made himself three times mayor of Newtown, though not even a burgess, quartered soldiers upon his political opponents, took away their commissions from others, and bestowed the command of the island forts upon his partisans. He even imprisoned a clergyman, who had voted against one of his candidates, for two months in Cowes Castle. Eventually, however, the Captain came to terms with the islanders. In the latter years of his captaincy he lived much at Carisbrooke, where he kept open house. For the better accommodation of his guests he threw the Early English chapel of William de Vernon into the grand staircase.

The difficulties which arose between the island and their fire-eating captain, whom Swift untruly calls 'brainless Cutts,' marks a new era in the history of the captaincy. Henceforward politics assumed more and more importance. The captain gradually ceases to be a military officer, and becomes a political agent. The romance of the office is lost in the traffic for parliamentary seats.

The parliamentary history of the island is an abstract of that of England. It dates from 1295, when one burgess from each of the towns of Newport, Yarmouth, and Newtown or Francheville, were bidden to the 'great council of the realm.' There is also some evidence that a burgess was summoned from Brading; but the village successfully petitioned to be released from the burden of supporting a representative. Even in the case of the three larger places the privilege was for three centuries entirely suspended, partly because of the distance of Westminster, partly, doubtless, owing to the almost total destruction of the towns in the French invasion of 1377. Even when it was revived, it was revived for the benefit of the Crown, not of the boroughs. It was not till 1585 that the island boroughs again exercised the right of returning representatives to Parliament. The opposition in the Lower House could be no longer overawed by the Crown it must be neutralised. Elizabeth's advisers

therefore summoned representatives from constituencies which were more or less at the disposal of the Court. For this reason the old parliamentary rights of the three island boroughs were restored and increased. Each borough returned two members to Parliament.

The experiment answered. The electorate was small. At Newport twenty-four corporators, at Newtown thirty-nine burghage tenants, at Yarmouth nine tenants of borough lands, nominally elected the six members. But the electors were neither free nor independent. Newport at once made over to Sir George Carey the right of nominating one of its burgesses during the term of his natural life. Yarmouth and Newtown were almost equally docile. In 1601 Carey, now Lord Hunsdon, wrote to the corporation of Yarmouth requesting that—

‘Inasmuch as I was the Means and Procurer of the Libertie for your Corporation, you will with all the Convenience you may, assemble yourself together, and with y^r united Consent send up unto Me (as heretofore you have done), ye Writt with a Blank, wherein I may insert the Names of such Persons as I shall think fittest to discharge the Dewtie for your Behoofe.’

Lord Southampton did not allow what he considered to be the prerogatives of the office of captain to diminish. One, and sometimes two, of his nominations were accepted by each of the boroughs. It was not till the captaincy of Conway that any serious opposition to the wishes of the captain was experienced. At the election of 1628 the burgesses of Newtown and Yarmouth refused to return his nominees, though one of them was his son. A seat in Parliament was not always a coveted privilege. Thus, in the Short Parliament of 1640 William Oglander was chosen by the burgesses of Yarmouth. The young man was not elated by their choice, for he asserted in the hearing of two ladies that his electors were ‘an ill-bred company of fools and loggerheads,’ and that ‘a meaner man than himself might have served their turn.’ The ladies repeated the remark, and the offended corporation ‘dismissed and excluded’ Oglander from his office. To men who had their way to make in the world a seat was, however, already a stepping-stone to fortune. In November, 1645, a contested election took place at Newport to fill the place of Lucius, Viscount Falkland, ‘by judgement of the Commons of the Lower House of Parliament declared incapable of sitting longer as member thereof, and since, as is reported, dead.’ William Stephens, the recorder of the borough, was elected,

after a contest in which he had made new burgesses to strengthen his party, overawed the freeholders by assembling 'a tumultuous rabble of the scum of the town,' and 'in the open hall, at the time of the election, peremptorily ordered the sergeants to lay a gentleman of known integrity and a freeholder by the heels.'

The dispute with Lord Cutts over the limits of the electoral influence of the governor has been already mentioned. It was compromised by an agreement between Cutts and the island gentry 'that when any persons stand for Parliament-men at any time in the said Isle of Wight who are not of the said Island, the governor's recommendations shall be preferred against such persons not being of the island, before any other recommendation whatsoever.' The castle interest, as the captaincy became a political office, was sometimes Whig, sometimes Tory. Thus, Cutts was a Tory; his successor, the Duke of Bolton (1706-10) was a Whig; and the next captain, General Webb (1710-15), a Tory. The interest was vigorously used. 'All the Men of Places must Vote, or else by God they shall out,' said Colonel Morgan, lieutenant-governor in 1706. But the castle interest gradually yielded before the greater persistency and steadiness of resident families like those of Holmes, Worsley, or Barrington. We have already adverted at the commencement of this article to the number of distinguished men who sate for its close, corrupt, and thoroughly rotten boroughs. In 1832 the representatives of the island were reduced to a third of their former number: one member was left to Newport, and a second was given to the 'County of the Isle of Wight.' Now the borough of Newport has lost its member, and the member for the 'County' is the only island representative.

Lord Cutts was the last striking personality among the captains of the island. As has been said, their importance rapidly declined. General Webb, who, though a Tory, retained his office when the Whigs came into power at the death of Queen Anne, was succeeded in 1715 by his old comrade-in-arms, William, Earl Cadogan, a hot-headed Whig, who held the captaincy till his death, in 1726, and whom Atterbury denounced as

Ungrateful to the ungrateful men he grew by,
A big, bad, bold, blustering, bloody, blundering booby.

For the next century the captains of the island seem to have gone in and out with the Government. As their mili-

tary functions grew obsolete they became electoral agents. But the possession of a seat in the House was now a coveted privilege, and the management of a constituency a profitable investment; the castle interest, therefore, dwindled as that of island families grew. Shorn alike of their military and political influence, the captains were for the most part non-resident, with such exceptions as Hans Stanley, Lord Bolton, and Sir R. Worsley. They fill a smaller place in island history, and cease to be the centre of its social life. The Earl of Malmesbury, who was captain from 1807 to 1841, was the last paid holder of the office. At his death the salary of 1,300*l.* a year was abolished, and the captaincy, long a sinecure, now became purely honorary.*

With the eighteenth century the romance of island history expires; it flickers up into something like a flame during the bustle of military preparation in the latter years of the century, but in general it only survives on the decks of the smuggling luggers. The traffic in parliamentary elections, or even the steady growth in commercial prosperity, affords little that is attractive to the historian. The interest is transferred from events to men, from action to character, from the arts of war to the arts of peace. A literature begins to grow up round the Isle of Wight. Worsley's *History*, which was published in 1781, shows the growing interest in local or county records that was becoming universal. The island was visited by travellers like Hassall, who in 1798 came as a tourist to the place, and wrote a description of his tour. Guide-books began to be published, and a long series of editions was issued of *Albin's Guides*. Other attractions of the island found in Sir Henry Englefield a keen and gifted observer. His magnificent work (1816),

* To complete the list of the captains of the island the following names are given:—(25) Charles, Duke of Bolton, 2nd time, 1726-33; (26) John, Duke of Montagu, 1733-4; (27) John, Lord Lynnington, afterwards Earl of Portsmouth, 1734-42; (28) Charles, Duke of Bolton, 3rd time, 1742-5; (29) John, Earl of Portsmouth, 2nd time, 1745-63; (30) Thomas, Lord Holmes, 1763-4; (31) Hans Stanley 1764-6, who built Steephill, near Ventnor, where he resided; (32) Harry, Duke of Bolton, 1766-70; (33) Hans Stanley, 2nd time, 1770-80; (34) Sir Richard Worsley, 1780-2, author of 'The History of the Isle of Wight'; (35) Harry, Duke of Bolton, 2nd time, 1782-9; (36) Thomas Orde Powlett, afterwards Lord Bolton, 1789-1807, built Fernhill, near Wotton; (37) James, second Earl of Malmesbury, 1807-1841; (38) Lord Heytesbury, 1841-56; (39) Charles, Viscount Eversley, 1856-89; (40) H.R.H. Prince Henry of Battenberg.

profusely illustrated from his own sketches, indicates the increased taste for beauties of landscape, and the growth of the new study of geology, which characterise the opening years of the present century.

It was as a residence, and not as a yachting station or health-resort, that the island first grew into popularity. When Arthur Young visited it in 1771 he notes—and, like many of that traveller's notes, the generalisation is hasty—as 'a singularly happy circumstance,' that there was not a physician there. '*Quære,*' he adds, 'is this the cause or 'the effect' of its healthiness? Sir Richard Worsley at Appuldurcombe, the Oglanders at Nunwell, Edward Worsley at Gatcombe, the Bissetts at Knighton, the Barringtons at Swainston, the Blachfords at Osborne, the Bulls at Northcourt, were prodigal in the hospitality of country gentry. Successful generals like Lord Amherst settled in the island, and in the name of his house commemorated the Canadian successes, after which a suburb of Ryde is called 'St. John's.' A colony of celebrities makes the island its summer quarters, and joins the number of those persons of high standing and independent means who formed provincial society of 'sixty 'years since.' Garrick and his wife, for instance, go to stay with the Fitzmaurices at Knighton, and the governor, Mr. Stanley, sends his compliments and places his yacht at the disposal of the visitors. Mrs. Garrick was called 'the Queen,' and her friends notice that Mr. Hewson, when reading prayers at Shanklin, laid special stress on 'our gracious 'Queen Charlotte,' to prevent the possibility of mistake. John Wilkes came to live in a cottage at Sandown in 1783, and amused himself with his bantams, peacocks, Chinese pigs, and the solemn gallantries of his guinea-fowls. A chaise for himself and a cart for his luggage meet him at Ryde, where he lands—often very sick after a crossing which sometimes lasted two hours—from the wherry that he hired from Captain Banks or Captain Williams. His heavy goods come by Brookman's Southampton wagon, or by Clarke's Portsmouth wagon, which started from the White Horse Cellars in Piccadilly. His gardener is a treasure, though he seems to have nothing in his head but a tune, which is, however, better, as Wilkes observes, than beer or brandy. The granddaughter of this gardener is still living at Brading, and possesses many relics of Wilkes, from whose 'naughtinesses' several families are reputed to have sprung.

Another celebrity who spent some time in the island was George Morland. His first resting-place was Surgeon Lynn's

cottage at Cowes; but the bailiffs pursued him, and he escaped to Freshwater. There he was arrested as a spy and carried before the magistrates at Newport. A sketch of a spaniel, which he had with him, was said to be the coat of the island. Another famous picture, 'Paying the Hostler,' was similarly interpreted. At Chillerton, in the island, is a picture painted by him from gratitude to the ancestor of the owner, who bailed him out on the occasion. The whole story, it may be added, is told in a curious novel written by his personal friend, W. Collins, and published in 1805 under the title of 'The Picture.' Morland painted a number of pictures in the Isle of Wight—*e.g.* 'The Fishermen, with a View of the Needles in the Distance,' 'Freshwater Cave by Moonlight,' 'Carisbrooke Castle,' 'View of the Needles,' 'View in the Isle of Wight representing a Cutter and Prize steering into Portsmouth,' &c. He also painted a sign for 'The Fighting Cocks' on Hale Common, into which he introduced likenesses of such well-known farmers as Roach of Arretton and Hills of Havimgford. The signboard, being decayed, fell over into a neighbouring field, where Mr. Hills found it and took charge of it; but it has been since destroyed.

At Carisbrooke, in 1817, John Keats wrote part of 'Endymion,' and lovers of the island may discover in its descriptive passages reminiscences of the scenery he might have seen from the walls. Later on he wrote 'Lamia' at Shanklin. He was delighted with the beauties of both places. But on his way from Cowes to Newport he passed 'some extensive Barracks which disgusted me extremely with the Government for placing such a nest of debauchery in so beautiful a place. I asked a man on the coach about this, and he said that the people were spoiled. In the room where I slept at Newport I found this on my window: "O Isle spoilt by the military."'" Keats's opinion on practical matters deserves little respect. The barracks were welcome in more respects than one. Such panic-stricken arrests as that of George Morland were a sign of the alarm of the island before it was adequately protected. 'Boney' was the Triptolemus of the British farmer, and the Isle of Wight profited by the influx of soldiers, who created a trade and a brisk market. The Albany Barracks, so called after that unfortunate commander, the Duke of York and Albany, were completed in 1799 for the accommodation of 3,000 men. In the closing years of the century the island swarmed with soldiers. There were soldiers at the Medina Barracks,

now a flour-mill, as well as at Sandown Barracks. The Isle of Wight Militia, as well as the Yeomanry, were out, and at a review held in Parkhurst upwards of 7,000 men were in the field. The Island Volunteers mustered 3,000 men, and such was their spirit that more than were wanted volunteered for foreign service. They are commended for the skill with which they performed their exercises. But a story is current in the island that the word of command was misunderstood, till they were told to 'face round towards the 'taters.' On review days, such as those which were held on the king's birthday, or to celebrate the 'glorious victory of Marshal 'Suwarrow,' great was the gathering of the *beaux* and beauties of the island—the women in their high-waisted muslin gowns, the men in kerseymere breeches, marcella waistcoats, muslin cravats, and blue, green, or brown coats.

It was now that the island began to increase rapidly in population. Cowes in 1600—so the petition of the borough of Newport states—had but 'four or five houses, a tavern, 'a victualling house or two, and no trading.' In 1640 there were 150 houses, taverns, shops, and victualling places, and the port was ruining the trade of Newport. Its foreign and colonial traffic increased rapidly in the eighteenth century. It was the favourite resort of the Carolina 'rice-ships. Thousands of hogsheds of tobacco from Virginia were brought to it. But its trade began to leave it after the American War of Independence, and though, as a victualling station during the Napoleonic wars, it gained a temporary importance, its fortunes dwindled till they were revived by the Royal Yacht Club. It was, however, in 1813 still much frequented by American vessels, and had its own registered fleet of 136 sail. It was the second town in the island; for while Newport had 564 inhabited houses, Cowes possessed 165. Ryde was not yet a fashionable watering-place. It was chiefly supported, as Vancouver says in 1813, by its ferry and fishery, and famous for the high prices of its provisions. At that time it had only 339 houses. Yet its progress had been rapid. When Fielding visited the place in 1754, there was no inn in that handful of fishing-cottages. The best dinner which Ryde could supply was one of bacon and beans, although it boasted a butcher, who killed beef two or three times a year and mutton all the year round, except when peas and beans were in season. Fielding's treatment by his landlady provokes the comment that 'this Isle of Wight was not an 'early convert to Christianity, and there is some reason to 'doubt whether it was ever entirely converted.' It is

curious to notice that in 1813 Bonchurch and Shanklin together contained only thirty-two houses, that Ventnor is not mentioned, and that Ryde only appears under the name of Newchurch, the mother parish.

Though our history of the island has already exceeded the limits both of time and space which we proposed to ourselves, there still remains a name connected with the island which deserves to be mentioned. In 1813 a young man of seventeen published a poem called 'Safie,' which elicited the praise of Byron, who writes in his Diary: 'The lad is clever, but much of his thought is borrowed; he has much talent, and certainly fire enough.'

The young man was John Hamilton Reynolds, the friend, *collaborateur*, and correspondent of Keats, and the brother of Miss Charlotte Reynolds and of Jane Reynolds, who married Tom Hood. It was to Reynolds, and in answer to his sonnets on Robin Hood which are published in 'The Garden of Florence,' 1821, that Keats wrote the lines:—

'Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough belted outlaw
Idling in the "grenè shawe."
All are gone away and past!'

To him also Keats wrote several sonnets and epistles. Many of his most interesting letters are addressed to Reynolds, with whom he projected a series of translations from Boccaccio. Two of the proposed set of tales are published in 'The Garden of Florence,' a third is Keats's 'Pot of Basil.' A bright and sparkling writer, a wit of no mean pretensions, Reynolds not only wrote charming verse, but achieved some success with his play of 'One, Two, Three, Four, Five; By Advertisement.' Reynolds became a solicitor, serving his articles with a Mr. Fladgate, and afterwards practising, first in Golden Square, and then in Adam Street, Adelphi. Some political services rendered by him to the Liberal cause gave him a claim upon Lord John Russell, who, in 1847, appointed him assistant clerk of the newly established County Court at Newport. In Newport Reynolds lived for the five years that elapsed before his death in 1852. He is buried in the churchyard of the town. His connexion with the island was that of a broken-down, discontented man, whose great literary abilities had brought him no success in life. Few, probably, of the islanders were aware that the assistant county-court clerk, who professed himself a Unitarian and a bitter Radical, and whose habits

placed him beyond the pale of good society, had promised to be one of the stars of English literature at the brilliant period of its poetic revival.

In past times the Isle of Wight has seen many royal visitors. To it Ethelred the Unready fled for refuge. Behind the rampart of its cliffs the fleet of Harold rode in safety. From its harbours William the Conqueror sailed for Normandy, and within its Priory of Carisbrooke arrested his turbulent brother. In its Abbey of Quarr tradition finds the place where Queen Eleanor was immured. At King's Key the same dubious authority seeks the creek in which King John lurked among the island pirates. On the open ground above the coverts of the Undercliff King Henry VIII. flew his hawks. Through the breaks of the royal forest of Parkhurst King James and 'Baby' Charles coursed a stag. On Ashey Down Charles I. witnessed the review of the troops who were mustering for the expedition to Rochelle. In its ancient fortress of Carisbrooke the same unfortunate monarch was held a prisoner. At Puckaster Cove Charles II. landed, and at Yarmouth the 'Merry Monarch' was loyally entertained by Sir Robert Holmes.

Such royal visits were of short duration, paid for sport, for business, or for war; if prolonged, the visitor was detained as an unwilling captive of adverse circumstances or superior force. But in recent times the island has been more largely favoured. At Norris Castle the Princess Victoria lived as a child, and the reminiscences of childhood probably influenced the choice which has made the island a favourite home of the Queen. For more than half a century the Queen has resided many weeks in the year at Osborne House, which was purchased in 1840 from the Blachford family. Osborne was once the property of Eustace Mann, who in the troubled times of Charles I. buried a mass of silver and gold in a wood on the estate known as 'Money Coppice.' Tradition, if not a true historian, has proved a true prophet. If the 'Money Coppice' has never revealed its buried hoard, Osborne has yet spread its treasures broadcast over the island to enrich the inhabitants wherever a womanly sympathy or a royal generosity can extend its open hand. Nor has the island proved ungrateful. Round Osborne gather some of the brightest associations of the Queen's life as a wife and mother; and if in the chancel of Whippingham Church there stand many monuments which record the sad chronicle of her domestic bereavements, the island itself has never been the scene of any one of those events which have darkened her later years with a shadow of gloom.

ART. X.—*The Platform: its Rise and Progress.* By HENRY JEPHSON. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1892..

MR. HENRY JEPHSON has in the two large volumes before us attempted to give an account of the rise and progress of a new power in the State. He has shown, in the task he has undertaken, very considerable industry, and his researches have enabled him to bring before his readers in an impressive manner the great changes that little more than a century has witnessed in the developement of popular government. Mr. Jephson's sympathies, it is satisfactory to find, are always in favour of popular liberty. He believes that though there may be minor disadvantages accompanying the change, on the whole there has been an immense gain to the nation from the increase of the force and directness with which popular opinion tells upon government. He has not confined himself, however, to writing a mere history of the growth of the platform, for he discusses the nature of its influence at different periods and in different circumstances, and enlarges upon the place which it now occupies in the sphere of politics.

When our author writes of 'the Platform' he intends to signify that systematic delivery of political speeches by public men to popular audiences, which in the present day occupies such a preponderating share of political discussion. He separates the platform from parliamentary debate on the one side and from newspaper discussion on the other. A few years ago 'the Platform' was irreverently known as 'the Stump.' The stump orator was a mouthing demagogue who attracted around him crowded audiences of the most ignorant of the populace by the very coarseness of his speech and the violence of his denunciations. At the present day our greatest statesmen, whether peers or members of the House of Commons, choose the public platform for the deliverance of their most weighty speeches. It may be that some great party 'demonstration' or some complimentary banquet is the occasion chosen; but in neither case is his 'effective' audience, so to speak, those who are listening to the statesman's words, but rather that infinitely greater public throughout the length and breadth of the land, who next day will read in cool blood and at leisure full reports of his utterances and give full weight to his arguments.

Before the middle of the eighteenth century the great religious revival, led by Whitefield and Wesley, collected

together for the first time large masses of the people to listen to the speeches of great orators, and in the huge open-air meetings of the time, though their purpose was mainly religious, Mr. Jephson finds the first example of our modern political gatherings. If he were in an archæological frame of mind he might have traced the custom to a remote antiquity. Our Teutonic and Scandinavian ancestors had the same love of public meetings and popular oratory that has come down to ourselves. There probably never was a time in the history of this country in which men were insensible to the marvellous influence of the human voice, or indifferent to the right of public meeting. The germ of the platform, as he truly says, was innate in our Constitution itself, a fact which accounts for the rapidity of its growth when once it came into being.

‘In the first place, the system of county government which existed in the middle of last century led to meetings of the principal people in the county whenever any public emergency or crisis arose. In each county there was a lord lieutenant, who was the principal representative of Government authority, and who was charged with the preservation of the peace of the county. Under him was the magistracy, and then under them the freeholders, who, as electors of the members of the House of Commons, or Lower House of Parliament, had a sort of recognised position; and when any emergency arose, it was not unusual for the lord lieutenant to convene the magistrates, and sometimes the freeholders, to consider the necessary measures to be taken.’

A few instances of public meetings of the kind are given, and they might be easily multiplied. Moreover the old constitutional right of petitioning the sovereign or Parliament, and the habit of presenting addresses in reference to grievances or matters exciting general interest, frequently led to the assembling of the citizens for public discussion, when speeches were delivered by public men. Even more than these, the right of addressing the electors of each constituency at the time of an election from the hustings proves.

‘that the platform did exist in one of its phases at this time, and might have been seen in actual operation. Hence it was recognised by the Government as so necessary a right, that in all the chances and changes of history, and all the attempts made to suppress free speech, no attempt was ever made to interfere with public meetings or free speech at the time of an election. In a more or less nebulous sort of way it had thus existed for a considerable period, though not giving evidence of its future developement nor awakening even a suspicion of the part it was to take in the political life of the kingdom.’

The sentiments of the people strongly favoured freedom of speech.

‘The ways and manners of life and business in England had in them decided tendencies towards associations, meetings, and speeches; and the self-governing genius of the people was most essentially and eminently one which required some greater outlet than was afforded by the narrow and restricted system of parliamentary representation then existing.’

The first example of a systematic platform agitation on a political question is found in the opposition of certain districts of England to a new cider tax which the first Parliament of George III. had imposed. Public meetings were held, speeches were made by members of Parliament and others, and resolutions passed, with the object of inducing Parliament to repeal the obnoxious measure. But the first general popular agitation in which the influence of the platform made itself felt grew out of the struggle between the House of Commons and the country as to the right of the county of Middlesex to elect Mr. Wilkes as their representative. It was in the course of that agitation that Mr. Burke, though he did not speak at any meeting, gave his full support to the cause of the platform. His general ideas may be gathered from a speech of his delivered in 1771.

“I am not of the opinion of those gentlemen who are against disturbing the public repose. I like a clamour whenever there is an abuse. The fire bell at midnight disturbs your sleep, but it keeps you from being burned in your bed. The hue and cry alarms the county, but it preserves all the property of the province. All these clamours aim at redress. But a clamour made merely for the purpose of rendering the people discontented with their situation, without an endeavour to give them a practical remedy, is indeed one of the worst acts of sedition.”

‘That the Middlesex agitation did not fall within the latter category is evident from what he further said: “Indeed, in the situation in which we stand, with an immense revenue, an enormous debt, mighty establishments, Government itself a great banker and a great merchant, I see no other way for the preservation of a decent attention to public interest in the representatives, but the interposition of the body of the people itself whenever it shall appear, by some flagrant and notorious act, by some capital innovation, that these representatives are going to overleap the fences of the law, and to introduce an arbitrary power.” “Standards for judging more systematically upon their conduct ought to be settled in the meetings of counties and corporations.”

‘The interposition of the body of the people thus recommended, with their platform and their resolutions, had, even so far as it had gone, proved most eminently disconcerting to the King and those in authority. Disconcerting it well might be, for the platform was a new factor in the political life of the country, and carried with it vast potentialities for

the future. Not alone was it a new form of expression of public opinion, but it was actually a new element or source of public opinion, differing quite from the Press, being more tangible, and carrying with it the greater weight which the personal presence of numbers gives to expressed opinion.

'Henceforward statesmen would have to reckon with the fact that their policy and acts might be publicly discussed and criticised by the platform in the presence of large gatherings of the people; henceforth they would have to submit to a new form of criticism and of interference in the domain of Government of the most galling and at times most offensive kind, alarming too in this, that it required apparently but one step to pass from criticism to dictation.' (Vol. i. pp. 72, 73.)

Mr. Jephson goes on to trace the progressive influence of the platform in spite of the restrictions of the law and the strong opposition of the Crown. The French Revolution, indeed, had an adverse effect. The country shrank from the dire results of that convulsion among our neighbours, and the attempt of a small minority to introduce French principles on English platforms only tended to discredit these meetings. The Whig party, however, remained faithful to their traditions, and, being constantly in opposition, they sought to compensate for their weakness in Parliament by more frequent and energetic appeals to the public.

'For the honour of being the first ex-Minister who used the platform, only two men come into competition—Lord Shelburne and Charles Fox, both of whom we may remember spoke at the Wiltshire meeting in January 1780. In one respect Lord Shelburne must be given precedence, as he had been a Cabinet Minister when he spoke, and therefore must, I think, be regarded as the first ex-Cabinet Minister who ever used the platform; but in every other respect the honour must be awarded to Fox. Lord Shelburne's appearance on the platform was, so far as I am aware, only an isolated event; Fox habitually resorted to it not merely on the occasion of elections, but at other times also, and used it as a means of conveying instruction to the people, as a defence of his own policy, or as a basis for attack on his opponents. He was also the first Cabinet Minister who used it at the time of an election.

'Pre-eminently does he stand out as the first English statesman of ministerial rank who appreciated the power of the platform, and who systematically used it. Whether or not it was that he liked it for the qualities which render it so much more fascinating to some men than the House of Commons, its freedom, its enthusiasm, its applause, certain it is that he was constantly addressing public meetings, so constantly, indeed, as to earn for himself the name of "the man of the people."

'His peculiar position in measure accounted for this. For the greater part of his political life he represented Westminster, then the leading constituency of Great Britain—London city alone excepted—and that constituency was at his very door. He lived amongst his

constituents, worked under their eyes, took them into all his confidences, and time after time frankly communicated with them from the platform in Westminster Hall his views, his difficulties, and his plans.

‘When the right of public discussion and free speech fell on evil days, and many men had either gone over to the other side, or been awed into quiescence, Fox, sheltered by his position as member of Parliament, still stood forward as the undaunted, indomitable champion of popular rights.’ (Vol. i. pp. 289, 290.)

It is characteristic of the two great rival statesmen, that whilst Fox extended his popularity and the sympathy of many generous and liberal minds by public harangues to the people, there is no existing record that Mr. Pitt ever made any speech whatever outside Parliament. Sheridan said of him: ‘If the Chancellor of the Exchequer was not so stiffnecked and lofty, if he condescended to mix in public meetings, he would not be apt to be led into those errors which were practised on his credulity.’ Not a very grammatical sentence, but such is Mr. Jephson’s report of it. Mr. Pitt conceived that the country was to be governed by the king’s ministers and by Parliament. He overlooked whatever lay behind or beyond them. Whatever may be the advantages of the platform at the present time, their importance was in reality far greater when the House of Commons was an unreformed body, and when the influence of the Crown was exercised to the detriment of the liberties of the people. If the House of Commons did not represent the unfettered will of the people, the nation found a voice abroad, in troublous times, which was not without a power of control over the boldest minister. No acts of the Tory governments of the first twenty years of this century are remembered with so much bitterness as their attempts to repress and punish the right of public speaking. It was by the voice of the people that Parliament itself was reformed, and the great triumph of the Whig Ministry of 1831 was mainly due to the awakening of an irresistible force in the very heart of the nation. Mr. Jephson has given us an animated sketch of the two great popular movements—that of the Reform agitation in 1831, and that of the Repeal of the Corn Laws in 1845—in which the platform, the appeal to the people out of the doors of Parliament, played so important and decisive a part. The former of these crises was especially remarkable for the unanimity with which the judgement of the people was expressed.

‘In former agitations the platform had been used first by one section, then by another, never before by all united. Upon this occasion it was adopted by the whole people, and its power was irresistible.

‘By itself, the House of Commons, once it was converted to reform, could never have carried reform against the opposition of the Tory party and the House of Lords. It was the platform which compelled Ministers to endeavour to satisfy the popular demands; and when Ministers had made the effort, it was the platform, with its impressive meetings and determined language, which compelled the House of Commons to accept the ministerial proposals; and when the House of Commons had accepted them, compelled a still more reluctant House—the House of Lords—to do so too.

‘Perhaps the most striking fact in connexion with this great revolution was, that it was effected peaceably and without bloodshed, for the instances in which loss of life occurred scarcely call for notice. Though in a few places there was rioting, yet it was never on a formidable scale,—there was no massing of an armed people, no struggle with the military, no barricades, such as neighbouring countries had given examples of.

‘The explanation of this extraordinary immunity from violence and bloodshed, of this marvellous calmness and restraint, is to be found partly in the eminently law-abiding and order-loving character of the people. But still more was the result due to the platform, where for years and years public discussion of this question had been carried on, where reason had been pitted against reason, and argument against argument, until men had got accustomed to argue instead of coming to blows, and to rely on truth, and justice, and right, triumphing in the end. . . .’

‘The first great result of the agitation for the Reform Act was to instal the platform formally among the great political institutions of the country—to raise it at once into one of the governing authorities of the kingdom. It had been tried, and had proved itself to be a mighty instrument of power in the hands of the people; it had demonstrated to their complete satisfaction its boundless utility; it had shown its perfect adaptability to all their needs; it had placed in their hands a ready weapon of attack as well as of defence; it was in harmony with the most marked features of the national character; it breathed the very essence of freedom; it had become, during the last few years of fierce agitation, a part and parcel of the public life; it had overcome the hitherto invincible might of the Tory party; and, henceforward, it was to be a great power in the State.’ (Vol. ii. pp. 127, 128, 129.)

In the struggle for the Repeal of the Corn Laws there was less unanimity, for the powerful influence of the landed interest and the agricultural population was arrayed in defence of protection. But the case was argued with consummate ability by Mr. Villiers and Mr. Cobden and their friends, and the manufacturing and mercantile interests were induced to sacrifice whatever advantage they were supposed to derive from protective duties, to the all-important gain of cheap food and free trade. These were the two signal examples of the triumph of the platform, anterior to the

great contest in which the country is at this moment engaged.

But in the interval of forty years several changes—some legislative, some mechanical—have conspired prodigiously to extend the influence of the platform. The abolition of the tax on newspapers has enormously increased their circulation, and brought the diffusion of political intelligence to every man's door at the smallest possible cost. The Press has become the great organ, or handmaid, of the Platform; and if the influence of journalism has declined, as we think it has done, the influence of newspapers as the organs and reporters of public oratory is largely increased. A speech delivered in any part of the kingdom by a political leader is instantly brought under the eyes, though not the ears, of the whole community. This result is attained, and indeed rendered possible, by the mechanical inventions of the age. The art of reporting is carried to a high pitch of excellence. The electric telegraph conveys the words of the speaker to the Press almost as soon as they are uttered, and with incredible rapidity and accuracy they are circulated over the kingdom.

The chief objection to the language of the platform is that it is necessarily one-sided. The meetings addressed are mainly composed of men who share the opinions of the speaker. Debate is not practicable, nor can the arguments used and the statements made be instantly and on the spot subjected, as in Parliament, to the crucial test of a reply. But this inconvenience is, to some extent, overcome by the fact that political oratory is no longer local. Speeches are everywhere read, and the harangue of an orator in one place is answered on the next day by an antagonist at the other corner of the island. The effect of this singular repercussion of oratory and argument has been to bring into the field a much higher—indeed we may say the highest—class of speakers, and within the last few months especially debate has been carried on from separate pulpits or platforms by the most eloquent and able members of both parties, from the Prime Minister in person down to the most active of his opponents. No question has ever been more thoroughly argued out than this much-vexed controversy of Home Rule—a controversy the more curious inasmuch as the advocates of the measure are still left in ignorance of its provisions, and the opponents of the measure are compelled to make war on every imaginable shape the phantom might be made to assume,

No doubt the authority of the House of Commons suffers by this anticipated appeal *ad populum*, and Parliament itself becomes in some degree the creature of platform oratory. That is a severe blow to the system of representative government, for the constituencies cease to respect the independent judgement of their members, and the elective principle itself is vitiated, when men are chosen for the Legislature not on the ground of their personal experience, character, and ability, but of their subserviency to an organisation which is called a 'machine,' or a 'caucus.' So far the platform and the numerous devices connected with it tend to lower the character and abridge the power of Parliament. If these results are to be regretted in legislation, they are still more injurious to administration, the details of which cannot be brought under platform control or management.

But, on the other hand, it is highly satisfactory to remark, as is abundantly shown in Mr. Jephson's narrative, that whilst the power of the platform has gone on to increase, the tone of the speeches delivered there has risen with the rank of the speakers, and the more advanced political education of the audiences. The language is far less declamatory, the line of argument stronger, clearer, more condensed. The object is not to inflame the passions of the people, but to convince them by solid facts and reasons; and it is a proof of the advanced political education of the electorate and the population in general that these discourses are listened to with rapt attention, and received with enthusiasm by vast assemblies, in which the applause of the audience is the only interruption of the speaker. It is no mean privilege of the people of England that the fundamental principles of the constitution are expounded and laid before them in a hundred forms by the ablest statesmen and orators of the age; and it is not less honourable to the men occupying the first position in the State that they recognise the duty and the necessity of placing themselves and their principles in direct contact with the population at large, although the demands of the platform have largely increased the labours and fatigues of public life. The extension of the franchise to a numerous class of men without experience of political conduct renders it an imperative obligation to seek as far as possible to educate them. They read but little; they are apt to lose sight of the main questions at issue, in pursuit of some secondary object; they are the victims of all the tricks and artifices of professional agitators; but it not unfrequently happens that the voice of

a man of authority speaking the language of reason recalls them to the path of common sense and rectitude.

It is true that the platform affords the same facilities to the mountebank and the sophist that it offers to the statesman; and we have signal instances before us of the effects which the fatal facility of speech may produce even in men who were once regarded with respect. To such a man the applause of a multitude is as intoxicating and as delusive as his own language is to his audience; and an entire fabric of mendacity and folly may be inflated and sustained for a time by the mere breath of demagogues. But we have confidence in the good sense and fairness of the nation. The stronger argument will ultimately prevail.

There is an essential difference between the great contests of the platform in which the country had previously been engaged and that which has been carried on for the last few months. The political Unions of 1831, the Anti-Corn Law League of 1845, and all the political combinations of a similar character, were essentially aggressive. They were designed to bring the force of public opinion to bear in favour of a policy not yet accepted by Parliament or the existing Government of the country, and they carried their point by overcoming the resistance which was opposed to them. The character of the Unionist meetings and speeches of 1892 is entirely different. They are essentially defensive. They are not directed against the policy of the existing Government, but to support it. The leading members of the Ministry have taken an active part in the fray. They have been aided by the energetic alliance of the Unionist Liberals. The object is not to promote, but to resist, an important change—in fact, a revolution—in the constitution of the realm, to preserve and defend the rights and liberties of our countrymen, to surrender nothing to the factious demands of conspirators and rebels. The abettors and allies of the Irish Nationalist party have, no doubt, made feeble attempts to be heard even in England; but we doubt whether a genuine belief in ‘Home Rule’ has been evoked or expressed in any British public meeting by the obstreperous language of Sir William Harcourt, the rapid Jacobinism of Mr. Morley, or the nebulous casuistry of Mr. Gladstone himself. In point of argument, the speeches of Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Selborne, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen, and their friends, show an unanswerable superiority to the halting, ill-defined attacks of their opponents, who have

neither disclosed their own policy nor met the arguments of the Unionist party. The action of the platform on this question of Home Rule has been Conservative. 'Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari' was the answer of the principal British meetings, of the Convention of Ulster, and the Protestants and Loyalists of more than one Irish province to the threatened revolution. Yet in many instances the answer of the polls has not responded to the language of the platform.

The names and colours of parties may change or become obsolete, but principles are imperishable. Every article in the creed of the Unionist party may trace its origin to those liberal traditions which placed William III. on the throne of the United Kingdoms, and drove James II. and his Irish Parliament with ignominy from these islands. Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy bears a suspicious resemblance to the Jacobite measures of 1689, which placed Ireland at the mercy of an intolerant Church, and of the avowed enemies of England and the revolution of 1688. Call it by what name you will, the principles of the Unionist party are those which William III. came to defend, and which down to our own time—and most of all in our time—have borne the precious fruits of liberty, toleration, prosperity, and peace, by allying the established institutions of the realm to that spirit of progress, reform, and union which is vital to an empire.

Whatever may be the course of events, the Unionist party may justly make the proud boast that, having held office for six years, no successful charge of failure, misconduct, or misgovernment has ever been substantiated against it by all the efforts of the most intemperate and unscrupulous opposition known in modern times. The Ministry of Lord Salisbury, supported by the disinterested service of the Liberal Unionists, who hold with one eminent exception no office in it, claims to be judged by results, which present a striking contrast to the fretful and humiliating incidents of the preceding years. Peace, not broken by alarms, has been preserved. The British Government stands high in the estimation of the world, and when difficulties have arisen they have been skilfully and honourably adjusted. In place of abortive financial schemes, the National Debt has been largely reduced and taxation lightened. No blood has been shed: no British officer has been abandoned. The establishment of county councils and free schools has placed on a broader basis the local liberties of the nation and the education of the people. Above all, Ireland, the very scene

of contention, misery, and veiled rebellion, has been restored to order and law, without a single act of injustice or arbitrary power: and the growing prosperity of the island has marked the progress of regeneration. The best hopes of the people of Ireland are based on the maintenance of a system of firm and rational government, which is the true form of conciliation, for that country owes everything to the spirit of the British Parliament and administration, and nothing to the detestable agitation which seeks to rend it from Great Britain. In a word, the cause of peace and progress in Ireland is indissolubly bound up with the maintenance of the Union and the authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom. There is something at once proud and pathetic in Lord Salisbury's exclamation, 'Are these hopes to be shattered?'

It would be idle at the present moment to repeat the numerous arguments in favour of the Union, which have been addressed with conspicuous ability to the constituencies. But there is one point on which more stress might be laid. What would be the position of the military and naval forces of the Crown in Ireland under a separate Irish Executive? What would be the position of an Irish Parliament and Executive in relation to those forces over which they could have no authority at all? A large portion of the British army at home is, for many reasons of convenience, economy, and necessity, quartered in Ireland. Its presence in Ireland is extremely popular and profitable to that country. That army is maintained by the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and is commanded by officers under the Crown. It is a body one and indivisible. All the military establishments, barracks, forts, armaments, &c., are, and must remain, under the same authority. So is the coastguard under the Admiralty, a body of men nowhere more needed than in Ireland, for they represent the naval arm of the country. The army is at all times a security for peace and order amidst a turbulent population. In the event of war with any foreign Power, it would be the first duty of the British Government to provide for the defence of Ireland, by land and sea, since it is the point most open to a hostile attack. To this duty, in case of danger, all other considerations would be subservient, and it must be performed mainly by England and by the British forces. They would in no case be commanded or controlled by an Irish Executive, which could not, physically or morally, be entrusted with authority over the Queen's troops, or with the defence of Ireland. An Irish Executive might even sympathise with the enemies of

England. It would have no power to defend its own existence. What, then, would be the condition of an Irish Parliament and Administration surrounded by troops and vessels of war, absolutely dependent on the will of the Parliament and Ministers of Great Britain, and without the slightest power to interfere with the military and naval administration in Ireland? No such government ever existed in the world, for it would be without the primary condition of independence. To withdraw the British forces altogether from Ireland would simply be to leave the island in the hands of armed factions and the coasts open to invasion. The peace of Ireland is never in greater danger than when the regular army is too much reduced in strength, as it was in 1798, when the horrors of rebellion and the perils of invasion were singularly aggravated by the indiscipline and lawless ferocity of the local troops.

The whole question may be summed up in a simple proposition. There are in Ireland two irreconcilable parties: a majority of perhaps two-thirds including the illiterate peasantry of the south, governed by the priests, and the rowdies of some of the larger towns; a minority of one-third at least including a vast proportion—we might say the totality—of the educated, the landed, the professional, the mercantile classes of the island. Mr. Parnell being dead, the Nationalist party does not possess a single leader of station or ability, and in character he too was wanting.

If the people of England keep the compact of the Union with this minority, they ensure to the Crown and to Great Britain the allegiance, the respect, and the gratitude of all that is most considerable and eminent in Ireland, and the tie between the two peoples becomes stronger than ever.

If, on the contrary, they allow the compact to be broken, and surrender the Union to illiterate numbers, priestly domination, and revolutionary politicians, they will not only gain nothing from their allies, but, what is much worse, they will alienate and irritate to the last degree that entire body of loyal and enlightened Irishmen with whom it is an honour to be connected, and on whose support and brotherhood England and the Queen's Government can rely. They will be faithful to us if we are faithful to them. The last and greatest calamity to Ireland and to ourselves would be that we should exasperate and estrange our best friends by a base surrender to our avowed and implacable enemies.

We have delayed the publication of this Number of the

Journal for a few days, at the present crisis, in the hope that we should be in possession of the general results of the recent elections, and might even be able to foreshadow some of the effects of the contest on the future condition of the Government. Such an appreciation of current events must necessarily be hasty and incomplete, but there are some indubitable facts from which, we think, conclusions may be drawn.

In every general engagement, whether in politics or in war, the operations are defensive on one side and offensive on the other. In the present case the Unionist party held a strong position, represented by a majority of ninety-two in the last important division of the late Parliament. The Separatist party, led to the attack by Mr. Gladstone, undertakes not only to dislodge its antagonists from the position they hold, but to reverse the strength of parties and to create a majority on the other side capable of giving effect to their policy by forming a competent Administration. It appears from the electoral returns that the first of these conditions has been accomplished; it remains to be seen from experience whether the second condition can be attained, for although the success of the candidates of the Opposition is greater than we had reason to anticipate, the result of the election at the present time is not altogether decisive. It has failed to shake the alliance of the Conservative and Liberal Unionist parties, and has, on the contrary, strengthened it. It has failed to win over a single man of acknowledged eminence amongst the educated and mercantile classes. It has failed to extend its influence in any of the great centres of population, labour, trade, and intelligence, such as Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and the manufacturing towns of Lancashire and the southern counties of England. Even Newcastle has placed a Unionist at the head of the poll; and the majority of Mr. Gladstone himself in Midlothian has shrunk from 4,631 in 1885 to 690 in 1892, the number of his supporters being diminished by about 4,000.

In the metropolis, where the disproportion of Unionist votes at the last election was excessive, it is not wonderful that several seats have been lost in the eastern suburbs, to restore the balance in favour of the minority. Of the sixty-two metropolitan members, thirty-seven are now Unionists, and twenty-five Gladstonians—figures which probably represent fairly enough the existing state of opinion by a proportion of three to two, though it is much to be regretted that the author of the London County Council Act

should have succumbed on a field on which he peculiarly deserved to win. It must be remarked that where seats have been lost, both metropolitan and provincial, the successful majority has been extremely small—in ten or twelve cases we have noted it has been under a hundred. A Parsee gentleman has been returned by *three* votes to represent the central division of the borough of Finsbury, which could find apparently no English delegate. The cry of ‘Home Rule,’ which Mr. Gladstone declares to be the sole end and aim of his octogenarian efforts, has failed to excite enthusiasm in Great Britain; we doubt if it has turned the scale in any election, except by the influence of the Irish vote in some divisions. In many cases the choice of the electors has evidently been determined by peculiar local causes, of which the loss of the seats for Devonport, Portsmouth, and Pembroke are signal examples. The dockyard men have thought it right and honourable to vote against the Government, whose bread they eat, in the hope, no doubt, of getting a higher price for their votes in the shape of wages at the expense of the nation.

If any inference can be drawn from the polls, it is that the opinions of the country are exceedingly divided, and if the Opposition has obtained a majority, it has not secured a commanding and irresistible superiority. The cause of the Unionists is *one*, the forces of the assailants are mixed. Without the votes they may obtain from Ireland, Scotland, and Wales they are impotent, and these allies are marching under different watchwords and different pledges. The English members of the House of Commons are 465; of these a large and unshaken majority are Unionists. The Scotch, Irish, and Welsh members are 205, amongst whom the followers of Mr. Gladstone preponderate. They alone turn the scale in his favour, so that the portion of the United Kingdom which is by far the first in population, culture, and wealth, and which returns more than two-thirds of the House of Commons, may be outvoted and governed by Northern Britain and Celtic Ireland and Wales.

The Radical party, for such is its proper title, consists of a medley of Gladstonians, Nonconformists, Anti-liquor men, Parnellites, Anti-Parnellites, Men of Labour, and men of Socialist opinions. In opposition to the existing Administration and to the integrity of the United Kingdom, they may possibly be brought into one lobby; but they owe no allegiance to a common leader; they have separate objects in view; they acknowledge no party discipline or authority;

yet the secession of any fraction of this band would destroy a majority formed of these uncongenial elements. The luckless leader of such a pack would soon be hunted, like Actæon, by his own hounds. There can be no strength without absolute union of conduct and of purpose.

Governments are overthrown, not so much by the strength of their assailants, as by their own weakness. They commonly owe their ruin to their own faults. But the Government of Lord Salisbury is not a weak Government. That accusation, at least, has not been brought against it. Ministers are accused, on the contrary, of too much vigour in administration, of too much success in negotiation and finance. Does anyone imagine that a Government equally respected abroad and equally prosperous at home can be formed out of this strange assemblage of discredited office-seekers and insane theorists, who are preparing to grasp at the first places in the State? The most sinister wish that could be breathed by an opponent is that they should be called upon to make the trial. They have shown but little respect for the interests of the country in opposition; they would be crushed by the responsibility of power.

Mr. Gladstone has shown throughout this prolonged struggle that he is a victim to a strange hallucination, in which nothing is true but the glamour of his own name. This total absence of insight and foresight, which distinguishes the aged leader and some of his adherents, is in itself a disqualification for power. They have relied too much on Mr. Schnadhorst, and too little on common sense and honesty. This country is not yet sunk so low that the fate of the empire is to be governed by the practices of wire-pullers or the tricks of political wizards,

‘That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.’

A man who has sold himself to the enemy may find that he is cheated of his reward.

It is worth while, by way of contrast, to refer to the results of the four elections which have taken place since 1874. In January of that year Mr. Gladstone abruptly dissolved the Parliament, although he had suffered no actual defeat, and his majority was still estimated at seventy. But the tone of his followers was weak, and he himself declared that ‘it had fallen below the point necessary for the due defence and prosecution of the public interests.’ He appears to have thought that a dissolution would act as a tonic on

his supporters ; in reality the result was fatal to his party and to his Administration. The new House of Commons was composed of 343 Conservatives, 249 Liberals, and 59 Irish Home Rulers. That act of Mr. Gladstone's placed Mr. Disraeli and the Tory party in power for about six years. Mr. Gladstone pleaded age, and desired to be relieved from the duties he had hitherto discharged as leader of the Liberal party, and that ungrateful task devolved on the Marquis of Hartington, who showed consummate ability and temper in the command of a defeated and forsaken army.

In March, 1880, Lord Beaconsfield dissolved the Parliament to which he owed the most brilliant period of his political career ; but Fortune had turned her wheel ; the nation was tired of epigrams and alarmed by the Eastern mystery ; and the result of the election sent to the House of Commons 354 Liberals, 236 Conservatives, and 62 Irish Nationalists. Lord Beaconsfield retired without meeting the Parliament he had called together.

Such was the House of Commons and such the state of parties when Mr. Gladstone found it convenient to return to office in 1880. Never was a minister in a stronger position ; never was a strong position more grievously wasted. The five years which ensued were marked by crimes, troubles, and severe coercion in Ireland ; by distrust and irritation abroad ; by deficient finance and increased taxation ; by sanguinary campaigns leading only to humiliation and defeat. Still, when a dissolution followed in 1885, the House of Commons was found to consist of 334 Liberals, 250 Conservatives, and 86 Irish Nationalists. Mr. Gladstone's inference from these figures was that the ministry stood at the mercy of the Irish party, who were ready to sell their votes to the best bidder ; upon which he proposed to purchase, by an abject surrender, the support of the men whom he had imprisoned, persecuted, and reviled. For the second time he broke up the Liberal party ; for, to win 83 or 86 votes from Mr. Parnell, he sacrificed 93 of his own most faithful supporters, comprising almost all that was eminent in the Liberal party for character, eloquence, and political experience. Even this act of humiliation and apostasy profited him nothing ; for in this very Parliament, elected under his own auspices, the Home Rule Bill which he introduced was defeated by 343 to 313 votes. Mr. Gladstone resolved to appeal to the nation, and in June 1886 he again dissolved Parliament. The result was still more disastrous.

The electors returned 317 Conservatives, 74 Liberal Unionists, 191 British Separatists, and 84 Irish Nationalists. The constitutional majority stood at 393 to 275, and for the second time Mr. Gladstone by his precipitate and irrational action placed the Unionists in power and Lord Salisbury at the head of affairs.

We have thought it worth while to refer to those figures, because they prove that in each of these elections the victory of the winning party was won by a *decisive* majority, and that consequently power was vested in their hands for the duration of the Parliament. If Mr. Gladstone had held the Liberal party together, instead of shattering it, it is probable that the same result would have followed, for the Conservatives were not in a condition to carry on the government single-handed, though they were the strongest compact body in the House.

It remains to be seen, not only from the actual numbers returned, but from the measures which may subsequently be taken to form a compact and disciplined party, whether the present success of the Opposition is as decisive as they suppose. Should they attain to office, the country will soon discover their real strength and their ability to fulfil and reconcile inconsistent pledges and accomplish an impossible task. They will find themselves in presence of a perfectly organised and united minority of not less than 320 members—a number which has generally been sufficient to control the action of any government.

On the other hand the united party which supports Lord Salisbury's Administration is materially weakened in the new House of Commons, and the existence of a feeble majority on either side leaves the Queen's Government in a precarious and fluctuating condition, extremely injurious to the conduct of public affairs. A relative equality of parties, not only in the House of Commons but in the country, is obviously the state of things least favourable to beneficial legislation and vigorous administration. The Opposition may be strong enough to check the action of the Government, but not to supplant it, still less to rule in its place. If that is the position of affairs, it is much to be regretted, especially at a time when important questions affecting large masses of the population claim the immediate attention of Parliament. But it cannot last. Government at the present day cannot totter on, like the Ministry of Lord Melbourne or Lord Palmerston, with the thin support of a few votes. The struggles of Parliamentary factions are never more detestable

than when they paralyse the whole action of the State. The crisis, therefore, since the election is singularly acute and obscure. It raises with tenfold force the Duke of Wellington's memorable question, 'How is the King's Government 'to be carried on?' Probably no man of experience would hazard a prediction at a moment of so much uncertainty; nor do we know anything of the incidents which the course of events may bring about. But the attempt to form an efficient and permanent ministry out of the varied and discordant elements which must be represented in it, and to carry measures by Irish votes alone, which are condemned by the public opinion of Great Britain, is a task which might even shake the confidence of Mr. Gladstone, for he will find that he is not at the end, but at the beginning, of the severest contest of his life.

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ART. I.—*Persia and the Persian Question.* By the Hon.
GEORGE N. CURZON, M.P. 2 vols. London: 1892.

PERSIA, fortunately for those who write about her, must be exempted from the charge generally brought against all Asiatic countries—that their past history has no interest for the rest of the world, from its local and exclusive character and from their having taken no part in the march of civilisation. What is true of India, which but for the brief episode of Alexander and Porus would have remained unknown to us until the Middle Ages, and in a much greater degree of China, still isolated and living a life of her own apart from the existence of the rest of the human race, cannot be said of Persia, a country with which the Bible and the classical writers have made us well acquainted from our youth, which was identified with the first struggles between Europe and Asia, which witnessed the triumph of the Macedonian, and marked the eastern limit of the conquering flight of the Roman eagles. The eloquence of the Greek dramatists and historians combines with the long succession of striking military events, from the overthrow of the Babylonian monarchy by Cyrus to the capture of the Roman Emperor Valerian by Shahpur, to invest with interest a State which, although it has sunk to a low stage of decrepitude, still preserves in some degree the form it possessed under the Achemenians and Sassanides, and whose ruler uses the appellation of King of Kings, which was borne by Cyrus and Darius. The conquest of the old Parsi fire-worshippers by the Mahomedans, recounted in English

song as well as by the national poet Firdusi; the splendour and success of the two Shahs Abbas, great rulers among great contemporaries; the terrible invasion of India by Nadir Shah, which by breaking the power of the Marathas simplified the establishment of the English supremacy in Hindostan, have all supplied continuous links of human interest in a country which, judged by the test of population, prosperity and power, would not rank as high as the territory of the Nizami. Even in her hour of weakness and decay, Persia supplies an interesting and significant theme in such capable hands as Mr. Curzon's, and we find ourselves insensibly as much absorbed in her fate, now that she may be regarded as lying at the mercy of her neighbours, as when she was their terror.

Mr. Curzon writes in a double capacity, as a traveller in Persia and as a student—or, rather, as a master—of the subjects connected with her political and commercial destiny. In the former character he has written one of the most brilliant and entertaining books of modern travel; in the latter he has enjoyed the incalculable advantage of having seen the places and peoples he describes, and of having been brought into personal contact with all the principal men in Persia—the princes and officials who represent the best knowledge and opinion in the country, and on whose conduct and prudence its future will largely depend. In both capacities Mr. Curzon has earned the highest praise, and the most captious critic will be disarmed in face of his untiring industry, his vast capacity for taking pains, which a French writer has identified with genius, and his facile and graceful style, which invests his story and subject with a peculiar charm. As a book of travels, Mr. Curzon's volumes are certain to receive every attention from that wide circle of readers who look with avidity for information about the less known parts and peoples of the earth. It may justly be regarded as the most remarkable and elaborate book of the year; but before considering the very important problems with which it is Mr. Curzon's main purpose to deal, we may give one or two quotations to show how excellently he has done his work as a traveller in bringing the regions he traversed clearly before the great majority of his countrymen, who have no option but to stay at home and hear of these Asiatic countries from the fortunate few who can visit them. In the following passage Mr. Curzon gives what may be termed the prologue of his tour, and it is written in his happiest style:—

'The opportunity will await us of seeing something of a Court whose splendour is said to have formerly rivalled that of the Great Mogul, of a Government which is still, with the exception of China, the most Oriental in the East, and of a city which unites the unswerving characteristics of an Asiatic capital with the borrowed trappings of Europe. . . . Kum from behind its curtain of fanaticism and mystery will reveal the glitter of the golden domes that overhang the resting place of saints and the sepulchre of kings. Isfahan, with its wreck of fallen palaces, its acres of wasted pleasure, its storeyed bridges that once rang beneath the tread of a population numbered at 650,000, will tell a tale of deeper pathos, although in its shrill and jostling marts we may still observe evidence of mercantile activity and a prospering international trade. Shiraz, which once re-echoed the blithe anacreontics of Hafiz and the more demure philosophy of Sadi, preserves and cherishes the poets' graves; but its merry gardens, its dancing fountains, and its butterfly existence, have gone the way of the singers who sang their praises, and are now only a shadow and a lament. In this neighbourhood, and in eloquent juxtaposition to these piles of modern ruin, occur at intervals the relics of a grander imagination and a more ancient past. Here on the plain still stands the white marble mausoleum that in all probability once held the gold coffin and the corpse of Cyrus. At no great distance the rifled sepulchre of Darius gapes from its chiselled hollow in the scarp of a vertical cliff. Opposite the princely platform of Persepolis lifts its dwindling columns, and amid piles of *débris* displays the sculptured handiwork that graced the palace of Xerxes and the halls of Artaxerxes. . . . A country that possesses no railways is *ipso facto* the possessor of a great charm. Here may still in many parts be found a people retaining the indigenous customs and modes of Asiatic life, and as yet unawakened to the summons that is beating at their doors. Fifty years hence the outlying towns of Persia may have taken on some of the varnish of the capital, and have lost their peculiar individuality of combined dignity and decay. But for the present Persia is of the East most eastern, and though the Persian nobleman may ride in a Russian brougham, the Persian merchant carry a French watch, and the Persian peasant wear a Manchester blouse, yet the heart of the nation is unregenerate, and is fanatically (and not always unfortunately) attached to the ancient order of things. . . . Here let me endeavour in some sort to explain to others what I am sometimes conscious of having only imperfectly explained to myself—viz. the wonderful and incalculable fascination of the East. . . . Is it that in the East, and amid scenes where life and its environment have not varied for thousands of years, where nomad Abrahams still wander with their flocks and herds, where Rebecca still dips her water-skin at the well, where savage forays perpetuate the homeless miseries of Job, western man casts off the slough of an artificial civilisation, and feels that he is mixing again with his ancestral stock, and breathing the atmosphere that nurtured his kind?'

Mr. Curzon entered Persia from the north by means of the Transcaspian Railway, which he used as far as the

town of Askabad, and the first portion of his journey comprised a visit to Kuchan, an attempt, almost successful, to enter the natural fortress of Kelat-i-Nadiri, and a careful examination of the northern frontier of the province of Khorasan from Kuchan to Meshed. At Kuchan he was entertained by the Kurd chieftain, Amir Husein Khan or Shuja ed Dowlah, who is the most powerful among the petty rulers over the Kurd colonies, originally planted on this frontier by the great Shah Abbas. This potentate has already been described by several English visitors, and Mr. Curzon had two interesting interviews with him. Although he spoke very strongly about opposing Russia, and about all the people joining together to fight for Meshed, it is believed that he has no intention of opposing the Russians, with whom it is even said that he has a secret understanding. From Kuchan Mr. Curzon proceeded by the telegraph route towards Meshed, but with the full intention to branch off as soon as he could disarm the Persian authorities of their suspicions as to his intentions; for, strange to say, they have the greatest reluctance to let any European see Kelat-i-Nadiri, although its garrison is insignificant, and nothing has been done to secure it against modern attack. Mr. Curzon went very near to success in evading the vigilance of the Persians, and in gaining admission into the interior of this rock-girt fortress. By a rush he succeeded in entering the Argawan Shah gate without disturbing the solitary sentinel, but here his success ended. The reader must peruse Mr. Curzon's own account; but it may be noted that he made a further attempt to inspect the interior of Kelat-i-Nadiri, by climbing the precipitous side which had in the upper part been artificially scarped by Nadir Shah. This attempt did not meet with the success it deserved, and Mr. Curzon's description of this far-famed natural fortress is based on an external view only; yet it supplies information on all essential points connected with the most interesting place of arms in Western Asia.

‘Kelat-i-Nadiri, though literally translated and commonly called the Fort of Nadir Shah, is not a fort at all in the accepted sense of the term, consisting as it does of a mountain plateau with a mean elevation of 2,500 feet above the sea, intersected by deep gullies and ravines some twenty miles in total length by from five to seven in breadth, and only so far resembling a fortress that this vast extent of ground, comprising a probable area of 150 square miles, is surrounded as with a ring fence by a mighty natural rampart, enclosing it from end to end with a cliff wall of naked and vertical rock 700 to

1,000 feet in sheer height above the valley bottom. From early times the extraordinary character of the place, which must have resulted from some abnormal convulsion of nature, impressed itself upon the imagination of the neighbouring peoples, and Iranian legend localises here one of the mythical combats between the hero Rustam and the alien forces of Turan, under Afrasiab, who, expelled from Kelat by the victorious hosts of Iran, fell back upon the Oxus, where they sustained a final and crushing defeat. . . . As a defensible and defended retreat it was known to the Mongol successors of Jenghiz Khan. Tinur is said to have possessed himself of it by stratagem. But it was not till the times of Nadir Shah that full use was made of its invaluable natural gifts. Returning from India laden with the spoils of conquered kingdoms, and with the rifled treasures of the Great Mogul, he saw in Kelat, with which he must have been familiar from childhood, the ideal storehouse where this vast wealth could be deposited, and also an invulnerable place of arms. Accordingly he constructed powerful fortifications at all the entrances, placed watch towers on every peak and point of vantage, artificially scarped the rocky battlements, both within and without, in order to render them still more impossible of access, built himself a residence on a plateau in the interior (which it is said he rarely occupied), and provided for a supply of good water by excavating large tanks, and bringing in fresh supplies by an aqueduct from the exterior.'

Of Mr. Curzon's subsequent visit to Meshed, Teheran, and Isfahan, of his impressions of Tabriz, Kum and Shiraz, of his careful examination of Persepolis, much might be said; but, as we do not doubt that these are the portions of the work which will attract the reader, we may leave them intact and undisturbed for his edification, while we pass on to the consideration of the many weighty matters which he has brought before the notice of his countrymen in the most impressive manner, and with an array of fact and argument that must command attention. Yet we cannot take our leave of Mr. Curzon as a traveller without expressing our admiration for the manner in which he has realised the ideal excellence of what a traveller's tale should be. He seems to have had an instinctive knowledge of what was worth recording and what was not, and, while his descriptions of the country and people are remarkable for their detail, they are never rendered tedious by excessive prolixity. Mr. Curzon's narrative should serve as a model to future travellers in Asiatic countries. Before leaving this portion of the subject we may quote this reminiscence of travel in the deserts of Persia:—

'Perhaps the weirdest and most impressive of the many unwonted memories that the traveller carries away with him from such-like travel in the East is the recollection of the camel caravans which he has en-

countered at night. Out of the black darkness is heard the distant boom of a heavy bell. Mournfully, and with perfect regularity of iteration it sounds, gradually swelling nearer and louder, and perhaps mingling with the tones of smaller bells signalling the rearguard of the same caravan. The big bell is the insignia and alarum of the leading camel alone. But nearer and louder as the sound becomes not another sound and not a visible object appear to accompany it. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, there looms out of the darkness, like the apparition of a phantom ship, the form of the captain of the caravan. His spongy tread sounds softly on the smooth sand, and like a great string of linked ghouls the silent procession stalks by and is swallowed up in the night. And how wonderful and ever-present is the contrast in Eastern travel to all life and movement at home. No heavy carts and lumbering waggons jolt to and fro between the farmyard and the fields. No light vehicles and swift equipages dash past upon macadamised roads. Alas there are no roads, and if no roads how much less any vehicles or waggons. Thatched roofs and tiled cottages, lanes and hedgerows and trim fields, rivers coursing between full banks, beyond all the roar and sudden smoky rush of the train—these might not exist in the world at all, and do not exist in the world of the Persian, straitened and stunted, but inexpressibly tranquil in his existence. Here all is movement and bustle, flux and speed; there everything is imperturbable, immemorial, immutable, slow.

Nearly two centuries have elapsed since Russia made under Peter the Great her first movement against Persia. Successful at first, the Russians were obliged to retreat and evacuate the places they had captured on the Caspian. After an interval of a century, Russia having consolidated her position in the Caucasus, resumed her task of encroachment on the then wide-spreading dominions of the Shah. In 1813 the treaty of Gulistan terminated a campaign which, although successful for the Czar, would have had a very different ending if we had extended to Persia the assistance we had, practically speaking, guaranteed whilst fear of the great Napoleon's aggressive schemes was at its height. By that treaty Russia obtained Georgia and the other districts dependent on the Shah between the Black and Caspian seas. Less than fifteen years later Russia again went to war, and her able general Paskievich captured the important city of Tabriz, and boasted that 'he only awaited the commands of the Emperor to annihilate the kingdom of Persia and to render her a province of the Russian Empire.' The Government of the Czar did not sanction so heavy a task, and by the treaty of Turkomanchai, which concluded the war in 1828, it merely obtained Erivan and Nakhchivan, or, in other words, brought down its

frontier to the Aras. From that day to the present there has been no contest between Russia and Persia, but without appealing to arms Russia filched from her weak neighbour Ashurada in 1838, Krasnovodsk and Chikishliar in 1869-71, and the Attock of Khorasan in 1881, to say nothing of Sarakhs in 1884. The friendship of Russia, therefore, has not been less injurious to Persia than her enmity, and we have to remember that, in addition to these direct losses, Persia was led into two wars with England in 1838 and 1856 about Herat by pernicious advice from the Russian ministers at her Court.

Formerly Russia terrorised the Persian Court by threatening to cross the Aras and annex the fertile province of Azerbaijan; but, although it would be a mistake to say that this menace has been withdrawn, the more immediate threat now held over the Shah's head is based on the new position which Russia has acquired in the Transcaspian region along the whole of the northern border of the great province of Khorasan. Here at more than one point Persian rights have been reduced to a minimum or dispelled, and the arrangements of the Russian authorities have been carried out with the obvious, if not avowed, intention of invading Khorasan from several directions whenever such a step may be deemed necessary. It has been stated with more or less authority for some years, and Mr. Curzon evidently believes in the truth of the assertion, that a secret treaty or convention has been signed between Russia and Persia, giving the former full power to enter Khorasan and occupy Meshed whenever she may deem it necessary so to do; and with this fact established, the significance of the few lines in which he describes the position of affairs on the Khorasan frontier becomes plain. He says :—

‘ Along the entire circumference of Khorasan, from north-west to south-east, occur a succession of points at which Russian interference, influence, or intrigue is being actively pushed forward, and so the Muscovite toils are steadily and surely being wound round the body of the intended victim. Astrabad, Bajnurd, Kuchan, Kelat, Sarakhs, Khaf, and Seistan are the several scenes of operation, and may eventually supply the requisite doorways of entry. A glance at the map and at the Transcaspian position of Russia, coterminous for 300 miles with the northern border of Khorasan, will show how a situation, which the vicinity of a strong power in possession of the mountains might have rendered extremely critical, has, in the face of a neighbour as weak and pliant as Persia, been converted by Russia into an overwhelming advantage. It is scarcely possible indeed to exaggerate the effect which the Transcaspian conquests of Russia and her subsequent con-

struction of a railway across the desert immediately outside and below the Persian frontier have had upon the political destinies of her neighbours.'

The most important change in the political fortunes of Persia as controlled by the ambitious designs of Russia is that the province of the Shah now most directly threatened is not remote Azerbaijan, but that province of Khorasan which is not merely the nearest to India, but the most productive region between the Caspian and the Indus. The philosophy and indifference which were commended while the Shah was losing districts and provinces on either side of the Aras become somewhat strained and out of place when we find that Meshed is in greater danger than Tabriz, and that the scheme is cut and dried to bring the Cossack without resistance from Askabad and Sarakhs to the outposts of Herat and the heart of Seistan. Mr. Curzon expresses the confident opinion, and advances abundant reasons to substantiate it, that neither the Kurds of the borderland nor the Persians themselves would make any attempt to defend Meshed. The chief of Kuchan, it is true, declared in very positive terms that the people would gather together and fight for Meshed; but the value of his testimony was much diminished by the knowledge that he had established cordial relations with the Russians, and that he had declared his great regard for them and his belief in their power. Those who trust to Amir Husein Khan and his Kurd neighbours for the defence of Meshed will have cause to declare

*Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.*

The first step taken by the Russian authorities towards simplifying a forward movement to Meshed was in 1888, when, as a reply to the opening of the Karun, which was generally regarded as a concession to England, they insisted on the Shah completing without further delay his portion of the road from Askabad to Kuchan. In the following year this work was entrusted to the Head of the Merchants' Guild at Meshed, and it has been duly completed. A road which, if not absolutely perfect, is practicable for artillery has thus been constructed across the mountain barrier separating the Russian and Persian territories, and from Kuchan to Meshed by the Keshof Rud valley there never has existed any obstacle to the progress of an army. While this road both facilitates military operations and serves Russia's commercial interests by bringing Russians and

Persians more closely together, there is reason to think that Russia has abandoned whatever intention she may have had of laying down a railway from Askabad to Meshed, and that when the time comes for connecting the capital of Khorasan with her railway system, it will be effected from the side of Sarakhs and the Heri Rud. At the same time that Russia brought pressure to bear on the Persian Government to complete the Kuchan road she insisted on the Shah allowing a Russian Consul, M. Vlassof, to take up his residence in Meshed, and by a somewhat lavish expenditure she has done everything in her power to make this agency as imposing as possible. The Russian consulate is a large and spacious building in the best quarter of the town, M. Vlassof is always attended by a military escort in his rides through the streets, and Mr. Curzon very reasonably augurs that 'a vigorous Russian representative at Meshed is a visible symbol of the great Power whose movements and intentions form the subject of conversation in every Oriental bazaar, and whose ever-swelling shadow witnessed with a sort of paralysed quiescence by the native peoples looms like a thundercloud over the land.'

How well these advances in the direction of the Afghan frontier have answered their purpose can be gathered from the statistics furnished by Mr. Curzon as to the preponderating and increasing hold of Russia on the trade of Khorasan. Although English merchants founded that trade and were long thought to possess an undisputable monopoly of it, the bazaars and shops now reveal a striking preponderance of Russian goods, and if the only statistics available point to the conclusion that English merchandise may make up in value what it lacks in quantity, it is to be feared that the evidence of the eyes is the more trustworthy. Indeed, the only explanation of our having been able to hold our ground to any extent, considering the advantage Russia derives from her proximity by means of the Transcaspian railway and the Kuchan route, is that many of our manufactures still show superior quality, and that we supply some articles in general demand which Russia cannot. Mr. Curzon explains another disadvantage under which British goods labour as compared with Russian. The import duty for both into Persia is nominally the same—five per cent.—and the Russians pay no more as they enter Khorasan at once. But it is different with English goods, which enter Persia by way either of Tabriz or the Persian Gulf, and then, after paying the import duty, are subjected to a further tax to the

authorities of the province of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or even more. Thus handicapped, it is not astonishing to find that the balance of trade is steadily setting in favour of Russia. It is, however, when we turn to the export trade of Khorasan that we find the most striking results and figures in favour of Russia. If Russia is favoured by the incidence of the import duty in Khorasan, she extends a quite exceptional favour in return by admitting all Persian goods at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., those in transit to Europe free of duty, and a differential preference for cotton of 10 per cent. if sent by the Transcaspian railway, as compared with that sent by the Baltic or Black Sea. In three years the exports have nearly doubled, while those from Khorasan to India are only one-third of the total, and consist almost exclusively of opium. The trade with Afghanistan is also of merely nominal amount, and shows no signs of development.

Mr. Curzon does not take an excessively pessimistic view of the prospects of British trade in Khorasan. He believes that its present position might be retained and even developed, and he specifies five precautionary measures as within the range of practicability which would conduce to this result. These suggestions are the appointment of consular agents in Western Persia, the improvement of the roads from the Gulf, the extension of communications with Beluchistan and India, the exercise of pressure on the Ameer of Afghanistan to pursue a more enlightened fiscal policy, and the construction of a railway across Beluchistan to Seistan. Of these five suggestions, in support of all of which much might be said, the last is the most important and we believe the most likely to be encouraged and carried out; but it will be more convenient to consider this scheme when we come to discuss the very important influence the future of Seistan may exercise on the whole Anglo-Russian question. Russia has thoroughly accepted and embraced one of the oldest tenets of the colonising policy of the English people. She believes that the trader must precede the soldier. Hence her appointment of a consul at Meshed; hence her insistence on the improvement of trade routes; hence her anxiety to facilitate commerce on the Persian border. The statistics show that this trade of Khorasan which is put forward so prominently is of very modest dimensions, and that it can scarcely ever be worth in itself the effort Russia makes to secure a monopoly of it. But Mr. Curzon has no difficulty in showing that the trade of Khorasan as the stepping-stone to the possession of that

province is very well worth striving for, and that nothing short of this is the object Russia has in view.

The value of Khorasan, its paramount importance in Central Asia, is not the discovery of Mr. Curzon. He is only the latest writer and observer to bear testimony to a fact that has been proved over and over again in history. The possessor of Khorasan is in a position to command from the Caspian to the Helmund. It is the most fertile, the best watered, and the most temperate region in Central Asia, and from an early period it has been given the name of the granary or garden of the world. Attractive in itself, its attractions are heightened in the eyes of Russia by its contrast to her present Central Asian possessions, which are barren wildernesses with few oases. Mr. Curzon compares her to a man camping in a desolate and stony field, divided only by a thick hedge from a spacious pasture, where he sees food for himself, fodder for his beasts, comfort and repose for both, and, like everybody else who has thought on the subject, he considers the temptation will prove in the end irresistible. Mr. Curzon very accurately describes Khorasan as 'a country which, in the plains and hollows that separate its manifold ridges, conceals an abundance of wealth in fruit, in minerals, in produce of every kind; above all, in grain': and he says that the Russians would find here supplies that might feed mighty armies, mountain fastnesses invulnerable to attack, a docile population, a resting place where new plans of actions could be formed, and a base whence they could be set in motion in the future.' It is as the only possible *pied à terre* against India, that Khorasan derives its main importance, and can claim special consideration at the hands of every Englishman solicitous as to our position in the East.

But it may be said that there is no evidence beyond the wildest surmise showing that Russia has any direct design upon Khorasan. No one will go so far as to say, in face of Russia's broken pledges about Samarcand, Khiva, and Merv, that because she at present repudiates such an intention, the annexation of Khorasan by Russia is one of those things that can never happen. But does she repudiate such an intention? There is no record of any such pledge, and the elaborate and officially accepted scheme for the invasion of India, drawn up by General Kuropatkin, takes as its preliminary assumption that Khorasan has been annexed, that Meshed holds a Russian garrison, and that a large force has been concentrated in the valley of the Heri Rud. There is

no reason to doubt that Mr. Curzon is very near the truth when he asserts that the secret treaty which the Shah was compelled to sign six or seven years ago provides, in the first place, for the military occupation of Khorasan by Russia. Nor are Russia's motives in wishing to detach this province from Persia obscure, or based on trifles. At the present time Russia finds herself checked by the Afghan frontier, which she assisted in creating from Persia to the Pamir. Her recent activity on the Pamir, and in the valleys of the Hindoo Koosh, affords a very good indication as to what her schemes are at the other extremity of Afghanistan, where she sees a way of evading the responsibilities she has contracted towards this country. Mr. Curzon says, in common with every person who has written with any sense of responsibility on the Afghan frontier question, that the violation of the artificial line laid down by Sir West Ridgeway and his Russian colleagues could only be done 'at the risk, nay with the certainty, of war with Great Britain.' Russia has no wish to provoke a war with this country in Asia, so long as her advanced posts are separated by so great a distance from India as at present; and while Afghanistan remains under the rule of an Ameer the probability is that no serious violation of the frontier will take place. But this enforced inaction in one direction must suggest and encourage activity in other quarters. How simple, as Mr. Curzon says, for Russia to slip round the corner, occupy a Persian province which has a continuous and ill-defined frontier with Afghanistan for several hundred miles, and thus, while preserving the letter of her engagement to this country, which ties her hands, nullify its effect.

The more carefully the facts collected, from many different sources, in these volumes are considered, the more evident will it appear that, if Persia is left to stand alone, Khorasan is doomed to share, before many years, the fate of the Turcoman country and Merv; and there are some who think that the too tardy efforts we have made to regain our lost influence at Teheran will precipitate Russia's action and Persia's fall. We have referred to the five propositions made by Mr. Curzon, with the view to strengthening the position of Persia in Khorasan as against Russia, and we do not think that anyone else could have named five more reasonable or more practical remedies for what is a growing danger. If time be granted us, and if the communications in Eastern Persia can be improved more rapidly than now seems possible, we do not doubt that our consular service

would, in the natural course of things, be largely increased, that British capital would find several fresh outlets in the country, and that some postal subsidies might be bestowed as a reward for the improvement of roads. But there is every reason to suppose that the opportunity will not be afforded us of coping with Russia in Khorasan in a fairly contested struggle of diplomatic and commercial activity. The strenuous and sweeping measures taken by Russia to nullify the effect of the Karun concession and the establishment of the Persian Bank are an indication of the lengths to which she would go if she thought that her hold on Khorasan was slipping away. Moreover, it has to be borne in mind that Khorasan has not the same attraction for us that it has for Russia. We have not the least thought or intention of annexing it. We are separated from it, so long as Afghanistan is closed to us and untraversed by railways, by great distances, and difficult routes. The amount of our trade there is small, and, unless the British Government takes unusual steps to stimulate it, is likely to diminish. The British Consul at Meshed—able men as both General Maclean, the late, and Mr. Ney Elias, the present occupant of the post, are known to be—has not been able to exercise any potent influence on the development of commerce. His most useful function has been to transmit to his Government the best information we can obtain as to what is going on in Central Asia and Western Afghanistan. Mr. Curzon himself mentions a fact which furnishes a significant commentary on the work and influence of the English Consul-General at Meshed. He states that those Afghan traders who come to that city, *en route* for Turkestan, receive their passports at the Russian Consulate, although Afghanistan is outside Russia's influence, and nominally dependent in its foreign relations on the Indian Government.

Of the gravity of the situation in Khorasan there can be no doubt, and the question for immediate consideration is whether we are called upon in our own interests to take steps to prevent the severance of that province from the Shah's kingdom. If the decision be affirmative, something far more heroic than Mr. Curzon's five suggestions is necessary in the first place. They are excellent in their way, but long before they could come into effect the danger which they aimed at averting would have arrived, and Russia's schemes in Khorasan would have become a *fait accompli*. The only measure that will now cause Russia to pull up in her design on Khorasan would be our throwing over that

province the ægis of British protection—by notifying the Russian Government that we would hold it responsible for any violation of Persian territory. If proposals for the improvement of trade, the developement of Persia, and the establishment of consuls in the towns of Khorasan are to become feasible, they must be preceded by a notification of the serious purport we have named. At the same time, we have no expectation that any English Foreign Minister will venture to take this step; therefore we have no hope that Khorasan can be saved from a Russian occupation, with the acquiescence of the Shah, who will have no choice left but to range himself on the side of his most powerful and nearest neighbour. The day is probably not very distant for carrying out this project, and every act of energy on the part of our representatives in Persia, short of an ultimatum to Russia, will have the effect of hastening it.

If the conquest of Khorasan were to follow that of Merv, its immediate consequences could not fail to arouse the lethargic attention in all Asiatic matters of the English people, and to compel the Government of India to take measures to counteract the effect of such a change in the position of affairs in Central Asia. For, as Mr. Curzon observes, the Russians would then be at the end of the carriage road which leads to Herat, Candahar, and India—a road which presents no physical difficulties, and which has been traversed by large armies from immemorial antiquity. The occupation of Meshed by Russia would carry with it the advance of the Cossack outposts to Kariz, whence Herat is only 100 miles distant. Still more serious, it would bring Russia down on the south to the province of Seistan, with its vague and undefined proportions, its close proximity to Beluchistan and the valley of the Helmund, and its command of the old Scythian route to Candahar, which has been used by many conquerors—among others by the Afghan invaders of Persia in the early part of the last century.

The decision of the Khorasan question in Russia's favour would be immediately followed by the introduction of another, of which the world has heard less up to the present, but which promises to become of engrossing interest before very long, and this is the Seistan question. The first mention of this possibility was about eight years ago, when the exploration of Western Beluchistan and the more careful consideration of history revealed the fact that there was a way of reaching the vicinity of India without coming into contact with the turbulent tribes of Afghanistan. The march

of the escort of the English Commissioner by the Nushki route to Herat practically proved the truth of this fact, and it is now accepted by the best military authorities that an advance on India could in due course be made through Seistan as well as from Afghan Khorasan. Let us at this point quote what Mr. Curzon says on this subject:—

‘Seistan presents to Russia a positive and a negative value of which it is difficult to say which is the more important. Should she at any time find it politic or necessary to absorb Khorasan, the possession of Seistan would give her the whole and not the northern portion only of that province. It would further establish her in a position of close and almost immediate proximity to the advanced Indian frontier in Beluchistan. At present there intervenes between her own and the Indian border five hundred miles of Afghan territory, which, though presenting not the slightest physical obstacle to advance, are tenanted by wild tribes much attached to their own independence, even if uninspired by any loyalty to their sovereign. In other words, advance through Afghanistan means hard fighting with Afghans by whomever it is undertaken. Solemn engagements would have to be broken, great forces collected, and daily risk incurred while such an adventure was in course of execution. On the other hand, should a Russian force—desirous, I will not say of invading Hindustan, because we are not at present called upon to discuss any such remote possibility, but of acquiring a position menacing and contiguous to Hindustan—take up its quarters in Seistan, the above-mentioned perils are thereby one and all avoided; no Anglo-Russian compact is violated, no savage Afghans require to be fought. The forward frontier of Russia would be brought over three hundred miles nearer to the advanced frontier of India, and the change in position would involve a proportionately greater anxiety, outlay, and peril to the latter. Russia would be unlikely to march even from Seistan against Quetta, but she would have unlimited opportunities from this base of intriguing with trans-frontier tribes and of nibbling at Beluchistan. How far her position against Afghanistan would be strengthened is also self-evident. Russia in Khorasan means Russia at Herat; and Russia in Seistan would mean Russia at Selzewan and Farah as well, the two most important strategical points on the march from Herat to Kandahar. . . . The negative value of Seistan to Russia is the inverse aspect of its positive value to Great Britain. In other words, Russia would like to get hold of Seistan herself in order to prevent Seistan from being got hold of by Great Britain, and because, in the latter event, not only would the ambitious and far-reaching schemes that I have sketched be frustrated, but England would be in a position very seriously to menace the Asiatic status of her rival. Let me explain. I have already indicated the acute commercial warfare that is now being waged between Russian and Anglo-Indian merchandise in Khorasan; I have shown that the advantage which she derives, and will continue to derive in increasing degree, from the Transcaspien Railway, enables Russia to flood the markets of North-eastern Persia with her manufactures and to undersell

her sole competitor—viz. British India—in the bazaars of Meshed; I have shown that a critical epoch has been reached that without some help in the shape of increased facilities of transport, or shorter and cheaper trade routes, Anglo-Indian commerce must in the long run be vanquished. The one means by which the latter could compete on nearly even terms with her rival would be by adopting her rival's tactics—by pushing forward a railway on the south to match the Transcaspian Railway on the north, by conveying the manufactures of Bombay as are conveyed the manufactures of Moscow, not solely on mule-back and camel-back over vast distances at crushing expense, but by the potent auxiliary agency of steam. Such a railway starting from India must point, as its first objective, to Seistan. The commercial importance of such a line will not, I think, be denied as bringing India into closer connection with the bazaars of Khorasan. Not less obvious, however, would be the strategical advantage as enabling England to occupy a flanking position in defence of that Afghan territory which she has undertaken to safeguard, and as preventing those developments of the Muscovite earth-hunger which I have sketched, and which might be fraught with peril to the harmonious relations between the two Empires.'

In these sentences Mr. Curzon brings out very clearly the importance of the question, and suggests a perfectly feasible remedy for the mischief. No one can doubt that, if an aggressive move on the part of Russia in Khorasan found the people and Government of this country unprepared or unwilling to resent it, it would still have the effect, not merely of making the Indian Government take some counter-precautions, but of compelling us to watch with aroused attention Russia's next move, whether it might be against Herat or Seistan. It is not to be supposed that the measure of indifference, or, at the most, protesting acquiescence extended to so many acts of aggression by Russia in the past on the part of the people and Government of England can be indefinitely repeated, as Russia swallows up in their turn the few States that still separate her from India. If English opinion were not aroused, the Government of India would be driven to active measures by the law of self-preservation. If doubts cannot but be felt as to our taking the energetic steps necessary to save Khorasan from what seems to be its impending fate, we do not hold that there is any uncertainty as to what would be done to limit or counteract the effect of Russia's proceedings in that quarter; and of all the suggestions made from time to time, and by many different writers, there is not one that has more to be said in its favour than Mr. Curzon's projected railway to the Seistan Lake through territory that is subject to British authority and outside the dominions of the Ameer.

The construction of such a railway would be neither difficult nor costly ; and, but for the unfortunate and expensive break-down of the Hurnai railway, which has necessitated the making of a permanent line through the Bolan Pass, at great expense, and the consequent swallowing up of all available funds, something would ere this have been done to give effect to a scheme that has found increasing favour with the highest military authorities in India since it was first mooted seven years ago. Our present trans-frontier railway has been completed through the formidable Khojak Pass by means of a tunnel to the border of the very plain on which Candahar stands, and the material has been collected to enable the rapid extension of the line to that city whenever such a step becomes necessary. But the suspicion or sinister intentions of the Ameer have prevented the continuation of the line to Candahar, and its commercial value has thus been stunted. It was not expected that the Ameer's opposition to the introduction of railways into his dominions would have proved so inveterate, and there seems, unfortunately, less chance than ever of his adopting a more enlightened policy, and welcoming the chief motive force of civilisation within his territory. A check has thus been placed on the extension of our trans-frontier railway by the opposition of our friend Abdurrahman Khan, whom we have subsidised for so many years, and there is no likelihood of his changing his policy on this subject. The question that has to be faced is, are we going to wait with our hands in our pockets until the Ameer condescends to say he will permit us to lay down a railway in his State, and to allow the natural expansion of the trade of India to be suspended by the prejudices of the Afghan ruler? It is a serious and a pressing question; yet those who advocate compelling the Ameer to permit the railway to be continued to Candahar are in a minority, and it is now generally felt that nothing would be more short-sighted than to force railways on the Afghan people. Only the clearest military necessity arising from the death or defection of the present Ameer would now induce us to lay down a line to Candahar in face of Afghan indifference and opposition. Our policy for more than ten years has aimed at allowing the Afghans to see for themselves that we have no hostile designs on their independence, and also the advantages that accrue from commerce. The policy is not an easy one, under all the circumstances, to carry out, and events may prove too strong for our best intentions; but at least the

effort can, and will, be made to carry out a scheme for the legitimate and necessary expansion of the trade of India without hurting the susceptibilities of the Afghans.

Mr. Curzon very truly says that such a railway starting from India must point, as its first objective, to Seistan. The existing railway in the Peshin Valley forms the first link of such a continuation, and whether carried along the northern side of the Khoja Amran range from Chaman, or on its southern side from Quetta, or some point in the Peshin Valley, it could be constructed without touching Afghan territory. The line would, in the first place, be carried through Nushki and Lora to Rudbar, a distance, approximately, of 250 miles. The engineering difficulties are inconsiderable, and a railway could be rapidly laid down, and with little cost. For little more than a million the first section of the railway to Seistan could be made without taking the Ameer into our confidence, and without making our plans dependent on Afghan approbation. When it is remembered that Russia has made her Central Asian railway with far fewer resources, through a much wilder region, and for an infinitely greater length, it seems rather strange that we should have remained so long inactive in carrying out the only scheme for tapping the trade of the region between the Caspian and the Indus that was subject to our undisputed control. How and when the line should be extended beyond Rudbar to Seistan is a matter that could be decided with the ample knowledge we should possess on reaching the southern bank of the Helmund; but neither the engineering difficulties nor the distance would place any great obstacle in the way of completing the second section of the projected railway to the heart of Seistan. Space compels us to pass over the mass of information from a variety of sources which the author has collected on the subject of the present condition and possibilities of development of Seistan, but on them the opinion may be expressed, with some degree of confidence, that it only needs a system of skilful irrigation to recover its ancient prosperity.

Even if the Ameer were suddenly induced to change his attitude towards the Government of India in commercial matters, to adopt a favourable tariff, and to admit railways within his borders, the continuation of the existing railway from Chaman to Candahar would not destroy the reasons which make it desirable for us to have railway communication with south-eastern Persia; but under that altered con-

dition of things the preference might be given to the other route suggested for the Seistan railway—viz. from Kurra-
chee through Mekran and Panjgir. Of all the suggestions
made to cope with Russia in Khorasan, the only one that
can be recommended without any qualification or reserve is
the Seistan railway project, in either of its forms. It would
place us in a position to secure Seistan from sharing the
same fate as Khorasan, and it would enable us to threaten
the flank of any army marching from Herat in an easterly
direction. Lastly, it would be constructed through territory
in complete dependence on us, and free from the attack of
any Afghan tribes. If the progress of Russia's designs on
Khorasan were hindered by any unforeseen event, it might
even place us in such a position as to enable us to assist the
Shah in preventing their realisation; but if all the advan-
tages direct and contingent to the construction of this line
are to be enjoyed, it is obvious that no time should be lost
in taking it in hand.

If Russia's schemes of aggression, arising out of the
earth-hunger with which Mr. Curzon formally indicts her,
affect English interests most nearly in Khorasan and
Seistan, they are also calculated to threaten the Shah's
sovereignty in the provinces of western Persia. Azerbaijan,
with its prosperous centre of trade in Tabriz, Ghilan and
Mazanderan, with their line of the Caspian coast, have long
been objects coveted by Russia. Their occupation has for
half a century been held *in terrorem* over the head of Persia,
and there is no doubt that it could be effected with ease by
Russia. It forms part of General Kuropatkin's accepted
scheme for the invasion of India, and the only chance we
have of competing with Russian policy is from the growing
perception at Teheran that its realisation must mean the
annihilation of the Shah's sovereign position. The annexa-
tion of those provinces would precipitate the decision of the
Persian Gulf question quite as much as the occupation of
Meshed would that of Herat and Seistan, and Mr. Curzon
deals with the possibilities arising from this event at con-
siderable length, and suggests more than one way of meeting
them.

Mr. Curzon advocates our maintaining at all costs a para-
mount authority over the whole of the southern provinces
of Persia, no matter what may be the fate of the northern
districts, and he points out that there is a clearly marked
division between them. He believes that the task of pre-
serving an independent Persian authority at Isfahan or at

one of the other cities of the south would be well within our compass, and would not impose an excessive strain on our strength. In this way only would it be possible for us to prevent Russia reaching the Persian Gulf, and closing that avenue of our trade as effectually as she has done that of Central Asia. Mr. Curzon says he would impeach the British Minister who was guilty of acquiescing in the surrender to Russia of a port on the Persian Gulf; but, unless a vigorous effort is made to prop up the tottering authority of the Shah, it is clear that step by step Russia will acquire positions which will enable her to make certain of such a prize. It is shrewdly suspected that Russia has other motives for wishing to absorb Persia besides the desire to acquire fresh provinces. Poor as the State now is, Persia has great possibilities of developement, and its mineral wealth, especially in the districts nearest Russia, is believed to be very considerable. The celebrated treasures of the Shah at Teheran, which have been valued at a sum between 15,000,000*l.* and 50,000,000*l.*, offer a different and more direct kind of temptation to a Russian general. Mr. Curzon's description of what he saw in the Shah's treasury will certainly whet the appetite of the Alikhanoffs of the Czar's army:—

‘Perhaps the objects in this *bizarre* collection that most attract the stranger are the infinity of gems cut, uncut, or set in every variety of fashion seen behind the glass panels. Here are the enamelled and jewelled arms of the great Sefavi kings; here the swords of Timur, Shah Ismail and Agha Mohammed Shah; here the magnificent Abbas coat of mail. A square glass case contains a vast heap of pearls, four or five inches deep, into which one can plunge the hand and spill them in cascades and handfuls. Upon a separate stand appears the globe of jewels which was constructed out of his loose stones by the reigning Shah at a cost (exclusive of the gems provided by himself) of 320,000*l.*, and which is looked upon as the artistic *chef-d'œuvre* of his reign. Its alleged value with the stones (75 lbs. of pure gold and 51,366 gems weighing 3,656·4 grammes) is 917,000*l.* . . . At the upper end of the room, beneath glass cases, are a number of royal crowns dating from the Sefavean days to modern times, prominent among them being the mighty headpiece, pearl bedecked, and with flashing *jika* or *aigrette* of diamonds in front, which is worn by the king at No Ruz, and was so familiar an object upon the head of Fath Ali Shah as depicted in the illustrations, English and Persian, of the early part of the century. Here, too, is a serpent tiara manufactured by order of the present Shah in Paris . . . The three finest jewels possessed by the Shah are said to be a huge uncut ruby, once the property of Aurungzebe, which shimmers at the top of what is called the Kaianian crown; a large diamond, set in a ring, which was sent by George IV.

as a present to Fath Ali Shah, and beyond all the Daria-i-Nur, or Sea of Light, the sister diamond to the Kuh-i-Nur, or Mountain of Light, which is the property of the British Crown. Both jewels are said to have descended from Timur to Mohammed Shah, the puppet whom Nadir spared at Delhi. . . . The treasures here displayed do not stand alone, but are supplemented by hoards of specie and bullion stored in the vaults below which the lowest estimate values at three millions sterling, and the highest I will not say at what figures.'

Having now indicated the different points of danger from the ambitious designs of Russia, and having referred to the policy which Mr. Curzon, after his exhaustive consideration of the question, recommends, it becomes necessary to consider the second branch of the subject—viz. what is the stability of the Persian Government as at present constituted, and what are its chances of maintaining its independent position against Russia if it enjoyed the moral support of the British Government? Speaking generally on the question of the progress of Persia, Mr. Curzon formed the somewhat depressing opinion that among the official classes there was 'the existence of an abstract willingness for the internal development of their country, but a total absence of initiative and a passive acquiescence in the *status quo*.' For a country situated as Persia is no state of things could be worse. If the governing classes in Persia are not alive to the gravity of their position, to the absolute necessity of instituting reforms and opening their country to trade and civilising influences, it is much to be feared that there is no great probability of their country long maintaining its independence. The position in Persia is one that calls essentially for vigour and initiative on the part of the official classes. They must be up and doing if they are to hold their own against the dangers which beset them. Nothing but prompt and bold action can save them. Yet Mr. Curzon does not record the words of a single official who seems to have perceived this fact, and he says that generally they acquiesce in the *status quo*! Notwithstanding these admissions, Mr. Curzon is inclined to take a somewhat more optimistic view of the future than would appear to be warranted by the facts he cites, and he bases this opinion on the series of reforms instituted from time to time during the long reign of the present Shah. He says that

'an examination of these reforms and of their history is a task of alternate congratulation and dismay. On the one hand we see the imperious and irresistible influence of the West and of what we term civilisation successfully beating down the barriers of ancient Oriental

prejudice. On the other hand, and side by side with the welcome spectacle, we observe superstition resurgent, reformatory zeal baffled, and the *vis inertiae* supreme. We know not whether to give the rein to our hopes or to our despair.'

This is both true and discouraging. The magnitude and difficulty of the task of carrying out any permanently efficacious reform in Persia are not disguised from his readers by Mr. Curzon, and a perusal of the following passage is not calculated to make us feel sanguine as to the result even while it is impossible to disagree with the views therein expressed:—

'Under a twofold governing system such as that of which I have now completed the description—namely, an administration in which every actor is in different aspects both the briber and the bribed; and a judicial procedure without either a law or a law court—it will readily be understood that confidence in the Government is not likely to exist, that there is no personal sense of duty or pride of honour, no mutual trust or co-operation (except in the service of ill doing), no disgrace in exposure, no credit in virtue, above all no national spirit or patriotism. Those philosophers are right who argue that moral must precede material and internal exterior reform in Persia. It is useless to graft new shoots on to a stem whose own sap is exhausted or poisoned. We may give Persia roads and railways; we may work her mines and exploit her resources; we may drill her army and clothe her artisan; but we shall not have brought her within the pale of civilised nations until we have got at the core of the people and given a new and a radical twist to the national character and institutions. I have drawn this picture of Persian administration, which I believe to be true, in order that English readers may understand the system with which reformers, whether foreigners or natives, have to contend, and the iron wall of resistance built up by all the most selfish instincts in human nature that is opposed to progressive ideas. The Shah himself, however genuine his desire for innovation, is to some extent enlisted on the side of this pernicious system, seeing that he owes to it his private fortune, while those who most loudly condemn it in private are not behind their fellows in outwardly bowing their heads in the temple of Rimmon. In every rank below the sovereign the initiative is utterly wanting to start a rebellion against the tyranny of immemorial custom; and if a strong man like the present king can only tentatively undertake it, where is he who shall preach the crusade?'

When we turn to consider what may be termed the bright side of the picture we find that the principal facts upon which hope for an improved future may find a sure foundation relate to the personal character of the present Shah and to the probability that his death will not be followed by any dispute as to the succession or any serious internal disorder. In one of the most interesting of his chapters Mr.

Curzon gives a graphic account of the Shah, the Royal family, and his Ministers. The personality of the Shah has become familiar to Europeans, but it may be doubted whether there are many persons who have any idea of the policy he has pursued during his long reign of forty-four years. During that period he has devoted himself with remarkable patience and persistence to the task of asserting his civil power as sovereign, and of freeing it from the controlling influence or restraint of the clerical order. He has subjected all church property to lay administration, and, except in one or two places, like Meshed, it is believed that the mollahs have now little influence over the masses of their countrymen, although the tobacco riots last year, at Tabriz and Teheran, would show that there are occasions when they can do mischief. He is absolutely supreme over the members of his own family, and also over all the officials of his kingdom, whom he can promote and degrade at his own unrestrained will or whim, as he is the sole executive and depository of power. He commands the property as well as the persons of his subjects; and, in short, Shah (Nasreddin is the best existing specimen of a moderate despot.

Considering the magnitude of his power and the absence, practically speaking, of all restraint on his prerogative, the present Shah may be described as an enlightened prince, who has not abused his position. Few acts of tyranny, into which an Oriental prince may glide naturally and imperceptibly, have stained his long reign, and he has carefully developed his abilities and supplied the deficiencies of his early education by studious training in his later years. The genial side of his character is shown by his fondness for children and animals, and Mr. Curzon gives several anecdotes in proof of his affectionate disposition. As a ruler, he devotes himself with energy to the work of government, which is entirely in his hands, and he is constantly considering reforms intended to improve either the social or the political condition of his subjects, but which are probably too discursive or theoretical to have any practical result, and Mr. Curzon says, that the pigeon-holes of the Government bureaux are full of abortive reforms and dead fiascos. His account of the way in which the Shah disposes of his time brings out very graphically the energy and administrative capacity of the present ruler of Persia—

‘He possesses many excellent business qualities, and betrays a voracious appetite for any and every affair of State. Rising early in the morning, he devotes the forenoon to audience with his Ministers,

and to matters of state. The smallest detail is submitted to him, and is not decided except upon his authority. His Ministers disavow all initiative and tremble at any executive responsibility. Imperious, diligent, and fairly just, the Shah is in his own person the sole arbiter of Persia's fortunes. All policy emanates from him. He supervises every department with a curiosity that requires to be constantly appeased, and his attention, both to foreign and domestic politics, is constant and unremitting. There is a consensus of opinion that he is the most competent man in the country, and the best ruler that it can produce. Nor will anyone deny him the possession of patriotism and of a genuine interest in the welfare of the nation. . . . It is no mean criterion of the strength, and also of the general popularity of the Shah, that he is the first Persian monarch who has ventured to leave his dominions and to journey in foreign and infidel lands, not as a conqueror at the head of an army, but as a friendly visitor, if not as a volunteer tourist. . . . The immense amount of money spent by the Shah in the purchase of furniture and curiosities in Europe also excited a feeling of discontent, and his second tour was unquestionably unpopular among his subjects. That he was able to venture upon a third is a proof of the absolute security of his position, but it is also due to the sentiment which he has taken care to diffuse among his subjects that the princes of Christendom vie with each other in anxiety to entertain so great a potentate, and squabble for the honour of his alliance.'

As compared with his predecessors, there can be no doubt that the reign of the present Shah has been very prosperous. His revenue has increased, the stability of his own authority is greater than it was when he ascended the throne in 1848, and a plausible case might even be made out for the statement that Persia is safer against Russian aggression to-day than she was then. She is safer because, for instance, the annexation of Ghilan and Mazanderan, which might have been effected without attracting much notice or opposition in 1848, could now hardly fail to become an international question, so much greater is the interest taken by the outside world in Persian matters. If the personal character and long experience of the present Shah are the principal guarantees for a satisfactory present and a more hopeful future, there can be no doubt that the extreme centralisation of all executive power in his hands is a material disadvantage, and hinders the progress of practical reform. The greatest evil arising from the Shah being his own executive in every department is not so much the delay in the despatch of business as the fetters it places on the governors of the provinces and principal cities, who might sometimes be disposed to institute reforms and to accord facilities to foreign traders and capitalists. At the present

moment they will do nothing for fear of committing themselves in the eyes of their sovereign, and they are ultra-conservative in all their political dealings with foreigners. This feeling was specially illustrated in the case of the Karun concession, the value of which was much diminished by the opposition of a local official. The root of the mischief seems to lie in the Persian official being doubtful as to how far the Shah will carry out any scheme of reform with consistency, and without repudiating action that may have received his sanction. To pose as a greater reformer than the Shah would at the present time be dangerous for even the most influential minister or governor, and it is not surprising to find all the most prominent men in Persia in favour of a passive attitude, determined not to commit themselves, and trusting to the chapter of accidents to rescue their country and themselves from the evils which beset them. Notwithstanding this *vis inertiae* prevalent throughout all classes of the official world, Mr. Curzon confidently asserts that 'the historian contrasting the Persia of to-day with the Persia of 1848 will record an advance, small as measured by European ideas, but by no means contemptible according to the standards of the East.'

When Mr. Curzon comes to describe the individual members of the Persian Administration his observations are not more encouraging than when he treats them *en masse*. If an exception must be made, it would be in favour of Amin es Sultan or Trusted of the Sovereign, who holds the principal post in the government, and who may be considered the prime minister, although he does not possess the title of Sadr Azem or Vizier. Amin es Sultan, to judge from Mr. Curzon's description, must be a man of considerable ability, great personal energy, and of an enlightened mind. He has also the very considerable advantage of being young—thirty-five at the present time—while most of his rivals are old and effete. He has attained his present position without any of the advantages of birth, and solely by his own merit and dash, and notwithstanding the continuous intrigue and watchful opposition to which he is exposed at the Persian Court he has maintained his position against all his enemies for several years. He is supposed to be sympathetic to the English alliance, but it is difficult to speak with certainty of the real opinions and convictions of any Persian Minister. Of another official, Amin ed Dowlah, whom Mr. Curzon terms the most attractive personality he encountered in Persia, it is written that 'his tone about his own country

'was that of a true lover of reform whose enthusiasms were 'dead and who had lost all hope of regeneration in his time.' The same feeling is evident more or less amongst all the officials, and mingled with their dread of Russia is a poignant regret that the English Government has not extended a helping hand to their country in the past; for, as one of them very truly said: 'If England had spent half the money 'in conciliating the friendship of Persia that she has 'squandered in alienating that of Afghanistan, she would 'have gained a secure and invaluable bulwark for her Indian 'Empire.' Mr. Curzon closes his account of the administrators of Persia with these remarks:—

'There is no deficiency either in capacity or (if assurances are to be believed) in will to prevent the initiation of a policy of reform. Intrigue however is rampant, prejudices are powerful, fanaticism is not extinct, both Shah and Ministers are caught in the meshes of a system which is characterised by many ingrained vices.'

On one point only does Mr. Curzon give an unqualified satisfactory vaticination as to the future. He is convinced that the death of the present Shah would not be followed by any dynastic trouble. He says there 'might be isolated 'acts of lawlessness or violence, but I do not credit the likelihood of any general insurrection; I foresee no warring 'competition for the throne, and I believe that the heir 'apparent would succeed without firing a musket or shedding 'a drop of blood.' This view must be pronounced very satisfactory and encouraging; for, if well based and borne out by the event, it eliminates one of the gravest dangers to the stability of the Persian kingdom. Many persons cognisant of Persian affairs had come to an opposite opinion, and asserted that the Shah's death would be followed by a tussle for power between some of the sons of Nasreddin. Under these circumstances Mr. Curzon's opinion and description of these princes becomes of special value, as he was brought into personal contact with the three principal of them.

Of the heir apparent, or Vali Ahd, who, as the eldest son of the royal wife, is his father's recognised successor, Mr. Curzon gives a far more favourable account than is furnished by any other writer. This prince had been considered a weak creature, without any redeeming characteristic except that external polish of courteous manner in which Persian gentlemen are rarely lacking; but Mr. Curzon undertakes his vindication, and paints him in much more favourable colours. In reply to his detractors he says:—

'I believe (I have taken steps to procure the best information on the subject) that this is a most unfair account of the personality of the future King of Persia. So far from being either an idiot or an imbecile, he is a man of good intelligence and considerable instruction, being well read in history, professing an interest in botany, and being withal of an amiable and unassuming disposition. The charge of bigotry appears to have arisen from the fact that he pays marked respect to the mullahs, and that he is believed to be more or less under the influence of the Sheikhi sect, which may be described as a fanatical agency. Any such prepossession, however, which probably does not amount to more than serious orthodoxy as contrasted with the free-thinking tendencies of his elder brother, is far from justifying a fear of active religious persecution in the future. If the prince is, as alleged, of weak character, and easily led—although such a lack of individuality is denied by others—it is largely owing to the inexcusable position of subordination in which he, a man of nearly forty years of age, the second personage in the kingdom, and the future sovereign, has been placed by the short-sighted apprehensions of his father. Though nominally Governor-General of a great province, he has hitherto been allowed no more voice in the actual administration than a lacquy at his table; a child in leading strings has more control over his own movements than this pseudo-ruler has had over his subjects. The allowance given to him by the Shah has been variously quoted to me as 40,000, 60,000, and 72,000 tomans, the lowest estimate being equivalent to 11,400*l.*, the highest to 20,500*l.*; whichever it be, it is notoriously inadequate for the becoming maintenance of royal state, a great retinue, and a large harem; and the prince has continually found himself in the ignominious position of being indebted to his own prime minister for the means of defraying his expenses. Owing to his long residence in Azerbaijan, and to the close proximity of that province to Russian territory, he has frequently been credited with strong Russophile proclivities. There does not appear, however, to be any more ground for this than for the other damaging insinuations against his character; the prince seeing so little of any Europeans that it is impossible to ascertain his real sympathies. . . . In appearance he is of middle stature, and of handsome but careworn expression. It is quite possible, however, that upon his succession to the throne this unknown quantity may turn out somewhat of a surprise. The recent eclipse of his elder brother has added to his prestige and chances, which, approved by the reigning monarch, recognised by foreign powers, and accepted by the country, may now be looked upon, humanly speaking, as absolutely secure.'

This reference to his elder brother will appropriately bring on the scene the Prince Zil es Sultan, who, after the Shah, is the best known Persian, and who, a few years ago, was expected to impart new vigour to the Kajar dynasty, and to emulate the deeds of his great-grandfather, the able Prince Abbas Mirza. Mr. Curzon is not among this prince's extreme admirers, some of whom have gone to undue

lengths in their praise, and he seeks to correct this excessive and erroneous exaltation of one who, by the accepted rule of succession in Persia, can never be sovereign, although he is the Shah's eldest son. As far as any rule can be considered fixed in a country where the whim of the sovereign may at any moment decree a change, the succession now passes by the blood royal qualification, and with close regard to the rank of the mother. The mother of the present Vali Ahd was a princess, whereas the mother of Zil es Sultan could only claim a plebeian origin. Yet, as far as the habit and experience of governing go, Zil es Sultan has enjoyed far superior opportunities to his more favoured brother. While the latter was consigned to a post of inaction at Tabriz, where any excessive energy on his part might bring down upon him the suspicious wrath of his father, the Zil governed a great part of Central Persia with almost independent sway, and there is no dispute that for many years his government was marked by great vigour and success.

'Three years older than the Crown Prince, having been born in 1850, he is yet disqualified from the succession to the throne by reason of his plebeian origin on the maternal side. Though not destined to rule as sovereign, this prince has from youth upwards been allowed to ape the part and wield the functions of sovereignty with a freedom that could not fail to encourage extravagant pretensions, and that ultimately led to his downfall. At a very early age he was made Governor of Isfahan, and afterwards of Shiraz. As the years passed by he grew in favour and authority. His stern and savage rule, which effectually repressed disorder and brigandage in the province under his control, and the punctuality of his remittances of revenue to Teheran, caused him to be regarded with peculiar gratification at Court. Province after province was added to his dominions until Fars, Isfahan, Kurdistan, Luristan, Arabistan, and Yezd were all subject to his sway. It was calculated that prior to his fall 250,000 square miles, or two-fifths of the whole of Persia, were beneath his rule. Simultaneously he collected and controlled a great army at Isfahan for which he adopted Prussian uniforms and *pickelhaube* helmets—a dress in which he was very fond of being photographed himself in full general's uniform. In 1886 the troops under his command amounted (I give the actual, not the nominal, figures) to 24 regiments of infantry, containing 15,800 men, with 6,000 breech-loading rifles, 10 batteries of artillery, and 8 regiments of irregular cavalry, or a total of nearly 21,000 men and 7,000 horses.'

It is not surprising that his vigorous and successful administration, his close attention to military reform, and his growing power in a part of Persia removed from any imme-

diate danger at the hands of Russia, should have attracted attention to him personally, and created a belief that he was destined, not only to be his father's successor, but the restorer of the fortunes of his house. These expectations, however, received a rude shock four years ago, when during a visit to Teheran he was disgraced and summarily stripped of the greater portion of his authority and army. The secret history of his fall may never be known, yet the patent facts supply a sufficiently plausible explanation. For many years the successful administration of this prince was gratifying to the Shah because it seemed to increase the stability of his government, and the amount of his revenue; but the growth of the Zil's army to dimensions exceeding those of any other force in the State, and the excessive and mistaken adulation of some of his European admirers, who compared him to the great Abbas Mirza, and proclaimed him as the future Shah, changed this feeling to one of jealousy and apprehension. Whatever other shortcomings Nasreddin may have displayed, he has never shown any intention of permitting his authority to be diminished by the undue growth of the power of any of his satraps, whether they were his sons or not, and in his relations with Zil es Sultan he showed equal patience and firmness. There is no doubt that long before the blow fell in 1888, the Zil's humiliation had been decreed in the Shah's own mind, and he only waited until that prince should in the regular course of things visit Teheran. For some reason which is obscure, the Shah contented himself with stripping the Zil of the greater part of his power, and allowed him to retain the governorship of Isfahan, where he now resides. For a time he seems to have been crushed by his misfortune; but lately he has devoted himself with something of his old energy to the work of administration.

Mr. Curzon had an interview with this prince, and his graphic description of a man who may yet play a part in Persian history deserves careful perusal. If there seemed some reason ten years ago to think that the Zil might, in a period of change and trouble, become the next Shah, there now seems as much for supposing that such a contingency is impossible, and Mr. Curzon does not hesitate to express the opinion that 'whatever be the ups and downs of the Zil's future career, he can no longer be regarded as a competitor for the throne, or as a formidable factor in the political future of Persia.' Deprived of the army which he organised, with an attenuated government, although

Irak and Yezd have been restored to him, his resources are not equal to playing a foremost part in shaping the destinies of his country. There is no reason to suppose that he has any special hold on the affections of any class of his countrymen; and by the treacherous and brutal murder of their Ilkhani, in 1882, he certainly alienated what might have proved the all powerful support of the Bakhtiari tribes. If his fortunes are ever to be restored to their highest point, it will not be by means of his own unaided resources, or his influence in the country, but because some outside power may find in him a convenient instrument for the execution of its policy. In this sense his career may be far still from its close, and his influence as a factor in Persian politics may not have vanished with the carefully organised power which he had created in southern Persia. As there is a doubt as to whether his real sympathies are with England or with Russia, he may still expect to coquet with both sides, and to utilise foreign resources to advance his own ends. But in the meantime it seems safe to say that he would acquiesce in tranquil times in the succession of the recognised heir, the Vali Ahd, to the throne, and that, consequently, there would be no dynastic crisis on the death of the present ruler. But even this would not mean very much, as Mr. Curzon is compelled to admit that 'though the succession to the throne is not now likely to be disputed, yet it will place in power a personality whose character is still an enigma, and with regard to whom if he turns out a feeble ruler no one can be astonished; if a good ruler most people will be surprised.'

A review of the facts connected with the reigning family of Persia, and especially with regard to the succession on the death of the present Shah, justifies the encouraging conclusion that the situation will not be complicated by any peril under this head, and that the tranquillity of Persia is not likely to be disturbed by any internal disorder. In short, if there did not loom upon the horizon of the Shah's kingdom the menace of Russian aggression, it would be possible to predict for it a long period of peace, for neither of its Mahomedan neighbours—Turkey and Afghanistan—with whom it is on terms of ambiguous friendship, is likely to assume the offensive. We repeat that but for Russia's indisputable desire to appropriate some of the northern districts, with the double view of drawing nearer to Herat on the one side and the Persian Gulf on the other, there would be no reason whatever for doubting that Persia

could maintain its independent status, and that, as a consequence, it would be well worth the while of English capitalists to invest their money in enterprises for the development of that country. But the designs of Russia, which are not shrouded in darkness or uncertainty, render any such step highly risky, and not to be encouraged. Even if the investors did not lose their money, an extensive outlay of English capital might have the effect of aggravating the danger to India from a Russian occupation of northern Persia. The more carefully and exhaustively the Persian question is considered, the more does it resolve itself into the problem of how Russia's open designs on the Shah's dominions are to be checkmated.

The argument has been used that any intervention on our part in the affairs of Persia will be as inexcusable as such a step on the part of Russia, and those who look upon the question from this point of view are not to be silenced by an appeal to the most obvious self-interest. But the more philanthropic the argument employed against active intervention in Persia, the greater must be the weight attached to any considerations bearing on the matter at issue that may partake more of a philanthropic than a political character. Fortunately such considerations are not absent, and an appeal can be made to good work already done by us in the cause of humanity and civilisation which gives us a valid claim to exercise an influence in Persian matters, if only with the view of preventing the wreck of what, at great expense and by no ordinary effort, we have accomplished. If Russia is Persia's neighbour on land, we have also been, practically speaking, her neighbour in the Persian Gulf, wherein our maritime and commercial supremacy has long been undisputed. Whereas Russia has turned her proximity to account for selfish purposes—annexing province after province, compelling the weak Government of Teheran to sign treaties ceding others in certain eventualities, and excluding Persian ships from the Caspian Sea, which naturally belongs to Persia as much as to Russia—our neighbourhood on the seaboard has been productive of positive advantage to Persia, and it has been marked indisputably by an unselfish spirit. The suppression of the piracy which used to be rife in the Persian Gulf, and with which the Shah's officers were quite impotent to deal, has been entirely the work of England. As Mr. Curzon very truly says, 'the pacification of the Persian Gulf in the past and the maintenance of the *status quo* are the exclusive work

‘ of this country, and the British Resident at Bushire is to
‘ this hour the umpire to whom all parties appeal, and who
‘ has by treaties been entrusted with the duty of preserving
‘ the peace of the waters.’

This improvement has been effected without any annexation of territory or the least infraction of the Shah's authority. Even on the occasions when the Persian attacks on Herat have led us to make a counter-move in the Persian Gulf, and to occupy either islands in the Gulf or a part of the mainland, we have always evacuated the territory on the conclusion of peace, and when, a short time ago, the Shah thought the presence of a small Sepoy guard at the telegraph station of Jask an infraction of his sovereignty, it was promptly withdrawn on his sentiments becoming known. As the bulk of our trade with Persia is carried on by way of the Gulf, especially since Batoum and Kars passed into Russian hands, our interest in this quarter is not likely to diminish, whatever may be the political destiny of Northern Persia. But, notwithstanding what might be considered our well-founded claim to favourable treatment in this quarter at the hands of the Shah's Government, we have received no favours similar to those Russia has snatched on the Khorasan frontier. Even with regard to the opening of the Karun River to the commerce, not of England only, but of the world, which was admittedly a triumph of English patience and diplomacy, the subsequent proceedings of the Persian officials have been directed towards minimising its practical value. Mr. Curzon testifies to there having been a deliberate attempt on the part of the local officials to boycott the enterprise, and even recently, whatever improvement may be noticeable cannot be said to extend to the policy pursued with regard to the projected canal at Ahwaz on the road to Shuster and Isfahan. The operations of the oft-decried Imperial Bank of Persia have still done something in the brief space of its existence to break down the barrier placed in the way of progress by the ignorance of the Persian people and the corruption of the Persian officials; for in Persia everything is done, as Mr. Curzon explains, by means of *mudakhil* or illicit commission. We may hope that the encouragement of mining in a country which seems to possess undoubted mineral wealth will do a great deal more than the issue of paper money to stimulate enterprise, not among Europeans in Persia, but among the Persians themselves. It is, perhaps, a little unfortunate that, so far as our knowledge allows us to express a confident opinion, the most

promising mineral deposits are to be found in the northern provinces of the Shah's dominions. It has been said that the fact that Persia, or part of it, is likely to fall into the hands of the Czar, should not act as a deterrent to the English investor, whose rights would, no doubt, be respected by Russia should she come into possession, and on whose assistance she might even be disposed to count. But there is much reason to doubt the wisdom of this argument, and it would be hard to show the advisability of increasing the value of provinces which, we believe, Russia may shortly attempt to acquire by an act of violence. Mr. Curzon favours the gradual employment of English capital in Persia, but he, too, has a word of caution to utter, which can be given as he expresses it : —

‘I feel compelled, however, to end with a word of caution. Colossal schemes for the swift regeneration of Persia are not in my judgment—though herein I differ from some other authorities—to be thought of, and would only end in fiasco. Magnificent projects for overlaying the country with a network of railways from north to south, and from east to west, and for equipping it with a panoply of factories and workshops and mills, can only end in a financial disaster, and bring discredit upon their promoters. Hot-headed concessions for making or exporting or importing every article under the sun, from telephones to tobacco, and from rose water to roulette tables, contain no element of durable advantage, and are seldom devised with any other object than to put money into the pocket of the originators of the scheme. Money will flow more smoothly, and industry will be more rapidly developed by following the recognised channels. The same may be said of internal communications. Mule tracks will in many cases require to precede roads, and roads to precede railroads. Hundreds of pounds had better be devoted to a certain benefit here than thousands started upon a venture there. Persian capital must be interested in the exploitation of Persian resources, for a monopoly of the finances by foreigners excites jealousy, and suggests the idea of usurpation. Nor must it be forgotten, while agitating for this or that practical benefit, that the foundations of the system which shall render the comprehension of its advantages simple and their appreciation universal have in many cases yet to be laid. I have said that the people are shamefully ill educated. I have shown that they live in an atmosphere of corruption. Civilisation will not be popular until it is taught in the schools. Respect for law, regard for contract, or faith in honesty will not be generated until the institutions by which they can be safeguarded have been called into being. This will be a work of time, but in due time it will come. Remote and backward and infirm Persia at present is, but for all its remoteness, backwardness, and present debility, I hope I have shown it to be a country that should excite the liveliest sympathies of Englishmen, with whose Government our own Government should be upon terms of intimate

alliance, and in the shaping for which of a future that shall not be unworthy of its splendid past the British nation have it in their power to take a highly honourable lead.'

With regard to the sentiment prevalent among Persian officials on the subject of the value of the English alliance, there can be no question that the policy of Persia for eighty years has been very much swayed by the belief that it was a weak reed to lean on, and that the English Government was not loyal to the agreement it came to with the Shah at the beginning of the century. The text of the treaties signed by Sir John Malcolm and the other English envoys warranted the expectation that we would protect the Shah against all assailants; but when war broke out with Russia in regard to Georgia we held our hands and looked on, while Persia was defeated and humiliated. The same attitude was observed during the second Russo-Persian war, with the result that Persian sympathy was completely alienated from us, and has only begun to revive in recent years. Even at the present time it is impossible to say that the Persian Government feels convinced that it could rely at all hazards and in any eventuality on the support of this country; and, making due allowance for the difficulties of our party government, it would be hard to declare that it is wrong. The alliance of England with any semi-civilised State has always many elements of weakness as contrasted with a similar arrangement when Russia is the contracting party. On the one hand, the tender but somewhat inconsistent conscience of our countrymen is apt to be shocked by the acts of our ally; and, on the other, the Asiatic potentate, whose interests are pronounced identical with ours, is not seldom surprised and disheartened by our indifference to facts, by our placing an innocent construction on acts which are marked by perfidy and guile, and by our sometimes ostentatiously turning the other cheek to the smiter. Our attitude towards Russia in Central Asia has been characterised by nothing but these amiable, and unstatesmanlike qualities. We have never made a stand, even diplomatically, against Russia; and from Peroffsky's Khivan expedition to the affair of Penjdeh the written protests of England and the promises of Russia have not led the representatives of the Czar one hair's breadth from their purpose. The reasons for our proceedings may have been excellent, and the policy pursued may, under all the circumstances, have been the best and the most convenient; but it cannot be considered calculated to impress observers with a high idea of our firmness of pur-

pose or our promptness in resenting an injury. Obviously our first step is to convince the Persians that our aid is worth having, and that it may be relied on. We can only inspire this confidence by far more energetic and consistent action in our relations with the Persian Government than we have shown for the last fifty years; and although a commencement was made in the time of Sir Drummond Wolff, there is reason to fear that the effort has not been properly sustained.

While we seek to inspire the Shah and his Government with fresh courage and hope, we should also lose no time in improving our approaches to Persia from the side of India, with the double view of simplifying the task of assisting that State, or, in the event of its defection or conquest, of taking up the necessary line to neutralise its effect, and to procure for us the voice which we are entitled to have in the decision of the fate of Herat and Seistan. The hands of our executive must be strengthened by any increase of interest which can be produced among the British public in the fate of Persia by well-directed commercial enterprises, and by such works of description and elucidation as these noble volumes of Mr. Curzon's. A large measure of condensation should also be paid to the difficult position into which the Shah has glided, to a great extent, through our own indifference to the most obvious interests. We cannot ask him to play a more heroic part than we are willing to perform when the forfeit to be paid by him might be the loss of his kingdom. The utmost that we can expect is that he will so shape his policy that the Russian Government may have no excuse for interfering in his State, and that the progress of events elsewhere may be such as to cause Russia to hesitate before she adds a Persian question to an Afghan imbroglio. There is some reason to hope that the Shah may, by a continuance of his passive resistance and his good-tempered and conciliatory attitude, succeed in staving off, as he has done in the past, the danger reaching an acute point. He has signed secret treaties surrendering portions of his territory, he has always given way when Russian diplomatic pressure became severe; but, after all, the Persia he rules to-day is almost identical with that which he inherited from his father. If he can only carry on the same policy for a little time longer, the changes in the political chessboard of Western Asia may be such as will enable us to afford him the aid of which he may stand in need.

Of the value to the Government of India of Persia as an

ally there can be no question, especially if Afghanistan were to become useless to us from the hostility of its ruler, or from confusion breaking out in that country through the death or weakness of the Ameer. Persia is so situated in the direct path of communication between Europe and India that even Russia would hesitate to send forward a large army without having first made sure of what the Shah would do. If Russia were to proceed to extremities at an early date the Shah would have no resource left but to give way, unless he took the improbable course of throwing himself on the protection of England, and retiring to Isfahan. Whether we succeed or fail in obtaining the alliance of Persia, its value is equally evident, and it must be remembered that we have it on the high authority of Sir Henry Rawlinson, that the Persian soldier is physically the best fighting man in Central Asia. The Power that directs its policy will eventually control its fighting material, and it will be a bad day for us if we disregard these facts, in the belief that an unfriendly Persia can always be brought to its senses, as formerly, by an expedition to the Persian Gulf. Something has been done to recover our lost ground in Persia, to arrest the slipping away of our influence at Teheran, and to lead the Persian ruler and his Ministers to think that, after all, they may not be left quite so much at the mercy of their powerful and grasping northern neighbour as they had thought. But much more remains to be done, and the time left for doing it is narrowing. If the opportunity is not altogether lost, it will be largely due to the impressive labours of Mr. Curzon, and to the convincing manner in which he has arrayed the facts that bear upon the situation. It is clear that the Central Asian question is again about to be re-opened, that we have a stirring time before us, and that whatever happens elsewhere in Central Asia something must be done, and promptly, to secure our position in Persia. To effect this is not beyond our power, nor does it call for any risky adventure in the first place. Bold and consistent action within the limits of our authority, a railway for the legitimate extension of the trade of India through Beluchistan to Seistan, will suffice for the present, but in carrying out this much there should be no delay.

- ART. II.—1.** *Morelli's Italian Painters. Critical Studies of their Works.* By GIOVANNI MORELLI (IVAN LERMOLIEFF). *The Borghese and Doria-Pamfili Galleries in Rome.* With an Introduction by Sir Henry A. Layard.* London: 1892.
- 2.** *Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Pictures in the National Gallery, with Biographical Notices of the Painters.* By Sir FREDERIC BURTON, Director. London: 1889.

IT is a significant fact that the criticism of the art of painting and the appreciation of the works of the old Italian masters have undergone a complete revolution in the present century. Many causes have contributed to this result: our knowledge of the works themselves has increased with greater facilities of travel and research; our taste has been refined; and in art, as in every other branch of criticism, we have learnt to distrust the authority of tradition. We require now something more than the testimony of the unlearned connoisseur of the past before we can accept as final the assignment of any particular work to any particular hand. As in science so in art, we now demand of our guides knowledge from within as well as from without, and whilst availing ourselves of collateral evidence as an aid to the formation of our opinion, we accept nothing as final but the evidence of the work itself as interpreted by a competent critic who has been able closely to examine it. The nearer acquaintance with the great masters of the Italian schools and their pupils resulting from this searching method of inquiry has brought to light a multitude of able artists whose works can now be identified, although their very names, except in the pages of Vasari, Lanzi, and Baldinucci, were scarcely known some fifty years ago. Hence, to take but one or two typical instances, the Bolognese school and the painters of the seventeenth century—Guido Reni; the Caracci, the Poussins, and even Domenichino and Guercino—have lost the pre-eminence they so long enjoyed, whilst the attention of artist and art-critic is concentrated on the brilliant galaxy of painters who flourished between 1450 and 1550, the golden age of painting, not only in Italy but elsewhere in Europe. Now, everyone with the slightest claim to culture is familiar with the names of Ghiberti, the sculptor in whose school worked the leading painters of the day, Paolo di Dono, who first understood the principles of

perspective, Piero della Francesca, Masolino da Panicale, Masaccio, Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, Benozzo Gozzoli, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Signorelli, Verrocchio, Squarcione, Mantegna, Antonello da Messina, the Bellinis, Cima da Conegliano, Carpaccio, Marziale, Basaiti, and other immediate forerunners of the mighty masters, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and Correggio, who, one and all inspired with the same love of beauty and imbued with the same incomparable gifts, finally raised the art of painting to the highest rank.

But it is one thing to have an historical knowledge of art, quite another to be in personal *rapport* with its exponents. We may enter a picture gallery primed to the finger-tips with historical lore, our art education already advanced enough to have abandoned belief in the pathetic first meeting of Giotto and Cimabue; we may know that Ghirlandajo's real name was Domenico Bigordi, and that he was called Ghirlandajo because of his master's skill in making garlands; that Paolo di Dono was surnamed Ucelli on account of his love of birds; we may have deplored Raphael's early death and studied the grand career of Michael Angelo, yet be unable to distinguish between the work of Perugino and Raphael or that of Sebastiano del Piombo and Giorgione, Verrocchio and Solario. And although to a very great extent it is true that the art critic as well as the artist is born, not made, yet the help of the experience of a veteran in criticism is of infinite value to the student, however great the acumen with which nature has originally endowed him. To whom, then, should the embryo critic turn in his first introduction to the works of the masters of the past? Surely to some member of the new school of criticism, a school which, with due reverence for true and authenticated tradition, yet sifts with scientific remorselessness every atom of evidence which bears upon the matter in hand. Of this new school one of the most active of the promoters, or we might almost say creators, is without doubt Signor Morelli, the writer of the book before us.

Signor Morelli is in fact the father of what must be termed the *analytical* or *scientific* criticism of the arts of design. Disregarding perhaps a little too much that intuitive faculty by which the elder *conoscenti* were supposed to trace the hand of a master and assign a given work to its real author or authors, and attaching small importance to collateral literary evidence, Morelli's system of criticism is based on a scientific analysis of the picture itself, as

minute as that of a naturalist who examines an insect or a plant. To him the smallest peculiarities of form and technic afford a clue as significant as the minutæ which distinguish the lowest germs of animal or vegetable life, or as the unconscious idiosyncrasies which stamp handwriting with the inalienable personality of the calligraphist. He follows these indications with the skill of an anatomist, with the result that he frequently opposes some stubborn fact to reputations based on less demonstrative evidence, and, alas! fatal to the authenticity of many well-known works of art, dispelling many a cherished illusion and forcing us to own with the reason, if not with the heart, the claims of men unendeared to us by early associations.

Sir Henry Layard, who has prefixed a valuable introduction to the translation of this volume, thus describes what Morelli terms his 'principles and method':—

'He has himself defined them,' says his biographer, 'in an imaginary dialogue—his favourite mode of expressing his views—between the Russian seeker after knowledge and an aged Tuscan gentleman, with whom he casually makes acquaintance when in the Florence galleries. This gentleman, who, as an "amateur," has devoted himself to the study of art, and much despises professors and professional art critics, maintains that, to form an opinion upon the authenticity of a picture, to judge of its merits, and to determine, first, the school of painting to which it belongs, and then by whom painted, it is not merely necessary to collect a number of facts concerning the life of the presumed author, to discover the exact dates of his birth and death, and to point out the mis-statements of Vasari and other writers with respect to him. His identification and the genuineness of the work attributed to him depend upon scientific analysis, upon an accurate knowledge derived from long and careful study of his manner and style, and especially of his delineation of the different parts of the human body, or what Morelli denominates "his treatment of form, and his peculiar sense of colour."'

Or to quote Morelli's own language in a remarkable passage:—

'Even long years of practice and constant study do not always enable a man to distinguish an original from a good work of the school; striking proofs of this are afforded in the public galleries of France and Italy, and more especially of Germany. The present writer, however, disclaim all pretensions to having himself understood the *tourneure de l'esprit, l'âme* of any great Italian painter. Assuredly he would never be so presumptuous, for often enough it has seemed to him as though, after prolonged years of study of the Italian masters, he had scarcely conquered the first principles of the language of art.

'On one point, however, there is not, and cannot be, any longer the

slightest doubt in his mind that, in pursuing such studies, it is essentially through the medium of "form" that we must penetrate to the spirit in order, through the spirit, to win our way back to a truer knowledge of the "form" itself. Such a philosophical precept sounds like a truism, and may therefore appear not altogether worthless to the modern reading public, in whose eyes such things find favour as a rule. For myself, however, I can testify, from long experience, that its practical application is by no means so easy as it appears, and, moreover, costs no little time or trouble. What, for instance, is the form in a picture through which the spirit of the master—*l'âme, la tournure de l'esprit*—finds expression? Surely not the force and movement of the human frame alone, nor the expression, type of countenance, colouring, and the treatment of the drapery? These are, undoubtedly, important parts of form, but do not constitute the whole form. There still remain, for instance, the hand—one of the most expressive and characteristic parts of the human body—the ear, the landscape background, if there be any, and the chords, or the so-called harmony of colour. In the work of a true artist, all these several parts of the painting are characteristic and distinctive, and therefore of importance, for only by a thorough acquaintance with them is it possible to penetrate to *l'âme, la tournure de l'esprit*—to the very soul of the master. The character or style in a work of art originates simultaneously with the idea, or, to put it more plainly, it is the artist's idea which gives birth to the form, and hence determines the character or style.

After dwelling further upon this, the nucleus of his theory of art criticism, Morelli gives an example of the practical working of his method in the following words:—

'I have already observed,' he says, 'that, after the head, the hand is the most characteristic and expressive part of the human body, how most painters, and rightly enough, put all the strength of their art into the delineation of the features, which they endeavour to make as striking as possible; and pupils for this part of their work often appropriated ideas from their masters. This is rarely the case in the representation of the hands and ears, yet they also have a different form in every individual. The types of saints . . . having been transmitted through the master's works to his pupils and imitators, every independent master has his own special conception and treatment of landscape, and, what is more, of the form of the hand and ear, for every painter has, so to speak, a type of hand and ear peculiar to himself. . . .'

Here the text is illustrated with examples of eight typical hands which Morelli claims to be respectively characteristic of the work of Fra Filippo Lippi, Filippino, Pollajuol^{oseu}, Bernardino de' Conti, Giovanni Bellini, Cosimo Tura, Br^{ance} mantino, and Botticelli. This quaint and interesting exhibit^{ism} of hands is succeeded by one of ears: typical examples

of the mode of treating the ear by Signorelli, Mantegna, and Bonifazio being shown side by side with the work of Fra Filippo, Fillippino, Giovanni Bellini, and Botticelli. After these cursory and introductory remarks, our author proceeds to examine closely the hands represented in the work of the three Florentine painters, Fra Filippo, Sandro Botticelli, and Fillippino Lippi, calling upon us to note that Fra Filippo

'practically imitated in his hands his prototypes Fra Angelico and Masaccio, and adhered to the same form to the end of his life. Even his contemporaries,' adds Morelli, 'as Vasari relates, found fault with this hand, and its form is certainly not beautiful, being stumpy, awkward, and badly modelled. Fra Filippo's ear, too, is round and clumsy in form and usually curved inwards.'

Pregnant with suggestion and convincing as is much of this exposition of the scientific method of criticism, it would, we think, be misleading to overlook the force of the remark that 'it is the artist's idea which gives birth to the form, and hence determines the character or style.' The stamp of his own individuality is combined with that of his subject, and he who gives the same style to the ear, or eye, or nose, or hand, as the case may be, must necessarily become, in the worst sense of the term, a mannerist. As in landscape painting, so in figure subjects, and in portraiture it is the spirit, not the letter, which the true artist gives on his canvas; no literal transcript of a scene, however accurate—no copy of a face, however true—rises to the dignity of a work of art if this spirit be lacking; and could Morelli prove the infallibility of his scientific method, unaided by collateral evidence, he would necessarily at the same time destroy the claim of the men he wishes to serve to being artists at all. But, fortunately for him and for his readers, Morelli's innate critical faculties were not cramped by his analytical skill; and he is himself unaware how much of his own power was from within, not from without. He says himself, in his preface to the second volume of his work:—

'It has been asserted in Germany that I profess to recognise a painter and to estimate his work solely by the form of the hand, the finger, the ear, or the toes. Whether this statement is due to malice or ignorance I cannot say. It is scarcely necessary to state that it is incorrect. What I maintain is that the forms—more especially those of the hand and the ear—aid us in distinguishing the works of a master from those of his imitators, and control the judgement which subjective impressions might lead us to produce.'

And in proof, after quoting this humble statement of the great critic's attitude, Sir Henry Layard adds:—

‘Morelli possessed all the qualities required in a connoisseur and critic—a most extensive knowledge, not only of the history of his own country and of others, but of the local history of almost every city and province in Italy, considerable scientific acquirements, an intimate acquaintance with nearly all the public and private collections in Europe, a marvellous memory, which enabled him to remember even the smallest details of a picture that he had once seen, . . . a wonderfully trained eye, unwearied industry, a most refined taste, and a passionate love for all that is truly great and beautiful.’

That this high praise was deserved is proved by the fact that many of Morelli's most startling revelations have been confirmed by documentary evidence discovered after the publication of his criticism, notably in the case of the ‘Sleeping Venus,’ referred to more in detail below.

The effect of the application of his vigorous system of observation, impregnated as it was in his case by keen critical acumen, was, in the first place, to dethrone many old reputations, to show that the arrangement and nomenclature of pictures in most of the older galleries of Europe was absurdly faulty and inaccurate, and to compel many of the most practical connoisseurs to reconsider their judgements. As a matter of course, the first promulgation of the new theory drew down upon the audacious critic all the thunders of professional judgement, and from every side abuse was showered upon the ‘quack doctor,’ as he was contemptuously called by the irate curator of the Berlin Gallery. But he survived the shock. In the Dresden Gallery, out of fifty-six changes suggested by Morelli, forty-six have been adopted, and elsewhere many important alterations have been made.

It is true that it causes us a pang to give up our long-cherished belief that the celebrated ‘Reading Magdalen,’ of the Dresden Gallery, is a work by Correggio, for never until now did we dare to question the decision of Tieck and other authorities, who looked upon it as a very fine example of the work of the great master of chiaroscuro. But our last shred of doubt is removed when we learn that it is painted on copper, a thing unheard of in Italy until after the death of Correggio. We, therefore, accept the melancholy truth that our old friend is by some Flemish painter whose name we scarcely care to learn, though, doubtless, some future Morelli will tell our children all about him. With even greater regret do we part from our long-cherished conviction

that the famed 'Violin Player' of the Sciarra-Colonna gallery, which has recently figured in so romantic an episode, is from the hand of Raphael, and never shall we be able to meet the thoughtful gaze from the eyes of the 'Portrait of a Young Man' in the Louvre without thinking of the great exponent of spiritual beauty who was to vanish into the unseen just as the golden age of recognition of that beauty was being ushered in.* But there is balm in Gilead; Morelli has confirmed the daring and much scoffed at opinion of Wornum that the Meyer Holbein at Dresden is but a replica of that at Darmstadt; and, better still, to him is due, as already stated, the discovery that the exquisite 'Sleeping Venus,' of the Dresden Gallery, previously believed to be a mere copy by Sassoferrato after Titian, is an original by Giorgione, the only member of the Venetian school to approach Titian in the luminous glow and depth of colouring of his work. *A propos* of this 'Venus,' Sir Henry Layard says:—

'Giorgione's "Sleeping Venus" had been described by an anonymous writer of the sixteenth century as being in the possession of the Venetian patrician family of Marcello. To it, the writer states, Titian had added a Cupid seated at her feet. . . . The absence of this Cupid in the Dresden picture was held to be fatal to Morelli's attribution. In the archives of the gallery, however, has since been found a document which proves that when the picture was bought the missing Cupid still existed, but in so damaged a condition that it was *thought best to remove it altogether.*'

The last brief sentence which we italicise is a painful revelation of the treatment masterpieces of art have ever received at the hands of restorers and cleaners, and is a fresh proof—if proof were needed—of the patience and care

* Signor Morelli attributes this highly-attractive work, known all over the world by the name of Raphael, to Francesco Ubertini, called Bachiacca, a painter who, as a rule, is little known; and to this same Bachiacca he assigns a considerable number of important works, known under other names in many galleries. But in the case of the pictures in the Louvre the evidence in support of his theory is extremely slight. It rests solely on the form of the hand and the technical treatment of the hair. That is not enough to shake our faith, and Morelli himself did not know enough of Bachiacca to warrant so extreme a conclusion. Morelli attributes the 'Violin Player' in the Sciarra-Colonna gallery to Sebastiano del Piombo, and holds that 'it cannot be by Raphael' on purely negative evidence, which we think is insufficient. To assign it to Sebastiano del Piombo is sheer guess-work, for Morelli himself says: 'Sebastiano's *forms* are very different in the various epochs of his artistic career.'

required to separate the original work of a master from the results of the tampering of picture-dealers.

Each of the principal Italian artists may be regarded as the centre of a constellation of precursors, scholars, copyists, imitators, and, in some few rare instances, direct heirs, who formed what was termed a 'school.' The students were bound for three years to the exclusive work of the master by strict articles of apprenticeship, and were precluded from painting elsewhere. By a natural illusion, the works of the less-known followers were not infrequently in less critical ages than our own ascribed to the master himself, and hence a great painter, such as Leonardo da Vinci or Giorgione, whose authentic works are few (Dr. Richter giving to the former only seven,* and Morelli to the latter only twelve), is credited with numerous canvases in the various galleries of Europe.

Signor Morelli's main object in life was to distinguish these secondary productions from their primary source or inspiration:--

'He was,' says his biographer, 'indefatigable in visiting public and private collections, and in studying their contents. The picture gallery in the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg and those of Copenhagen and Stockholm were, I believe, the only ones of any importance that he had not seen. He was frequently in London, and was intimately acquainted with our splendid national collections, which he considered the most complete in Europe in the representation of the Italian schools of painting, and consequently the most instructive to the student. He specially approved the judgment and care with which the pictures had been selected, and their arrangement and classification, which, he considered, reflected the greatest credit upon those who had its direction and management. He enjoyed the friendship of the three consecutive directors--Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir William Boxall, and Sir Frederic Burton--all of whom set the greatest value upon his knowledge and critical judgment, and were ever ready to profit by his advice. . . . In the fine gallery of the Prado, in which he spent many long days, he made several interesting and important discoveries; amongst others, that of a fine picture by Giorgione, which had previously been ascribed to Pordenone, and one by Lorenzo Lotto, which passed for a work by Titian.'

* Dr. Richter's attributions are:--'The Annunciation,' in the Louvre, No. 158; 'Adoration of the Kings,' in the Uffizi; 'St. Jerome,' in the Vatican; 'Last Supper,' in S. Maria delle Grazie, Milan; 'Mona Lisa,' in the Louvre; 'Madonna amid the Rocks,' National Gallery; 'Vierge aux Rochers,' in the Louvre, similar to that of our own collection. We are surprised that he does not allude to the group of the 'Virgin and Child, and St. Anne' in the Louvre with its characteristic landscape background, which has always been attributed to Leonardo, and we think rightly.

'Morelli,' adds Sir Henry—and here, we think, is hidden, perhaps, the true secret of the great art critic's success—

'not only turned his attention to *pictures* by the old Italian masters, he made a most careful and minute study of their original *drawings and sketches*. He maintained that the information derived from such a study afforded the best means of identifying the authors of pictures which had for the most part been so "restored," and even rubbed down to the very priming in the process, that, although little of the original work might remain, yet in the forms of parts of the human frame and in the mode of treatment the master might still be traced.'

This recognition of the special value of an artist's sketch—a recognition which is essentially modern in spirit, for it is only by the present generation that the beginning has been recognised as of equal importance with the end—would suffice to ensure a hearing for Morelli, even without his other strong claims to recognition. Although, perhaps, the glorification of sketches is carried to excess in our own day, and the second-rate artist is inclined to believe that want of care is a sign of the talent of the producer, there is no doubt that it is in the rough and hasty sketch that the true genius catches alike the spirit of his subject and impresses on his rendering of that subject his own individuality.

The critical acumen of Morelli was nowhere more clearly manifested than in his suggestion with regard to the so-called 'Sketch-book of Raphael,' long considered one of the chief art-treasures of the Venice Academy. This 'Sketch-book,' the contents of which our author attributes to Pinturicchio, was sold, under the name it has so long borne, to the Austrian Government by a Milanese artist of the early part of the present century, and its erroneous name gave rise to many stories about the early life of Raphael, which must now be abandoned as fictitious. And this is but one of many cases in point.

On the other hand, if Morelli was skilful in unveiling deception, he has also been to some extent successful in bringing to light a multitude of artists whose works may fairly claim all but first rank in the annals of art. No doubt in such a process destructive criticism is far more easy than to attain really satisfactory affirmative results. It is much simpler to show that a picture is not the work of a reputed author than to fix on the fortunate scholar or power who has so ably rivalled the work of his inspirer. In this respect Signor Morelli appears to us too dogmatic, too reliant upon his scientific method. As with the student

of natural phenomena whom the secret of life ever eludes, however near he may seem to approach to its solution; the mystery of the informing spirit of a beautiful creation is in many cases hopelessly lost, and we shall never know the names of the producers of some of the greatest masterpieces. The truer the genius the more humble is the individual inspired by it and the less likely to court publicity by any effort to connect himself with his productions.

To some extent, however, our author has been successful in assigning masterpieces to artists of whom but few traces exist. In the case, for instance, of Ambrogio de Predis or Preda, of Milan, who lived in the early part of the fifteenth century, no doubt is now entertained of his being the real author of the portrait in the Ambrosian Library of Bianca Maria Sforza (so long attributed to Da Vinci), as well as of the signed likeness of her husband, the Emperor Maximilian, in the Ambras collection at Venice.

It will be impossible in the limits of a single article to follow Signor Morelli in his minute survey of the Doria-Pamfili galleries. His criticisms, moreover, require to be brought face to face with the originals, but, whatever our final judgement may be in any individual case, these criticisms are so instructive that no intelligent amateur should visit these galleries without a copy of this volume under his arm.

We shall therefore confine ourselves to his remarks on the Lombardo-Milanese school in which he traces the descent of the followers of Leonardo. Of Leonardo himself, the reader will remark—doubtless with a stock of prejudice which will militate somewhat against his acceptance of Morelli's opinion with regard to the lesser lights of the Milanese school—the following observations:—

'By Leonardo himself there is a small unfinished painting in the Vatican collection of St. Jerome as a penitent, to art critics a work of the highest interest, but to the general public an unmitigated horror. Besides this painting, I know of only two other works in Italy which could seriously be assigned to the great Florentine—the unfinished "Adoration of the Magi," in the Uffizi, and the world-renowned, oft-repainted "Last Supper," at Milan. . . . Unprejudiced students will, I think, acknowledge that I have done well to protest against the persistent and arbitrary attribution to Leonardo of countless unauthentic drawings and paintings, due in some cases to their supposed *geistigen Inhalt* (inward qualities). The best of them are . . . by his pupils, Beltraccio, Sodoma, Cesare da Sesto, and Gianpietrino or his imitators, Ambrogio de Predis and Bernardino de' Conti; the inferior ones, like the head in the Borghese gallery, are either late copies or *forgeries*, and of these last there are not a few.

'If we compare Leonardo's genuine works—viz. the "Adoration of the Magi," in the Uffizi; the "St. Jerome," in the Vatican; and the "Vierge aux Rochers," in the Louvre—with those ascribed to him by Dr. Bode—viz. the "Annunciation," in the Uffizi; the "Resurrection," at Berlin; the female portrait, and the unfinished head of a man, in the Ambrosiana; the "Madonna and Child," in the Hermitage, at St. Petersburg, and others—I think that even those who generally agree with this critic must admit that the same hand and the same feeling are not perceptible in all.'

But if the work of the parent is scarce, that of his progeny is plentiful enough, and Morelli goes on to introduce us to a number of artists whose names have scarcely before been heard of, yet to whom he attributes a number of works which must certainly be accepted as masterpieces:—

'In dealing,' he says, 'with the Milanese school of the end of the fifteenth century, and of the first decade of the sixteenth, it is desirable to draw a distinction between Leonardo's own pupils, who were directly under his guidance, and those painters on whom the great Florentine exercised a general influence, though more æsthetic than technical. In the first category should be included the following:—Beltraffio, Marco d' Oggionno, Salaino, Giovan Antonio Bazzi, Gianpietrino, Cesare da Sesto, and perhaps also Francesco Napoletano; and in the second should be placed Ambrogio de Predis, Andrea Solario, Bernardino de' Conti, Bernardino Luini, Gaudenzio Ferrari, the miniaturist, Antonio da Monza, and others, whose works are known, but whose names have not yet been satisfactorily ascertained.'

Whatever may be the results of future research and of the work now being done by Morelli's immediate successors, it will be well for the art-student to acquaint himself with the facts unearthed by the indefatigable critic with regard to the artists enumerated above; and, taking them in the order adopted in the work before us, we will briefly summarise all that is yet known with regard to them.

Beltraffio, who heads the list of Leonardo's pupils, was a wealthy Milanese nobleman who was born in 1467 and died in 1516, three years before his master. He painted, we are told, for amusement alone, but his work was admirable, and the best examples of it are in various galleries of his native city and in the collection bequeathed by Morelli to Bergamo. Rome, however, owns one unfortunately much damaged fresco from the hand of Beltraffio in the cloisters of S. Onofrio. Next in order comes Marco d' Oggionno, who was born about 1470, and died, according to Lanzi, in 1530, but according to the catalogue of the Brera Gallery in 1540.

Of his life next to nothing is known, except that he worked under Leonardo about 1490—that is to say, soon after the foundation of the Academy of Milan by the Florentine master. D'Oggionno's best independent work is the 'Triumph of the Three Archangels over Satan,' now in the Brera Gallery, and Morelli mentions a 'Salvator Mundi' in the Borghese collection which for three hundred years was attributed to Leonardo himself, although the hard shadows and stiff drapery, the crude colouring and conventional treatment of the face and figure of the Saviour, are quite unlike the work of the master whose manner D'Oggionno imitated, but never assimilated. In our own National Gallery is a 'Madonna and Child' by this artist which originally belonged to the Manfrin Gallery. According to Morelli, there are no authentic works by Salaino, and all that is known about him is that he was born at Milan about 1480 and worked for a time in the Milan Academy. •

It is different with Giovan Antonio Bazzi, surnamed 'Il Sodoma,' whose whole career is known from his birth at Vercelli, in Lombardy, in 1477, to his death in 1549. Of humble origin—his father was a shoemaker—the young Bazzi early manifested a talent for painting, and learnt the rudiments of his art from one Martino Spanzotti, a local celebrity. From Vercelli, however, he drifted to Siena, which had long owned an important school founded by Duccio, the Lorenzetti, and Simone Martine, who were, however, not immediately succeeded by masters able to carry on the work begun by them. The arrival of Bazzi infused new life into the Siennese school, and for six years the shoemaker's son worked happily in his new home, producing, amongst other admirable works, the series of frescoes in the Convent of Mont' Oliveto Maggiore. Invited to Rome in 1507 by Agostino Chigi, whose name is associated with so many of the greatest artists of his day, Bazzi was brought under the notice of Julius II., by whom he was commissioned to paint frescoes in the Camera della Segnatura, now inalienably associated with the name of Raphael, who arrived at Rome soon after Sodoma began his work there. Before the glory of the 'divine' painter all lesser glory paled, and Sodoma's commission was rescinded, whilst Raphael was ordered to adorn the Camera, with permission to wash away the work of his predecessor. Of this permission he availed himself partially only, and the beautiful design in which the Pope's armorial bearings are inclosed is from Sodoma's hand. Not at all disheartened at the

appearance on the scene of so great a rival, Bazzi returned to Siena and worked there till about 1514, when Leo X. or Chigi—it is doubtful which—summoned him again to Rome, where he executed in the Villa Farnesina a series of exquisite and life-like frescoes, including those representing the 'Nuptials of Alexander and Roxana,' so long said to be by Raphael. But Bazzi was now a true Siennese, and even Rome could not detach his affections from the city of his adoption. He returned to Siena, where he worked until his death, producing, amongst other masterpieces, part of the series of frescoes in the Oratory of St. Bernardino,* and those in the chapel of St. Catherine of Siena in St. Domenico.

That Sodoma was a true follower of Leonardo da Vinci, though he was not his pupil, is evident from his having, in so many instances, caught the spirit of the master, but whether he ever actually worked under the great Florentine is open to doubt. We know that Leonardo was in Rome at the time of Bazzi's second visit, and it is improbable that the friend—and, to some extent, the fellow-worker of Raphael—should have missed personal intercourse with the third celebrated guest of the Vatican. In the absence of positive documentary evidence of direct intercourse, the point must be left undecided; but in the 'Pietà' in the Borghese Gallery, and the 'Descent into Hades' in the Siena collection, the combined beauty and grace, dignity and character of the figures, with the luminous harmony of the colouring, suggest direct inspiration from the master in whose works these qualities are so pre-eminent; and the student will be inclined to endorse the opinion of Morelli that 'Sodoma, taking him all in all, is the most gifted artist of the school of Leonardo, the one who is most easily confounded with the great master himself.' As a matter of fact, his best works have been attributed to the Florentine, a mistake the jovial, happy-hearted artist would probably not have cared to rectify. In the National Gallery is a small 'Madonna and Child with Saints,' by Bazzi, in which the characteristics of his work are well illustrated.

Of Gianpietrino but little is known, and no paintings signed by him have been preserved. His claim to having been a pupil, and a successful pupil, of Leonardo rests mainly upon the beautiful, though much damaged, charcoal drawing of the 'Madonna and Child' in the Christchurch collection

* The remainder are by Beccafumi and Girol. del Pacchia.

at Oxford; the 'Madonna,' in the possession of Mr. John Murray, the publisher; and, according to Morelli, the 'Columbina,' of the Hermitage, St. Petersburg, attributed first to Leonardo himself, and then to Luini; the 'St. Roch,' the property of Donna Laura Visconti Venosta; and the 'Flora,' of the Borromeo collection, both at Milan. To Pietrino our author also attributes the fine altar-piece in the church of S. Marino at Pavia, attributed by other critics to Salaino; and the 'Nativity,' in the sacristy of the church of S. Sepolcro at Milan; but in all relating to this artist we feel that Morelli's conclusions must be accepted with considerable reserve.

Of Cesare da Sesto also next to nothing is known, but he is supposed to have been born about 1480 at Sesto Calende, on the Lago Maggiore. Morelli believes him to have been working from about 1507 to 1512 at Milan under the direct influence of Leonardo da Vinci, and cites as evidence of this the following pictures:—

'The so-called "Vierge aux Balances," in the Louvre, ascribed to Salaino by Passavant; the "Daughter of Herodias," in the Public Gallery at Vienna; a "St. Jerome," in Sir Francis Cook's collection, at Richmond; the beautiful "Madonna," in the Esterhazy Gallery at Buda-Pesth (No. 172); and the large "Adoration of the Magi" . . . now in the Naples Museum.'

In all these works our author recognises the inspiration of Leonardo, whilst in the 'St. Roch,' painted for the church of that name in Milan, he thinks Cesare imitated Raphael. Three panels, each representing the Madonna and Child with Saints, are also given to Cesare by Morelli—one in the Brera, Milan, one in Lord Mounson's collection in London, and one in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg, the last catalogued under the name of Da Vinci himself.

Francesco Napoletano is also, though with considerable hesitation, ranked by Morelli amongst Leonardo's pupils, but our own feeling is that he was not more than a somewhat feeble imitator of the mighty Florentine. He worked only a short time in Italy, settling early in the sixteenth century in Valencia; and Professor Justi, the learned critic of Spanish art and author of the work on 'Velasquez and his Times,' which we reviewed in a recent number, ascribes to Napoletano twelve 'Scenes from the Life of the Virgin' on the inner and outer wings of the sculptured *retablo* in the Cathedral of Valencia.

We now come to the 'second category' of artists on whom, to quote Morelli again, 'the great Florentine exer-

'cised a general influence' only, and foremost of these is the portrait-painter Ambrogio de Predis, the dates of whose birth and death are uncertain, and who may be said to have been discovered by our author, for his name and works were previously unknown.

'It was,' says Morelli, 'the portrait of the Emperor Maximilian, in the Ambras collection, at Vienna, signed "Ambrosius de p'dis [predis] Mēlanensis [Mediolanensis], 1502," which first directed my attention to this hitherto neglected painter . . . After carefully observing all the characteristics in this somewhat repainted portrait, I felt that I might make further discoveries of works by this forgotten artist elsewhere.'

Our earnest seeker after truth was rewarded almost beyond his own expectations by the identification, as the work of De Predis, of the following portraits, four of which are figured in the text, and which he enumerates in the order of their date: the portrait of Gian Galeazzo Maria Sforza, Count of Pavia, in the Porro collection at Milan; the Profile Head in the Ambrosiana, Milan; the portrait of Francesco di Bartolommeo Archinto, now the property of Mr. Fuller Maitland; the miniature Profile Head of Ludovico il Moro, and that of the child Massimiliano Sforza, both in the 'Libro del Jesus,' owned by Prince Trivulzio, of Milan, which, with other paintings chronicled in this remarkable book, were long attributed to Leonardo—viz. the 'Portrait of a Young Man,' in the possession of the Maggi family at Milan; the 'Youth with Long Fair Hair,' in the collection bequeathed by Morelli to Bergamo; the 'Portrait of Francesco Brivio,' in the Poldi collection at Milan; the 'Old Man,' in the Frizzoni Gallery; and the 'Youth with the Ducal Chain,' in the Morelli Gallery at Bergamo.

It is possible that eventually some of these claims may have to be reconsidered, but it would appear that in the main Morelli's acumen has not deceived him. For in all these works the treatment of the hand, in which drawing and modelling, as our critic points out, are defective, is peculiarly characteristic; and, however often an imitator may copy the excellences of his prototype, he seldom reproduces his defects.

The remaining members of Morelli's second category may be more briefly dismissed, their claims having long since been recognised. They are: Andrea Solario, well known in England by his portrait of Gio. Cristoforo Longino in the National Gallery, who was born at Milan about 1460, and died some time after 1515. His best works are the 'Holy Family with

'St. Jerome' in the Brera at Milan, in which the influence of Leonardo is very distinctly marked; the 'Ecce Homo' in the Poldi Pozzoli Gallery, Milan; the 'Vierge au Coussin Vert' in the Louvre, in which the figure of the Child is especially beautiful; and the unfinished 'Assumption of the Virgin' in the sacristy of the Certosa of Pavia.

Bernardino de' Conti, in whose earlier works the influence of De Predis is far more marked than that of Leonardo, was a very popular portrait-painter at Milan in the early part of the sixteenth century. One of his best and most characteristic works is the small 'Madonna and Child' in the Hermitage collection at St. Petersburg, still ascribed in the catalogue to Leonardo. Another good example of his manner is the 'Head of a Man' in Mr. Malcolm's collection, also erroneously given to Da Vinci.

Better and more generally known is Bernardino Luini, who takes high rank amongst the followers—we might almost say in his case, the descendants—of Leonardo. Of his life, however, we are almost ignorant, but we know that he was born at Luino, near the Lago Maggiore, about 1475. In his work critics claim to recognise the influence of Borgognone and Bramantino, as well as of Leonardo da Vinci; but, whilst owing probably much to all three, his style was essentially his own, and his work combines a dignity, a pathos, and a spiritual beauty rarely rivalled. Unequal in execution and weak in power of grouping, he yet won a position of the highest rank by the beauty of his minor compositions and by the individuality and character of his single figures. The Sciarra-Colonna owns Luini's best work, the 'Modesty and Vanity' so long attributed to Leonardo; but very beautiful also are the 'Madonna and Child with St. John and St. Elizabeth' in the Palazzo Colonna, and the great fresco of the 'Passion' at Lugano. Luini is represented in the National Gallery by his 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors,' formerly in the Borghese collection.

Gaudenzio Ferrari, whom Morelli merely mentions, he tells us, 'because, in his lifetime he was regarded as the greatest authority on matters of art in Rome,' yet deserves a word of notice if only for his 'Last Supper' in the refectory of S. Paolo at Vercelli and his frescoes in the churches of Saronno and Varallo; but, perhaps, had our energetic art critic lived, he would have discovered some other artist to whom to attribute these characteristic works. And for his assertion that Monza, the miniature painter, was influenced by Da Vinci, he cites no proof.

Having thus, taught by Morelli himself, examined the art critic's work in the analytical manner and given some of the results of his application of his powers of observation, it will be interesting and restful to revert to the historical method and cull from Sir Henry Layard's narrative the main facts of the life of his accomplished friend.

Morelli is said to have been descended from a Huguenot family which, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the subsequent hot persecution of the Protestants, took refuge in Geneva, that battle-ground of religious animosities where the cause of the Reformation finally triumphed and where the people still know so well, to quote Henry Fazy, 'how to maintain the sentiment of national individuality, and to preserve . . . that independence of spirit and conduct which has been for four centuries one of the distinctive features of the Genevese character.' However this may be, Morelli himself claims as his ancestors a noble Venetian family, who were already refugees from their native city in the South of France when fresh troubles drove them once more across the Alps. His father was born at Woeschbach on the Lake of Constance, but settled in early life at Verona, where he married a lady of Bergamo. Born at Verona in 1816, Morelli lost his father when quite a child, and was taken by his mother to her native city and there educated. Hence he claimed to be a true Bergamesque, and Sir Henry credits him with 'all the qualities and prejudices of the sturdy independent natives of the celebrated 'old town.' Thus in his very boyhood Morelli must have been familiar with the works of Lotto, Giov. Bellini, Mantegna, Palma Vecchio, and, above all, Sodoma, whose true position he was to do so much to establish.

The education of the future art critic was, however, that of a physician; and, the Italian colleges being closed to Protestants, he studied medicine first in German Switzerland, then in Munich, and lastly in Paris, where, fired by his introduction to the collections in the Louvre, he seems for the first time to have shown that interest in art which was eventually to become his master passion. But though the seed was sown, it was not yet to bear fruit. The Italian revolutionary movement of 1848 ensued, and, Bergamesque to the backbone as he was, Morelli hastened back to his adopted city, organised a volunteer corps, and at its head took part in the storming of the Austrian barracks at Monza. His bearing in this gallant attack attracted the notice of the provisional govern-

ment at Milan, and he was chosen as a delegate to the National German Parliament then in session at Frankfort. Whilst on this mission he published his maiden effort in literature, an impassioned appeal to the Germans for aid in the struggle for liberty going on in Italy, in which he struck, unconsciously perhaps, the keynote of what was to be the chief music of his after life. From this appeal his biographer quotes the following passage :—

‘In those days when the most virulent of hatreds—that of religion—divided our respective countries, the noble Raphael was in friendly correspondence with Albert Dürer, and Galileo with Kepler. Thus, too, in those years when our most illustrious men languished in chains in the dungeons of Spielberg, Goethe addressed kindly and respectful letters to Manzoni. That love for the sublimest of arts and for pure science . . . thus kept them united when savage instincts led powerful rulers to find their advantage in throwing the bloody torch of discord between them.’

From the time of the publication of this remarkable pamphlet Morelli gave less and less attention to politics, though he still attended as an honoured guest the meetings of patriots at the British Legation of Turin, where he first met Sir Henry Layard, for whom he at once conceived a romantic attachment, and who tells us that he devoted himself to the study of art with the earnestness and thoroughness of a ‘German, and the acuteness of an Italian. He made himself ‘self acquainted,’ continues his biographer, ‘not only ‘with the contents of the principal galleries of Europe, but ‘there was scarcely a village church in Italy containing a ‘picture of any note which he did not visit.’ When Sir Henry first met him he was already recognised as an authority on Italian art. He aided Sir Charles Eastlake, to whom our National Gallery owes so much, in his examination of the contents of public and private galleries in Italy, and to his suggestions the British nation owes some of its most valuable and best authenticated Italian pictures.

We may here notice that it was Sir Charles Eastlake, assisted by the advice of Morelli, who secured for the National Gallery a series of works of the elder and less-known Italian painters, which are of peculiar interest. They are pictures of exquisite refinement and feeling, and no gallery possesses a collection of equal interest to the student of art in the fifteenth century. Sir Frederic Burton, the worthy successor of Eastlake, has shown in his excellent descriptive and historical catalogue of the National Gallery, that he too recognises the authority of Morelli, and has

largely profited by his researches. The catalogue is in itself a history of painting, and the only point on which we differ from the accomplished author is on the substitution of the family names of the artists for the names by which they are traditionally known.

Unable from want of means to be a collector, Morelli yet, as quite a young man, owned a few genuine gems of Italian art which he had bought at a low price of dealers who were ignorant of their true value. Amongst these was a Mantegna which he told Sir Henry he had been compelled to sell to pay a gambling debt, a loss he considered one of the greatest sorrows of his life. The beautiful collection he left to his beloved adopted city Bergamo was bequeathed to him by a friend, who had chosen most of the pictures in it with Morelli's aid.

Compelled in 1861 to represent Bergamo in the Italian Chambers, and re-elected again and again without any canvassing on his own part, Morelli used the political position forced upon him to further the cause of the fine arts, calling the attention of his fellow-legislators to the state of the public galleries and museums in Italy, and the ignorance of their directors, leading to the hopeless jumble of nomenclature which was at one time a disgrace to Italy. A yet greater, because less remediable evil, was the reckless sale of art treasures belonging to the churches and galleries of Italy to dealers, who re-sold them to foreign connoisseurs. In 1862 Morelli persuaded the Minister of Public Instruction to appoint a commission 'to prepare a law for the conservation of 'works of art.' This law bears the name of its suggester, and he has been severely censured for it, but, as Sir Henry Layard points out, Morelli 'was proud of seeing the art to which Italy owed so much of her renown worthily represented in 'foreign collections, and pictures were not infrequently 'purchased for them on his recommendation. It was only 'when some work by a very rare and important painter was 'about to leave the country that he interfered,' and it was he who induced his friend, Prince Giovanelli, to buy one of the few genuine examples of the work of Giorgione when it was all but sold to Berlin by the directors of the Manfrin Gallery of Venice.

Before the new regulation became law, however, in April 1861, Morelli had induced the Government to appoint a commission, of which he was himself named president, 'to 'register all works of art . . . in Umbria and the Marches.' The commission had the rare privilege of visiting even

nunneries in search for hidden art treasures; in this delicate task Signor Cavalcaselle was associated with Morelli, and on some occasions Sir Henry Layard also accompanied them. Many interesting little episodes occurred on these excursions into the unknown recesses of religious establishments; and much rubbish, with now and then a true gem, such as a signed Marco Marziale, was discovered. 'There can be no possible objection to your disposing of these,' Morelli would gravely say to a Lady Superior who proudly pointed out the indifferent pictures representing scenes of classical mythology which had adorned the walls from time immemorial, 'and, perhaps,' he would add with his arch smile, 'the sooner you get rid of them the better.'

In the latter years of his life our author lived chiefly in Milan, and it was not until after he became a senator in 1873 that he began the publication of the Essays which first aroused the interest of the world. These essays he signed with the somewhat fantastic pseudonym of 'Ivan Lermolieff,' Lermolieff being an anagram of his own name with a Russian termination. The success of his Essays led him to publish in 1880 a volume of criticism on the pictures in the Dresden, Munich, and Berlin galleries, written in German and bearing the name, 'Ein kritischer Versuch von Ivan Lermolieff, ins Deutsche übersetzt von Johannes Schwarz,' so that the whole title was a mystification, for which as we think, with justice, Morelli has been severely censured, detracting, as it does, from the serious character of what was an important publication.

However that may be, the book produced an immense sensation in Germany and Italy, one half of the art world siding with, the other against the critic. But what Herr Bode in the 'Fortnightly Review' for October 1891 quaintly calls the 'Lermolieff mania' spread rapidly from end to end of Europe, and Morelli was without much delay established as an eminent authority. Gradually the storm subsided, and before his death, in 1891, he was accepted throughout Europe as an art critic of sound judgement. To him flocked all the young art students of the day, and never 'was a man more beloved by friends and pupils, never a more delightful companion.' The Emperor and Empress Frederick, the statesman Marco Minghetti, the Marquis Visconti Venosta, the poet Manzoni, the dramatist Niccolini, and many other celebrated men, were amongst his personal friends, and his death was mourned throughout Europe. Though as a senator entitled to a public funeral, the modest nature of

the man was against display, and, in accordance with a request in his will, he was privately buried in the cemetery of Milan at five o'clock in the morning.

In his own preface to the volume before us Morelli still further states his case, and in it the personality of the man comes out in a very vivid and impressive manner; but he adds nothing of any importance to what his biographer has already told us either of his life or of his mode of work. We may add, however, one word on the general style of his interesting volume, which opens with a bright and fascinating freshness, calling up before the mind's eye a vision of a new revelation and new illumination of the past, which is, as we go on, more than realised. As a rule, the intrusion of the personality of an author, especially of the author of a critical volume, weakens the force with which his judgements appeal to us; but it is not so in the present case. Morelli takes the reader by the hand in a fatherly manner, and in a pleasant, imaginary conversation he pays him the delicate compliment of appearing as the inquirer, whilst the reader is represented as the teacher in the person of an Italian gentleman, who may or may not have had any real existence. We are thus beguiled into giving a hearing to a series of statements upsetting many of our most cherished theories, and are ourselves made, so to speak, a party to the sweeping away of the reputations of men our fathers delighted to honour, and to criticisms involving even the honoured names of Vasari, Passavant, and other time-honoured art historians. But in dealing with art history as with actual art productions, Morelli, though drastic enough in his treatment, is seldom unfair, and is ever ready in his most cutting remarks to add the saving qualification, which is, as it were, the leaven of the indigestible lump.

The illustrations in the remarkable volume we have been reviewing, though few, are eminently characteristic, and form an interesting commentary on the text. Their execution is worthy of the reputation of Herr Brockhaus, under whose superintendence they were produced. The two indices added by Dr. J. P. Richter are so complete as themselves to form an epitome of that portion of art-history treated in this volume; and the translator has so well acquitted herself of her arduous task that we are never reminded of the fact that the book, in its present form, is not an original work. She has carefully embodied the changes made in the Doria-Pamfili and Borghese collections since the death of Morelli, and marks with a star the pictures mentioned by him which have now disappeared.

ART. III.—*Histoire des Princes de Condé.* Par M. le Duc d'AUMALE. TOME VI. Paris: 1892.

IN our last article on this admirable work * we expressed a confident hope that the next part of the biography of the Princes of the House of Condé would be 'a noble addition to the history of France.' Our expectations have been fully realised after perusing this instructive and delightful volume. It comprises the most dramatic part of the chequered career of the Grand Condé when, flinging loyalty and prudence to the winds, and at the head of the foes of his bleeding country, he stood before Europe the arch-rebel of France, and engaged in a contest with the House of Bourbon, and with one of the greatest captains of any time, which his genius protracted and long made doubtful. It comprises, also, that remarkable passage in French history the Second Fronde, a period of foreign war and of domestic broil, of passion, agitation, and wide-spread anarchy, foreshadowing the Revolution in some respects, and ending, like the Revolution, in a grand despotism, a flood of cataract and disturbed currents, succeeded by the ampler flow of the expanding river. It is hardly necessary to say that the Duc d'Aumale has treated his subject with a master's hand, and though we shall freely criticise parts of his work, and we do not concur in some of his judgements, we wish to record our decided opinion that he has almost surpassed himself in his present performance. He has properly devoted his attention chiefly to a description of the military events of the time, of the long struggle between Condé and Turenne, marked by splendid illustrations of skill in their art; and if he has had the great advantage of Napoleon's comments on these memorable campaigns, he has thrown a flood of fresh light upon them, and the history of war has been seldom written with equal precision, perspicuity, brilliancy of style, and insight. The Duc, however, has not neglected what we may call the background of his fine picture—the political changes, the strife of parties, and the sudden vicissitudes of the Second Fronde—and his account of the state of Paris and Bordeaux, of the discord and anarchy which prevailed throughout France, and of her selfish public men and factions, contains much that is new and abounds in interest. As usual, too,

* 'Edinburgh Review,' October, 1889, p. 445.

though in this particular this volume is not so copious as the last, his sketches of the leading personages on the scene are vivid and lifelike in the highest degree; we would especially refer to those of Mademoiselle, the Amazonian daughter of the weak Gaston of Orleans, of Anne of Gonzaga, and of other heroines of the Fronde. A very striking and well-informed chapter narrates the incidents of Condé's life in exile, outside his ordinary home, the camp; and we need not add that if the Duc d'Aumale does all that he can to place the conduct of his hero in the most favourable light, he never departs from the lofty standard of patriotism which he upholds in his work. The apologist of Condé does not forget that the Prince had sinned against France, and was deeply guilty.

It may appear ungracious to take exceptions in the case of a work of peculiar excellence. In his description, however, of Condé, and the time, the Duc d'Aumale, we believe, is sometimes mistaken, or has not placed facts in their true proportions. The tendency to idealise the hero of his book, to which we have adverted before, reappears in this volume more clearly than ever; the Duc disregards the wise saying of Cromwell, and dislikes to paint the Grand Condé with his scars. He blames him, indeed, for his treason to France; but he will not bring out in sufficient prominence the distinctive faults of the Prince's character—the greed of pelf and power, in which he matched his father; the arrogance and lawlessness which were his special vices; above all,* his singular want of political insight and his instability in public affairs—conspicuous defects in a man of such powers. The Duc too, in our judgement, assigns Condé too high a place as a master of war; he may stand above Montrose, who had something in common with him; but, compared with the great captains of his day, he was distinctly inferior to Cromwell and Turenne; and as we protested against the attempt to make him resemble Cæsar in Spain, we protest still more strongly against the paradox that a rebel *condottiere*, though a great soldier, is even to be named as a rival of Hannibal. We differ from the Duc d'Aumale as to two passages in this part of the Prince's career: his conduct, from first to last, in the Second Fronde, admits of hardly any palliation or excuse, and there is ample evidence that he had a share in the guilt of the massacre of the

* Condé was happily described as 'le vaillant et l'incertain' by one of the heroines of the Fronde.

Hôtel de Ville, a crime long infamous in the annals of Paris. The Duc is far too accomplished a student of war not to appreciate the splendid genius of Turenne; and we gladly acknowledge that, in this volume, he has often done justice to the renowned marshal. But his inclination, if not his purpose, is to make Turenne a kind of foil to Condé on all occasions when they come in contact, and, on the whole, to represent the almost perfect strategist as inferior to the tactician of Lens and Rocroy. This estimate, we think, is incorrect. Condé was a chief of remarkable power; he had many of the gifts of a great general; he was much more than a mere brilliant soldier, of the type of Luxemburg, Ney, and Launes. But he never achieved anything that can be compared to the immortal campaigns of 1646, 1674, and 1675, enduring masterpieces of the military art; and Condé, as a rule, was defeated by Turenne, whenever they were opposed to each other, though this is not a conclusive test of their merits. The Duc d'Aumale, too, scarcely ever alludes to Turenne's profound political wisdom, characteristic of a scion of the House of Nassau—perhaps because his hero presents a lamentable contrast in this respect. Yet this great quality contributed to the safety and the triumph of the Bourbon monarchy, in its struggle with Spain and the Second Fronde, as much as the noble exploits of Turenne in the field.

The last volume of this work closed with the arrest of Condé, his brother, and the Duc de Longueville, the complaisant husband of his too well known sister. The conduct of the Prince since the truce of Rueil, had been in keeping with his reckless character, and had marred his prospects when they seemed most brilliant. He had not, perhaps, committed crimes which would have brought him within the grasp of the law; but he had become a real danger to the State: he had insulted Mazarin and Anne of Austria, and he had forced terms on the Cardinal which would have made him the virtual master of France. He had, at the same time, with characteristic arrogance, broken with Gondi, Beaufort, and the First Fronde; and he was regarded with an evil eye by the Parisian populace, which had not forgiven the recent siege. One of those sudden alliances, repeatedly seen in the history of France at this period, united all parties against Condé; Gondi and Mazarin, bitter enemies before, joined hands to put down the foe of the moment, and the infuriated lion was caught in

their toils and shut up in the donjon of Vincennes: The captivity of the Princes was close and severe, and it deserves notice that not a voice was raised in the Parliament of Paris in their behalf, though a Royal Declaration against arbitrary arrest had been one of the conditions of the Peace of Rueil.

'The prisoners were as ill lodged as they were entertained. M. de Longueville was kept apart from the others. The two brothers occupied the same room, the lower hall of the donjon, dark, damp, and without air, a kind of place of concealment. Delicate and sickly, the Prince of Conti suffered from this treatment. After tedious negotiations, and at the price of ten pistoles, he was allowed to go up with his brother to the third story. A short time afterwards he was permitted to walk once a day on the roof, "for the state of his health was such that no risk was run." This freedom was at first refused to the activity of Condé; he had to wait until April 27. Sentinels and watches were multiplied. The body guards of the King were on duty night and day in the chamber of the Princes. Several companies of the French Guards were stationed outside.'

The *coup d'état* of Mazarin and Gondi was, for a moment, attended with success, and seemed to restore the power of the Regent. The Court was well received in two royal progresses, made through the northern and eastern provinces; even Burgundy, where Condé was governor, acquiesced; Madame de Longueville, the dangerous Helen of the Fronde, was compelled to seek refuge and fly from Normandy, and the Queen and boy King were greeted in Paris. A sudden turn in events, fraught with important results to Condé and France, was due to an influence which, hitherto, had been deemed of the most insignificant kind. Claire Clémence de Maillé had been, for years, the despised and ill-treated wife of the Prince, and she was thought so incapable of a bold purpose that she was scarcely watched by the unsuspecting Government. But an heroic spirit animated that feeble frame; the Princess made her escape from Chantilly, taking with her her boy, the Duc d'Enghien, and having stayed for a short time at Montrond, the scene of her husband's martial youth, she made her way to the provinces of the south, where the standard of revolt was already raised. She was received with royal honours by Rochefoucauld and Bouillon—the first one of Madame de Longueville's lovers, the second the injured brother of Turenne, and both in arms against the Government—and under the feudal influence of the great nobles, and of the Trémoilles, La Forces, and

other powerful families, an insurrectionary movement had soon spread through the region between the Dordogne and Garonne. Bordeaux became the focus of a rebellion daily increasing in extent. The city, long afterwards the birthplace of the Gironde, had often shown the tendencies to revolt which have characterised some of the chief towns of France; it had recently defied a royal army; it was filled with the partisans of Condé; and though the parliament and the better class of citizens were unwilling to take a decisive step, the populace, which was soon to become supreme, and to imitate the excesses of 1793, rose vehemently 'for the cause of the Princes,' and all opposition was overborne. Bordeaux was soon the seat of a rebel government, which made its influence felt from the Pyrenees to the Limousin; the Princess of Condé directed everything; and one of the first acts of the thoughtless citizens was to invoke the assistance of Spain, at open war with their country:—

'The Parliament and the city had become deeply engaged. It was necessary to arm and to obtain the support of the foreigner, evidently an essential condition of success. The Princess reigns at Bordeaux, but she has no self-conceit; she does not try to govern; she leaves power to the two dukes. Guided by her good sense, and superior to fear, she makes everything turn on the deliverance of her consort. She speaks in public, when this is required, in a brief strain, but with surprising success; she is never put out; her devotion enlightens and inspires her, and raises her above her natural level of merit.'

Meanwhile it had fared ill with France and the Government on the north-eastern frontier. Turenne, led astray by the siren Longueville, and angry at the spoliation of a brother he loved, had committed the one great fault of his life—had drawn his weighty sword against the Queen and Mazarin, and had taken the command of a Spanish army, which had overrun the plains of Champagne. The great warrior was a host in himself, and had his colleague, the Archduke Leopold—more than once defeated by Condé and Turenne—listened to the counsels of a master of his art, a hostile force might have reached Paris, and perhaps have dictated peace within the walls of the capital. But the Archduke would not seize the occasion. The policy of Spain too, throughout the Second Fronde, was to temporise, and not to trust too much to rebel allies, who might become enemies; and the danger passed away from the House of Bourbon. Nevertheless an advanced guard of Turenne, who had pledged himself to relieve Condé, had pushed forward

almost to Vincennes ; and though the Marshal was ultimately driven back and defeated in a pitched battle near Rethel, the east of France remained in the hands of her foes. These disasters fatally weakened the power of the Cardinal ; and, in the meantime, the coalition of his many enemies, which had constantly tended to unite against him, had conspired to secure his fall and his ruin. The Parliament of Paris had discovered that the imprisonment of Condé was contrary to law ; the partisans of the Prince and the *noblesse* of the Fronde denounced the Italian tyrant and trickster ; and Gondi, disappointed at not having obtained the cardinal's hat which had been the price of his late alliance with the Court and its friends, had no difficulty in stirring up the capital against 'Madame Anne' and her abhorred 'minion.' The League was assisted and bound together by Anne of Gonzaga, the Princess Palatine, one of the most remarkable women of her day, and perhaps one of Condé's many light loves ; and a compact was formed which strikingly shows the base selfishness of the factions of the time. The Cardinal was to be driven out of France ; the worthless Duke of Orleans was to be thrust upon the Queen ; and Condé was to be set free and restored to his honours. The terms of the bargain were that the little Duc d'Enghien was to be betrothed to a daughter of Gaston ; that Condé's brother, Conti, was to wed Mademoiselle de Chevreuse—perhaps a cast-off mistress of Gondi—and that an overture should be made to Rome to secure for that saintly Churchman the coveted red hat.

Mazarin seems to have been taken by surprise, and failed to make head against his plotting enemies. He had removed Condé from Vincennes at the approach of Turenne, and had ultimately sent the Prince to Havre ; and, with characteristic want of dignity—an attitude which Richelieu would have scorned to take—he endeavoured to make peace with his captive enemy, who sent him away with a loud laugh of derision. The conspirators suddenly found themselves in power ; the Cardinal was compelled to leave the kingdom ; and Anne of Austria was nearly swept away by a rising which had been got up in Paris.

'The city is under arms ; a close watch is set on the Regent. Two years before, in less difficult circumstances, she had Condé and Mazarin at her side ; she had the sword of the one, the counsels of the other. To-day she is helpless and isolated. As we contemplate this spectacle we think of the Dauphin Charles, in face of Etienne Marcel, after the battle of Poitiers, or of Louis XVI. when brought back from Varennes ;

and Mazarin was, perhaps, not far from the truth when he exasperated the Parliament and the Fronde by comparing the demagogues of Paris to Fairfax and Cromwell.'

The Queen had to submit to the hard terms of the plotters, and Condé was released from bondage and placed at the head of the Court. The best face was put on a humiliating scene; but from this time forward young Louis XIV. hated his rebel cousin with a vindictive hatred. The curtain fell on one of the rapid transformations so frequent in the drama of the Fronde.

'The Regent, the King, we may almost say the prisoners of the Palais Royal, repressed their regrets and their feelings. Condé was courteously received. Anne of Austria, stretched on a couch, could hardly restrain her tears. Louis XIV., already master of himself, "caressed Monsieur le Prince." The same evening there was a supper and a dance at the house of Monsieur, the next day high play at Marshal Gramont's, and a ball given by Madame de Chevreuse. The Parliament held a solemn sitting, and Society visited the Prince.

'What a spectacle! Mazarin hurled from power at the moment when victory seemed to have confirmed his authority, humbly imploring the help, the protection of one held by him in captivity during thirteen months, the Coadjutor and Beaufort, and those who had planned the ruin of Condé, coming forward and ranging themselves behind him; the Court, the Fronde at the feet of the enemy, so often denounced, who had but yesterday been dragged from fortress to fortress, as though no prison harsh and cruel enough could be found for him; Paris lighting up for his return the festal fires which a year before shed their blaze on his dungeon. May we not repeat with the author of the "Maxims," "Everything happens in France"?''

After this triumph over the Queen and Mazarin, Condé seemed, for a time, the master of events; yet, within six months, he was at open war with those who had taken him out of prison and had placed him on the topmost height of power; and he had become a rebel fugitive, who had not scrupled to call on France to revolt from her King and to enter into a league with her worst enemy. The Duc d'Aumale does not deny his guilt; the Prince, indeed, has confessed it himself.

'The die had been cast. The hour had come with its solemn voice, and Condé had not listened. There is no longer a Spanish regent, an alien minister. Of what account is the legal fiction, the pretended minority, in fact, succeeding the minority by right? Of what account? It is the King, the King of France, whose reign begins. All those who retain in their hearts the ancient national traditions think that the sky is clearing, are awaiting the era of quiet, of the peace which should follow chaos and the odious conflict of rival ambitions. Cursed be the authors of trouble, who would prolong war and the sufferings of the

country! And the sword which threw its harvest of laurels on the cradle of the King of four years of age, the sword of Rocroy, does not shine beside the sceptre which the King of thirteen holds with a hand even now firm and strong.'

The Duc, however, tries hard to find those 'extenuating circumstances' for his hero which so often frustrate justice in France. He pleads that Anne of Austria may have been consenting to plots against the life of the Prince, and, in any case, that she lent a willing ear to Mazarin in exile, who plainly let her know that the power of Condé had become too great. But he gives no proof of the first charge, and nothing is more certain than that the Regent spared no effort to conciliate Condé and withdrew the accusations she had made against him, that peace might prevail in the royal family when Louis XIV. was proclaimed king. The manifesto put forth by Condé as a justification for his drawing the sword does not assert that his life was in danger; it is studiously vague on this point, and, on the whole, it is as flimsy an excuse for rebellion as could well be conceived:—

'Nous soussignés, déclarons que nous persistons dans la volonté et dans la résolution que nous avons de procurer la sécurité de la personne de M. le Prince et de tous ceux qui signeront le présent écrit, par toute sorte de moyens, mesme par les armes sy besoin est, et de ne laisser passer aucune occasion de les prendre jusqu'à ce que nous aions des assurances sy certaines, de l'adveu et consentement de tous, qu'il ne nous reste aucun soupçon qu'on puisse jamais entreprendre contre nos personnes.—Nous promettons en outre de n'écouter aucune proposition ny d'entrer en aucune négociation sans le consentement exprès des soussignés. Et s'il arivoit qu'on fust obligé de prendre les armes, on ne pourra les poser que chacun des soussignés ne soit satisfait dans son intérêt, qu'il déclarera lorsqu'on les prendra.'

As to the second charge, Mazarin spoke the truth; the enormous favours lavished on Condé, especially his appointment to the government of Guyenne—a centre of insurrection the Duc seems to have forgotten—made him a real menace and danger to the State. All this, too, is beside the subject; it was Condé's arrogance and want of wisdom, and especially the tendency we see in him to become the dupe of sinister counsels, that caused a new league to be formed against him, like that which had been formed before, and that made him a rebel as he had been made a captive. He extorted immense concessions from the Queen, and treated the young King with marked insolence; * and he refused to carry out

* How Louis XIV. resented the attitude of Condé at this time
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the compact which had been a condition of his escape from bondage. He would not hear of a marriage between his boy son and the baby daughter of the Duke of Orleans; he broke out into fury at the idea of the *mésalliance* with Mademoiselle de Chevreuse; he intrigued against Beaufort, the darling of Paris, and against Châteauneuf, who represented the Fronde in the new ministry of Anne of Austria; and he quarrelled with Gondi and set him at naught. No wonder, then, that his recent allies were incensed at his recklessness and breach of faith; and no wonder that Gondi and his partisans, including many of the Fronde nobles, renewed the coalition against Condé which had struck him down a few months before, and combined with Mazarin, who, though proscribed, still possessed enormous influence in France, and really directed the Regent's counsels, once more to compass the Prince's overthrow. This was too much for the haughty soldier, who thought that he could cut the knot with his sword, and that a rising would make him the master of France, or at least supreme in the royal counsels; and, in an evil hour for himself and his fame, Condé raised the standard of armed rebellion, involved the whole kingdom in civil war, and sought the aid of Spain, the national enemy, on a wretched pretence that his life had been threatened, which seems to have had scarcely any foundation. Nor can it be doubted that when he took this unhappy course he was under the spell of Madame de Longueville, his notorious sister—she dashed into treason once more to avoid the presence of a despised husband—and of a junta of bad advisers. How readily he yielded to influences like these is seen in many passages of his life, and possibly the evident dislike of the King may, in some degree, have affected his purpose. It should be observed, too, that all that was wisest in France unreservedly disapproved of the Prince's conduct; it was condemned by Molé and condemned by Turenne.

The war of the Second Fronde had begun, and it was to drag on its length for eight years. The Duc d'Aumale might have pointed out that the forces in conflict were more evenly balanced than superficial students of the time imagine. Those who bear in mind that the Bourbon monarchy was the terror of Europe in the next generation find it difficult to comprehend in what peril it stood and how great its weakness was at the existing crisis. Spain, an open foe,

appears from words he let drop: '*Si mes gardes avaient été auprès de moi je l'aurais fait charger.*'

had not yet sunk into the decrepitude of a later period; the House of Austria supported its kindred, spite of the settlement of the Peace of Westphalia; and Lorraine was a hostile province in the midst of the kingdom. But the chief danger of France lay in her own divisions, and in the discredit and impotence of her Government. The whole nation was split into factions, unscrupulous, selfish, and unpatriotic; the party of the great nobles, which Richelieu had crushed, which Mazarin had endeavoured to keep down when once more it had recovered strength, and which had Condé and Gaston as its chiefs, was ready for civil war and revolt; the Parliament and the people of Paris detested the rule of the 'two foreigners;' many towns were stirred by the same feelings; in several provinces the local governors were willing to sell themselves to the highest bidder; and the fine ladies of the Fronde for the most part threw their immense influence on the side of rebellion. Beyond doubt, however, the principal source of the weakness of the State was the universal hatred felt towards Mazarin by three-fourths of the nation. The architect of the Peace of Westphalia was not regarded by the Frenchmen of his day with the undue reverence entertained for him by their descendants; he was simply abhorred as an upstart stranger, an oppressor and cheat of the worst kind, a sort of cowardly villain which had attempted to do the work of the king of the forest; and if events in France were really setting towards monarchy, the existence of Mazarin on the scene was a grave obstacle, and for a time checked and threw back the current.

All this was perfectly known to Condé; it can hardly be questioned that when he drew the sword he had many chances of decisive success, and it is an historical fact that, at the outset of the war, he was more powerful in the field than the Crown. His dispositions were quickly made, and they reveal his military skill and utter want of scruple. The Prince had bargained for the armed support of Spain; he withdrew from Barcelona a body of troops which had defended the town under his lieutenant Marsin, and he sped to the south, put himself at the head of the insurrectionary levies he still found in arms, placed his best forces on the Dordogne and the Charente, and made Bordeaux—flaming out in revolt and once more seething with the worst anarchic passions (these he stimulated with all the arts of a demagogue)—the base of his operations for a general war. The plan he formed was that he should advance in person, and defeat :

the royal forces on the Loire; and meanwhile Turenne, on whose aid he reckoned, was to collect a rebel army in the north and the east, and, assisted by a large Spanish contingent, was to march through Champagne and perhaps enter Paris. The projected attack was formidable in the extreme; but Condé fortunately lost his ablest ally; Turenne, at this juncture, fell away from him, and, happily for France, declared for the Crown. The Duc d'Aumale all but condemns this desertion, but the causes are well known and do the warrior credit. Turenne had had enough of the Longueville's wiles—she had tricked and deceived a somewhat awkward lover—and he had married and resolved to live cleanly. The Marshal, too, had seen justice done to his brother. This was one of Mazarin's most dexterous strokes; Turenne was sincerely penitent for his late treason; he felt ashamed of the league with the Spaniard, in which he had only met defeat, and his instincts and sympathies alike urged him to return to the path of loyal duty. Yet the motive which, perhaps, was most powerful with that solid, sagacious, and wise nature was* a profound dislike of the lawless selfishness and of the purely personal aims and ambition which had marked the recent conduct of the Prince.

The beginnings of the contest—it broke out in 1651—were, on the whole, of good omen to the royal cause. Anne of Austria and Louis XIV. left Paris, for the moment leaning to the side of the Government; and an army, hastily arrayed, kept down the rebellion in the central provinces around the Loire. Meanwhile Harcourt had made head against Condé in Guyenne, had taken La Rochelle, and his approached Bordeaux; and Nemours and Beaufort, incapable chiefs who commanded in the north, when Turenne had gone, had been held in check, and had accomplished nothing. Mazarin, at the instance of the Queen, returned to France; and, though Paris broke out into a fit of passion, and the Parliament launched a savage decree, the Cardinal became again the leader of the State, and the fortunes of the rebels seemed on the wane. Yet the partisans of Condé were

* Turenne's language on this subject is guarded, but significant: 'M. de Turenne voyait si peu de règle dans les pensées de M. le Prince qu'il ne voulait prendre aucun nouvel engagement avec lui. . . . Il n'était pas raisonnable de s'engager contre la cour à une suite d'affaires dont il savait que le but n'était que de procurer les intérêts d'un petit nombre de personnes, sans aucune vue du bien public' ('Mémoires,' p. 132, ed. 1877).

superior in the field, and it was soon seen how a great captain and an energetic will could transform events. In March 1652 Nemours and Beaufort had approached Montargis, north of the Loire; the royal army was south of the river, advancing from Blois and making for Gien, and but for a fierce quarrel between the rebel leaders the forces of the King might have been defeated by enemies in much greater numbers. Condé took in the situation at a glance, and instantly set off from Agen, on the Garonne, accompanied by a small escort only, to take command of his followers on the Loire. His march was long remembered as a most daring feat:—

‘In seven days he made his way through France, by fords, by paths, through forests, through plains, disregarding the depth of watercourses or the unfathomel bed of the great rivers, avoiding bridges, cities, and frequented highroads. His journey resembles a page taken from the most extravagant roman of adventure. There were surprises, strange meetings, disguises, experiences at inns, roads lost and marvellously found again, marches and counter-marches by day and night, horses stolen, charges with sword and pistol, hunger, thirst, sufferings—nay, the gout of Rochefoucauld, travelling many days on horseback in torture.’

The royal army by this time had drawn near Gien, under the command of Hocquincourt, an inferior soldier and ultimately to prove a faithless traitor, and of Turenne, who had made his peace with the Court. The Marshal ought to have been general-in-chief, but he was not, as yet, altogether trusted; he did not direct the operations as a whole, and a bridge at Jargeau had been left unbroken in the rear of the advancing force. Sirot, one of Condé’s ablest lieutenants, fell suddenly on the bridge to strike at the enemy, and an attack which might have been most disastrous was baffled by the presence of mind of Turenne, who, like Bonaparte, had his Bridge of Arcola:—

‘The Marshal dismounts, advances on the platform, pistol and sword in hand. His staff follow him. To conceal the want of ammunition he orders the musketeers not to fire while he presses forward. The enemy, astonished, suspends his movement, prepares to repel an attack, entrenches himself, and yet fires on the little group upon the bridge. Behind this weak living screen, which bullets would have soon pierced through, the troops hasten to roll barrels, and to push carts forward. The barricade is no sooner begun than Turenne passes behind it at quick step; he seizes a musket and keeps on firing, taking care not to waste his powder.’

The army of the King had soon crossed the Loire, and,

separated into two main divisions, together 10,000 or 12,000 strong, lay encamped in a region of wood and morass between the Canal of Briare and the stream of the Loing, crowned by the hamlets of Rogny, Breteau, and Bléneau. The operations that followed are of peculiar interest, for they marked the first conflict between Condé and Turenne, and they have been admirably described by the Duc d'Aumale. Condé, who by this time had all his army in hand, from 14,000 to 15,000 men, fell at night on Hocquincourt's weak division, at a distance, we have seen, from Turenne, and in a short time had put it to flight. Turenne hurried forward to assist his colleague, and recognised his adversary by the vigour of the stroke :—

‘It is no cavalry outpost beating up a mere detachment; it is an army which has surprised, assailed, surrounded, and dispersed an enemy. This has not been done by Nemours. Turenne has recognised the unrivalled soldier. He stretches out an arm and exclaims, “The Prince is there!”’

The Marshal had now to make a most difficult choice. Was he to rally Hocquincourt or try to stop Condé? The ordinary rules of war prescribed the first course,* but Turenne most wisely adopted the second, and, if he risked much, he perhaps saved the monarchy. He marshalled his little army in a region of plain and marsh, and Condé exclaimed, as day broke, ‘I will cut him to pieces if he makes a stand there; but I know him too well: that is not his purpose.’ The surmise of the Prince was correct. Turenne fell back and took a position flanked on either side by a small lake and a wood, and with a narrow defile in the near distance; and he marched his army behind the defile, guarding the approaches by a powerful and masked battery. Condé drew near in overwhelming force, but he could not deploy his lines in the enclosed ground, and Turenne made the attempt more difficult by sending a few squadrons to the head of the defile, which threatened to charge the advanced guard of the Prince†—an instance of exquisite tactical skill singled out by Napoleon for special praise. Condé, however,

* Napoleon (*‘Corr.’* 32, p. 117) on the whole highly approves of Turenne's conduct, for it was a case of neck or nothing; but he significantly adds, ‘Les règles de la guerre veulent qu’une division d’une armée évite de se battre seule contre toute une armée qui a déjà obtenu des succès; c’est courir le danger de tout perdre sans ressources.’

† Napoleon, *‘Corr.’* 32, p. 117: ‘Cette circonstance ne paraît rien; cependant c’est ce rien qui est un des indices du génie de la guerre.’

eager not to be balked, flung a part of his forces into the pass; this was smitten down by his adversary's guns, and the discomfited army was compelled to retreat.

'The van of the Prince is in danger of being caught as in a vice between the two bodies of the royal cavalry, and it is struck down in front by the artillery, which has free play and enfilades it. It recoils in disorder, is huddled together under the fire of eight pieces, well placed and well served. "The effect was great," Turenne says in his "Memoirs."'

This was one of Turenne's finest feats of arms; he had repulsed a victorious enemy threefold in number; but, as Napoleon has remarked,* Condé was not himself and did not display his wonted daring. This too, evidently, is the judgement of the Duc d'Aumale, and plainly 4,000 or 5,000 men ought not to have held more than 12,000 in check.

'Condé had reached his mark, and had annihilated one of the royal armies, when the lucky intervention of Turenne and his cool boldness and tactical skill changed the result of the day. . . . But if Condé had taken the offensive in his wonted fashion, he might, perhaps, have overwhelmed Turenne and found Louis XIV. in his hands. Was he afraid to go such lengths?'

After a check which was by no means decisive, and had been preceded by brilliant success, Condé left his army and set off for Paris, for reasons which have been never explained. He found the capital incensed against Mazarin, his own partisans lifting up their heads, and Gaston of Orleans watching the turn of events; but he had lost his influence and was not well received. The Parliament, indeed, distinctly inclined against him, and the mass of the citizens, though torn by factions and falling into disorder in the collapse of fixed rule, longed for peace to bring their troubles to an end. Meanwhile Turenne, making his superiority felt, had easily out-manceuvred Condé's lieutenants left in command of the rebel forces. He had pushed forward to Fontainebleau, making for the capital by forced marches, and his baffled enemies fell back on Etampes, where they established themselves in strong positions. The Marshal, with true insight, entreated the Court to advance boldly on Paris and to proclaim the King; † and he has left his opinion on record that,

* Napoleon, 'Corr.' 32, p. 118: 'Le prince de Condé dans cette campagne n'a pas montré cette audace dont était animé le général de Fribourg et de Nordlingen; il ne devait pas se laisser imposer à Bléneau par des démonstrations.'

† 'La cour vint à Melun, et M. de Turenne était fort d'avis qu'elle

in this instance, the daring course would have been that of wisdom. But Mazarin knew how detested he was, and probably feared for his personal safety; the Regent supported his faithful minister, and an occasion was lost that might have ended the war. Negotiations, too, had been set on foot, and the Cardinal seems to have hoped much from them; but these before long completely failed, Condé, with his accustomed arrogance, having insisted not only that he should be heard to make terms for himself, but that he should be named the plenipotentiary of France to conclude peace with Spain! The Duc d'Anmale, we must say, is hardly just, in view of the outrageous proposal, in not throwing the whole blame of the rupture on the Prince.

'All attempts to come to an agreement, efforts more or less sincere, concessions more or less well-meant, failed before insurmountable obstacles, the pride and violence of the Prince, the extravagance and vagueness of his designs, the unceasing and systematic duplicity of Mazarin, finally and especially the firmness of Anne of Austria, who will never allow the authority of the King to be degraded, or sanction compromises proposed—nay, solicited—by the most intimate and trusted of her counsellors.'

During these abortive attempts to make peace Turenne had defeated the rebels at Etampes, and had sat down to besiege the town. By this time Hocquincourt had been got rid of, and Mazarin, not a bad judge of war, had given a free hand to the great captain, who was becoming the best mainstay of the monarchy. Ere long a fresh danger threatened the royal cause, and gave Condé solid grounds of hope. Charles of Lorraine, driven out of his little realm, had long been one of those soldiers of fortune repeatedly seen in the Thirty Years' War, who knew no abiding-place but the camp, and were ready to sell to the best bidder the rude levies they had got together, their only stock-in-trade in the commerce of war. The vagrant prince had been in the pay of Spain, and looked on the King of France as an hereditary foe; and he agreed with Condé and other nobles of the Fronde to relieve Etampes with a large body of troops, and perhaps to attack the royal army. At the news of the approach of the new enemy Turenne, like Bonaparte

s'en allât droit à Paris, où Monsieur et M. le Prince étaient sans troupes, et ne pouvaient plus faire aucun fondement sur leur armée; d'ailleurs il y avait dans la ville de si grandes cabales contre eux que le peuple n'eût pas pris les armes contre le Roi appuyé de son armée' (*Mémoires*, p. 145, ed. 1877).

before Mantua, raised the siege of Etampes without a moment's delay, and pressed forward to the Marne and the Seine, to place himself between Condé and the army of the Duke. Lorraine had taken a position of no ordinary strength at Villeneuve St. Georges, not far from the angle formed by the rivers as they converge on the capital; but Turenne fastened on his flank and rear, and, between menaces and parleying, contrived to induce the Duke to sign a treaty and to withdraw from France. The compact was hardly made when an advanced guard of the army of Condé appeared on the scene. Turenne had once more averted a peril so grave that, in Napoleon's judgement,* the Court and the royal army must have taken refuge in the south had Lorraine and Condé's forces effected their junction. The Duc d'Aumale describes the incident vividly and well, and on this occasion does justice to Turenne.

Turenne had vigorously maintained his daring offensive movement. He thoroughly understood the man he had before him, his habits, his engagements, and what these were worth. It was one of those moments when war becomes especially an art, and cannot be conducted upon arithmetical or geometrical rules. The Marshal draws near this enemy, so superior in numbers, takes his final measures to attack this strong position, defended by good troops and very ably occupied. An attempt is made to stop him; he still moves forward.

If M. de Lorraine perceives a symptom of hesitation in the movements of his adversary, if he can be joined in time by the army from Etampes, he will fall upon Turenne and fight like a brave commander, and the army of the King must be destroyed. But if M. de Lorraine sees that he will be threatened by a sharp attack before the arrival of reinforcements gives him all the chances of the game, he will not expose to the hazards of war an army which is his only possession, and he will secure for himself the advantages guaranteed by the Court.

Charles II. of England, who holds the powers given him by his brother of France, runs from one general to the other, gives pledges, answers in person for the word of Charles IV. There is no fighting. Turenne still advances. He is within cannon shot. The artillerymen are at their pieces, their matches are lit. Charles IV. orders them to fire. Almost immediately after he thinks better of it, signs the treaty, sends it with hostages to Turenne. The army of Lorraine begins to defile before that of France drawn up for battle. Within eight days the Lorrainers will have crossed the Marne; within fifteen they will be beyond the frontier of the kingdom.'

* Napoleon, 'Corr.' 32, p. 113: 'Si la jonction se fût faite avec le duc de Lorraine, la supériorité numérique des Frondeurs eût été telle, que la cour n'aurait plus eu d'autre partie que celui de se retirer sur Lyon, ne pouvant compter sur la Bourgogne.'

Paris meantime had been given up to anarchy, for even a semblance of government had ceased to exist. The Parliament was surrounded and hooted by mobs; Gondi, made at last the Cardinal de Retz, had lost the favour of the fickle citizens, and the noblesse of the Fronde were decried and denounced. Turenne, having shaken off Lorraine, was reinforced by La Ferté with a small body of troops; and the Marshal at once advanced on Paris, long the object of his well-conceived strategy. Condé encamped himself in the bend of the Seine of which St. Cloud and St. Germain may be called the base, with an army about 6,000 strong; and his adversary, twofold at least in number, bridged the river at Epinay, near the apex of the bend between St. Denis and Argenteuil. The Prince avoided the unequal conflict; crossed from St. Cloud to the northern bank of the river, believing that the royal army was on the southern bank, and made an attempt to pass through the capital, and to take a position around Charenton, at the confluence of the Marne and the Seine. The citizens, however, closed their gates; and, as far the greater part of Turenne's force was still lying on the northern bank, the Marshal came up with Condé's rear guard, and to reach Charenton had become impossible. Condé, all but brought to bay, seized his one chance of safety, and took a step worthy of a great commander. He placed his little army, with the rear approaching the Bastille, within what, even in those days, was the mass of buildings known as the Faubourg St. Antoine; and having fortified his position as well as he could, he stationed his best troops on the three roads which led to Charonne, Vincennes, and Charenton, and by which only Turenne could attack. The roads converged as they drew near the Bastille; and they formed lines for defence or attack which an able soldier could turn to good account.

‘This description of the configuration of the ground shows what advantages a clear-headed general could obtain from these three arteries starting from the same summit, furnished with obstacles, and connected by lateral communications; what facilities he would have to move his troops and shift their positions, and to compensate a great superiority of numbers, five or six against twelve thousand men; while the assailant, forced to divide his attacks along a broad front and at very distant points, could only change the distribution of his troops by manœuvres, which would take time.’

The battle that followed—that of St. Antoine—fought on July 2, 1652, though hardly more than a combat in the streets, has some features, nevertheless, of interest. Turenne

reconnoitred Condé's position; and as La Ferté was in the rear, and the royal artillery was still distant, the Marshal wished not to begin his attack until he had all his forces in hand.* He was overborne, however, by Mazarin and the Court; Louis XIV., too, was eager to witness, from a neighbouring rising ground, the destruction of Condé, and Turenne yielded against his will, as twenty years afterwards, when at the height of his renown, he yielded to Louvois in the invasion of Holland. The error of the warrior—for an error it was—received its punishment from his brilliant antagonist. The right attack of Turenne by the Charonne road was defeated with considerable loss; the central attack, led by the Marshal in person, was not attended with better results; and the left attack, by the road to Charenton, if more successful, proved at last abortive. The rebel army fought, in fact, for existence; the white plume of Condé was seen at all points, restoring the battle where it seemed to flag, and his energy, his daring, and his skill were so great that Turenne exclaimed, 'There are many princes in the field.' At last, however, La Ferté and the guns came up; and Turenne was making preparations for a decisive effort, when the situation was changed by a strange incident. Mademoiselle was a different being from the feeble Gaston; and she had been one of the leading spirits of the Fronde. She had, perhaps, designs on the heart of Condé; it has been said that she meant to terrify the King into an ill-assorted marriage, and the strong-minded giantess came to the succour of the rebel army in the extreme of its peril. She had insisted that Paris should unlock its gates and receive the shattered forces of Condé, and she had hurried to the spot to announce the tidings. The Duc d'Aumale thus describes the meeting:—

'On a sudden he appears before Mademoiselle, sword in hand—the scabbard had been lost—his cuirass dented with blows, his shirt stained with blood, his hair matted together, his eyes flashing through the mask of sweat and dust that covered his face, terrible and sublime.

* Turenne does not attempt to conceal his vexation at being obliged to take a course he disapproved. 'Comme l'infanterie de l'armée du Roi arriva, on avait cru qu'il serait meilleur d'attendre le canon; mais la quantité de personnes de la cour, qui pressaient, comme s'il n'y avait qu'à avancer pour défaire entièrement les ennemis, obligea M. de Turenne de commander un bon nombre d'infanterie des gardes et d'autres régiments, avec les gendarmes et cheveau-légers du Roi, et d'autres régiments de cavalerie, pour donner par deux rues différentes' ('Mémoires,' p. 160).

He had scarcely come into the presence of the princess when tears quench the fire of his look; he falls sadly upon a seat. "Forgive my grief; I have lost my friends—all my friends!" "After this who will say that he cares for nothing?" exclaims Mademoiselle. She consoles him about the fate of some and informs him that the way into Paris is open.'

The troops of Condé effected their escape; Turenne was baulked when success seemed certain; and Mademoiselle ascended the Bastille and turned its guns upon the royal army, a slight never forgiven by Louis XIV.

'A puff of white smoke suddenly rises from the gun platform of the Bastille; cannon sound out, once, twice, and then a whole volley. Cries of joy are heard among the attendants of the young King. It is all up with the Prince; Paris has opened fire on him; and joy lights up the countenance of Mazarin, before deeply moved by the disastrous news he had received. The most eager bystanders call for the carriage which the Queen had in readiness, and which is to convey the Prince to a prison, which he will only leave to mount the scaffold. "No, no," exclaims Marshal Villeroy, "they are firing on us," and he points to the deep column, which wavers and stops, ploughed through by the hideous furrow traced by round shot.'

St. Antoine was a defeat for the arms of the King, and a defeat that had important results. Turenne was denounced by the herd of courtiers who had forced him to make a premature attack, and suspicion fell on the illustrious chief. Mazarin too and the Queen were greatly disheartened; and the royal army had suffered so much that for a time its disorganisation was complete. On the other hand, events in Paris had favoured Condé, and, in some measure, had restored his influence. The hatred felt towards Mazarin had revived as Turenne had begun to menace the city, and when it appeared probable that the detested Italian would again become the ruler of France. A body of 'volunteers of Paris,' ill led by Beaufort, had been cut to pieces in the late conflict, and many citizens resented the fate of their sons. The skill and heroism too displayed by Condé pleased a populace always of martial instincts; and the sight of his war-worn but undaunted soldiery, appealing, as it were, to the great city for help, aroused feelings of admiration and pity. Yet the Parliament and the better sort of citizens, the men of substance, of thrift, of good sense, were undoubtedly hostile to the Prince, and his only real support lay in fickle multitudes ready to shout for a hero. In these circumstances a great assembly, composed in part of officials of the Crown, and in part of the chief city authorities, and convened in

order to debate proposals of peace and of reconciliation with the Court and the King, was furiously assailed by fierce armed mobs, and scenes like the 20th of June and the 10th of August were witnessed around the town hall of the capital. The Duc d'Aumale endeavours to disprove the complicity of Condé with what is known in history as the 'Massacre of the Hôtel de Ville,' but evidence and tradition are alike against him. Condé and his followers wore on that day the emblems worn by the men of disorder and blood; and 'the straw in the hat' was a token of a common purpose. Gaston of Orleans charged the Prince afterwards with being the real author of the crime; and if he is not a faithful witness, Condé never attempted to deny the fact. It should be observed, too, that Gaston, Condé, and the *noblesse* of the Fronde did not stir a step to put the rising down; and they were considered at the time as its chief promoters. We cannot admit the justice of special pleading like this:—

'We do not seek to conceal the errors and faults of Condé and the acts of his that deserve blame; we have not kept back his compacts with the foreigner, his relations with the *Armée* of Bordeaux, his attempts to make the demagogues of Paris his own. But, as regards the day of the 4th of July, the Assembly, the outbreak—nay, everything else—had been arranged without him, even against him; he had nothing to do with what happened.'

In this matter, indeed, we accept the test proposed by the Duc d'Aumale himself. Did Condé profit by the deed of blood, and had he an interest that it should be done? Can the Duc forget that 'union with the Princes' was a cry of the assailants of the Hôtel de Ville, and that many of the Assembly signed a consent to a union in the hope of escaping a cruel death? Can he forget that a junta of Condé's partisans was packed a few hours after the massacre, and proceeded to rule the city by terror? Is it not the fact that the Parliament became a mere Rump, for the great body of the members had fled; and that Gaston of Orleans, really a tool of Condé, was declared Lieutenant-General of the King until Mazarin had been driven from France again? And was not the ascendancy gained by Condé so marked that Turenne actually gave his voice for peace; that the Court negotiated with the Prince once more; that Condé could have obtained almost any terms, had not his demands been so extravagant that plainly conciliation was not his object; and that as it was Mazarin was ultimately compelled to propitiate Paris and to leave the king-

dom ? No doubt Condé overshot the mark ; his foolish insolence shocked even his truest followers, and he did not become the dictator he had hoped to be. But the massacre placed great power in his hands ; and he profited by it, in the same way as Pétion profited by the 10th of August.

Meanwhile danger from the foreign enemy had been menacing the royal cause. Spain, we have seen, had made a treaty with Condé ; and though, hitherto, she had done little for him, and had steadily pursued her own objects, making open war in the north of France, and assailing the strongholds on her frontier, the fight of St. Antoine, and the success of the Prince, induced her to intervene in his aid. Fuensaldaña, a very able man, was ordered to advance from Picardy to the Oise, and, effecting his junction with Charles of Lorraine, to march on Paris with 30,000 men. The greatest alarm prevailed in the Court. How could the royal army, not half their number, resist the enemies outside and within the capital ? And it was all but arranged that the Queen and the King should, with their forces, seek refuge in flight, and move across the whole of France to Lyons. Turenne happily defeated a project which might have proved fatal to the House of Bourbon. He was probably aware that the policy of Spain was not to risk much for the sake of Condé ; and having persuaded the Court to remain near Paris, he set off at the head of his troops to interpose between his still divided enemies. His operations were not unworthy of the general of 1796 and of 1814. Turenne marched to Compiègne, and, at his approach, Fuensaldaña, though part of his army had come into line with that of Lorraine, fell back to the frontier and besieged Dunkirk. Spain, in short, looked to her own interests, and would not forego them for a doubtful gain ; and Condé indignantly chafed that an occasion had been lost. Lorraine meantime had been making for Paris with from 9,000 to 10,000 men, his purpose being to occupy again his old position of Villeneuve St. Georges, and, uniting with Condé, to overwhelm the royal army with a superiority of force. Turenne, however, anticipated the Duke ; and though Mazarin was in such terror that he tried the effect of negotiation once more, and even retarded Turenne's movements, the Marshal hastened to Villeneuve St. Georges, and succeeded in gaining that point of vantage before Lorraine and Condé had joined hands.

'The army of the King confronts Lorraine, leaves its quarters at Thilly, near Gonesse, crosses the Marne at Lagny, and takes a posi-

tion near Cr  cy-en-Brie. Mazarin was not far off with his handful of troops, in a state of agitation, fearful that an arrangement might be made in which he should have no part; in his trouble he plays deep with the enemies of France, trying to alarm M. de Lorraine as to the consequences of an amicable agreement that would assuredly wreck his pretensions, and he begins negotiating and stops Turenne. Charles IV. creeps forward as far as Brie Comte Robert, through the door that had been left open to him. The Marshal has seen what he was at; he turns back hastily; deaf to the injunctions of Mazarin and to the orders of the Court, and, trusting only to his clear strategic insight, he marches with extreme celerity, overthrows the enemy's advanced guard, and reaches Villeneuve St. Georges before him. For the second time, after an interval of four months, it looks as if the issue of the war, and perhaps the destiny of France, would be decided on this remarkable position. But the parts of the actors are changed; on this occasion it is Turenne who holds the heights. He is established there between the troops coming from Champagne, Lorrainers, W  rtembergers—held in check beyond the Y  res, near Brie Comte Robert—and the little army of M. le Prince, encamped at Villejuif, on the other bank of the Seine. If separated the Marshal may defeat his adversaries, or hold them fast; if united, they will be stronger than he is, thirteen or fourteen thousand to seven or eight thousand men.'

The Marshal was in a difficult strait, standing between two foes, who, though as yet divided, had very nearly effected their junction. He entrenched himself, and secured the command of the Seine in order to obtain supplies, but his position was nevertheless most critical. Cond   skilfully contrived to unite with Lorraine :—

'Turenne loses the first move. After a feint on the left bank Cond   draws off by a night march, and appears on the opposite side, in the midst of woodlands at Limeil. He joins hands with the Lorrainers at Grosbois. The allies break down the bridges, push parties forward as far as the Seine, above Villeneuve St. Georges, and stop the navigation of all craft. The genius, the energy of M. le Prince seem alive again. Will he try an attack in force, or will he proceed by a strict investment?'

Had Turenne at this juncture been boldly assailed,* it is difficult to see how he could have escaped defeat at the hands of his much more powerful enemies. But Lorraine was a mere adventurer, who did not care to fight a desperate battle. The leaders of Cond  's army had been for some time quarrelling, and their lawlessness and want of subordination was such that Beaufort had slain Nemours in

* Napoleon, 'Corr.' 32, p. 118: 'Le s  jour de Turenne au camp de Villeneuve-Saint-Georges pendant six semaines, devant deux arm  es sup  rieures en force, est bien hasardeux.'

a duel. The Prince, too, again gave proof of the indecision he had shown at Bléneau, and he did not attempt to fall on Turenne. Illness—perhaps the result of malaria in Paris, perhaps of a life of unbridled vice—seems to have been the immediate cause of a want of energy inconsistent with his audacious character, which has provoked a sharp comment from the pen of N^o 7^o Napoleon,* and more guarded censure from that of Turenne.† The Bourbon monarchy, as the result, was once more saved from imminent peril. Turenne, exposed for weeks to his much stronger enemies, emerged from a situation almost as dangerous as that of Napoleon around Leipzig; the army of Lorraine again disappeared, and that of Condé, deprived of its chief, did nothing. The genius of the warrior and the errors of his foes had once more inclined Fortune to the side of France.

By this time Mazarin had quitted the realm, and the chief source of discord being removed, Paris became of one mind in insisting on peace. Part of the Parliament, which had repaired to the Court, and the part which had remained in the capital united in entreating the King to enter the city: The great mass of the townsmen sighed for repose, and loyalty revived in the hearts of thousands at the thought of the royal youth, now the hope of the nation. The light multitude shared in the universal sentiment, and paper, the badge of all true to the King, was seen as straw had been in the head gear of the crowd. Gaston and Mademoiselle made a hasty exit; De Retz found his occupation gone, and the turbulence of the Fronde and of its lawless *noblesse* passed away like a disagreeable dream. Condé angrily kicked against the pricks in vain; he tried negotiation, insults, and threats, and finally he marched away with a small armed force to join his Spanish allies on the frontier. Louis XIV., even now an imposing figure, entered his 'good town,' amidst an immense acclaim, at the close of October 1652, and Turenne read in the eyes of the now grateful Court that he had been the restorer of the House of Bourbon. As for his great rival, his position had become defined.

* Napoleon, 'Corr.' 32, p. 118: 'Après sa jonction avec le Duc de Lorraine, ayant des forces si supérieures, on ne voit pas bien pourquoi il se contenta de se retrancher sur les hauteurs de Limeil au lieu d'attaquer l'armée du Roi. . . . Condé manqua ce jour-là d'audace.'

† Turenne, 'Mémoires,' p. 172: 'Certainement les diverses négociations et même les passe-temps de Paris empêchèrent M. le Prince de prendre beaucoup d'avantages qu'il n'aurait pas négligés en toute autre occasion.'

'Launched down the fatal slope, Condé drifts to unknown regions. He is no longer the rebel, the insurgent sustaining an unjust cause, well founded as may be his complaints, but contending, with the aid of French arms, on the natal soil; he is a soldier of fortune, who has no longer a home, who does not belong to France; the tales of the companions of Tilly, of Wallenstein, of Gustavus revive in his memory; we may recollect his intimate conversations with Lenet on the terrace of Dijon, when he was twenty years old. His irritated heart pants for revenge; fever-stricken, the imagination of the half-distracted hero pictures to itself the exalted fortunes of those warriors who have carved out sovereignty for themselves on the frontiers of old-established States.'

Condé was made general-in-chief of the forces of Spain in the Low Countries after his flight from Paris, a choice as unwise as that which would have made Moreau the leader of the Allies in 1813; it provoked the jealousy of the haughty grandees who had been the chiefs of the Spanish army. At first, however, things went well with the Prince; co-operating with Fuensaldaña and Charles of Lorraine, he took several strong places in Champagne, and occupied a considerable part of Argonne. Turenne recovered some of these fortresses; but if Paris had been regained by the King, France had suffered great losses in 1652, and the kingdom was still torn by civil war and exhausted. Dunkirk had fallen, and Barcelona; rebellion still showed its head in the provinces; Guyenne remained largely under Condé's influence; the democracy of the *Ormée*, inspired by him, had hung out the red flag at Bordeaux, had clamoured for a republican free city, and had perpetrated atrocious deeds of blood; the arch-rebel had done his best to revive Huguenot disloyalty* in La Rochelle, and the finances and all the services of the State were disorganised and in the worst condition. Spain and her allies were greatly superior to France in military strength in 1653—a campaign, in Napoleon's language, of the 'very highest interest.' Condé had resolved to take a daring offensive, to invade France by the valleys of the Aisne and the Oise, and, overbearing all resistance, to push on to Paris. He was, however, fore-

* This is proved by one of Condé's letters, cited in this volume, p. 293: 'Vous me mandés que la cabale des huguenots va droit à la respu-blique; cela n'est pas si mauvais. Il est certain qu'elle ne pourra jamais arriver à ses fins; mais conservant toujours cette pensée de respu-blique, elle empêchera les autres de songer à l'amnistie et demander la paix.'

stalled by Turenne,* who seized Rethel, a strategic point of much importance in the wars of those days, for it closed the valley of the Upper Aisne, and he was compelled to confine himself to the line of the Oise, and to penetrate France by her northern frontier, a frontier difficult to pierce and master, as has been proved in a series of wars. The movements that followed deserve the attention of thoughtful students of the military art. Turenne marched to make head against Condé. But the royal army was not 20,000 strong; that of the allies was more than 30,000; and the loss of a battle, such being the odds, would probably involve the fall of the capital. The Marshal's lieutenants urged him to retire behind the Oise, or even to throw his infantry into the adjoining fortresses; but either operation would have been disastrous, and the great warrior, rejecting timid counsels, adopted a course that proved completely successful. Turenne by this time had become fully aware that the objects of Spain and those of Condé were not only different, but even opposite; and he knew, as his own letters† prove, that the Spanish generals and the Prince disliked each other. He crossed the Oise and hung on the flank of the hostile army as it moved slowly down the valley of the river as far as Roye, not more than five or six marches from Paris, and Fuensaldaña and the Spanish commanders, who really were advancing against their will, took no heed of Condé and would not attack. The allies, evidently divided in mind and purpose, now turned westward from Roye, and approached the Somme, abandoning the direct roads to Paris; and, seeing their hesitation, their great antagonist formed a resolution characteristic of his strategic genius.

He had been made aware, by an intercepted letter, that a large convoy was on the way from Cambray; and calculating that his enemy, already wavering, would rather endeavour to save this prize than attempt a hazardous march on the capital, he moved speedily northwards towards

* Turenne was very proud of this exploit. He blames Condé, but truly remarks: 'Souvent les personnes les plus habiles font des fautes qu'il est plus aisé de remarquer que de prévenir' ('Mémoires,' p. 185).

† Turenne to Mazarin, cited in this volume, p. 534: 'Monsieur le Prince se voit à cette heure hors d'apparence de rien faire en France, et nous croyons que ses pensées et celles des Espagnols sont bien différentes.' And again, p. 595: 'M. le Prince témoigne grand empressement pour le comte Garcies et on dit qu'il vit froidement avec le comte de Fuensaldagne.'

Cambray, uncovering Paris for the time, but threatening the allied communications and rear. This fine movement was attended with success: Condé, bold and brilliant, in vain insisted on making a dash in force on Paris. Fuensaldaña looked after the convoy, and the allies fell back behind the Somme.

‘The first excellence of a general-in-chief is to estimate accurately the qualities of the army he commands—in what it is strong, in what weak—to comprehend, to judge rightly the character of his adversary, and always to keep this in mind. Forgetfulness of this essential principle has caused the ruin of great captains; a careful appreciation of it has occasionally raised to the first rank men apparently destined to stand in the second only. Turenne possessed this rare gift; he gave proof of it.

‘A great convoy, laden with provisions and munitions, and expected by the Spaniards, had left Cambray. The Marshal boldly abandons his flank position; he does not mind that he is exposing Paris, for he trusts in the council of the allies, whose hesitation will further his design: he hastens straight northward, in order to disperse or drive back the convoy. A debate is held at the head-quarters, near Roye. Condé proposes to continue the march on Paris. “The convoy must be made safe,” is Fuensaldaña’s answer. He persists, he carries his point, and the army crosses the Somme. The convoy had already returned to Cambray; but Turenne had attained his end.’

This admirable manœuvre saved Paris, but the Marshal narrowly escaped a great disaster. As he approached Péronne, on his returning march, he found himself in face of the enemy in largely superior force, and Condé urged his colleagues at once to attack him. Turenne, however, was always great in the stress of fortune. He fell back, and entrenched himself in a strong position, and once more Condé was baffled by the Spanish generals, who would not seize the occasion and fight. The Duc d'Aumale thus describes this passage of arms, but he does not place Turenne’s fine conduct* in sufficient relief:—

‘As the Marshal, returning from his expedition, and thinking himself free from the enemy, is halting at Mont St. Quentin, near Péronne, without taking special precautions, M. le Prince debouches in his front with his cavalry. A glance is enough; he asks for infantry to begin the attack. Turenne acknowledges in his “Memoirs” that “the army of the King was in great danger.” The pressing message of Condé does not move Fuensaldaña. “The troops are tired; men are in the rear. Let us wait until to-morrow.”

‘By the next day Turenne had entrenched himself. The position

* Napoleon, ‘Corr.’ 32, p. 122, bestows the highest praise on Turenne for his attitude on this occasion.

of the Marshal is strong, but Condé still thinks an attack possible. There is no river to cross, no inaccessible slope; the ground gives facilities for turning movements, and the numerical superiority is so great! But Fuensaldaña will neither engage in a general action nor penetrate further into France; he is without the convoy, forced back into Cambray: he fears that he may want munitions and food.'

Mainly owing to the discords of the allied camp, all the skill of Condé had been thrown away. Turenne had held a much stronger enemy in Jæck, and had prevented the invaders from reaching Paris. At the close of the campaign the Prince had taken Rocroy, the scene of his first great victory; but Mouzon and St. Ménehould had fallen to the French, and the effort of Spain had altogether failed. But, though the prospects of France had distinctly brightened, she was still weaker than the foes on her northern frontier; and in the summer of 1654 a large army, commanded by Condé and the Archduke Leopold, sat down before the great fortress of Arras, the ancient chief town of Burgundian Artois. The Spaniards burned to regain a possession which had been one of the gems of the monarchy, and Fuensaldaña had collected all the appliances required for a siege of the first order. A double set of lines was drawn round the place, to keep off the garrison and an army of relief; the trenches were opened in the middle of July, and thousands of peasants lent willing hands to the army—perhaps 30,000 strong. Turenne and La Ferté hastened from Péronne, and were joined by Hocquincourt, who had taken Stenay; but the army of relief was weaker than that of the siege, and it was separated into masses considerably apart. Condé, angry at this boldness and seeming challenge, pressed for an immediate attack on the divided enemy; but Fuensaldaña again interfered.

'The Prince insisted that an immediate and vigorous effort should be made as a reply to each of these operations, to these dangerous movements—it may be said, to this bravado—especially that advantage should be taken of the strange distribution of the relieving army into two parts, placed the one at the east, the other at the west of the fortress, separated by a wide distance and by many obstacles, and incapable of giving the least support to each other. He was treated to slow half-measures only; a few squadrons, under Marsin and Ligniville, were allowed to set off, and when their chiefs returned, the one having been unable to do anything, the other not having made an attempt, their reports became the theme of interminable discussions, ending in no result. The council of war remained steady in its resolve. "We are not here to fight battles, but to take Arras," repeated Fuensaldaña. "Well, sir," retorted Condé, "well, we shall

not offer battle, we shall have to accept it; we shall be beaten, and we shall not take Arras."'

Turenne meanwhile, though he has not explained why he had separated his army in this dangerous way, had carefully reconnoitred the ground before him.* Avoiding Condé's part of the lines, he had advanced close to those of the Archduke, and swiftly uniting all his forces—about 20,000 or 22,000 strong—before the northern front of the fortress, he suddenly made a night attack on the enemy's lines on August 24. The besiegers were completely surprised, and the French, forcing the obstacle at several points, effected a lodgement inside the lines, the foot men rapidly levelling these to prepare a way for the advancing cavalry. Condé, whose camp was on the southern front—the lion was not to be provoked in his den—did wonders to avert impending defeat; and, had he received the support at hand, Napoleon thinks† he might have driven back the enemy, bewildered in the confusion and darkness. As it was he cut part of the royal troops to pieces, and fell with terrible effect on La Ferté, entangled with his men in a difficult ravine. He was, however, abandoned by his Spanish lieutenants, who drew off from Arras in precipitate haste, and, after a noble exhibition of courage and skill, all that remained to him was to collect his still unshaken forces and make the best of his way to Cambray. The retreat was effected in perfect order. Turenne did not attempt to pursue—he was busy, indeed, in relieving the fortress—and Condé always considered this fine movement one of the most remarkable of his feats of arms.

* He had a right to dwell on this reminiscence with pride. On no occasion was the force of his character more effectively and vividly seen. Alone, all alone, in the midst of the darkness of night and of a rout, he sustains, he rallies those who surround or approach him, from the Archduke to the private soldier, and he inspires them with his heroic courage, "the courage of two in the morning," so admired,

* Turenne ran some risk in approaching the Archduke's lines; but he knew his adversary, and significantly remarked to officers who ventured to remonstrate, 'Je ne ferais pas une telle imprudence devant les quartiers de M. le Prince, mais je défile devant ceux des Espagnols; je connais leur esprit de subordination, leur respect de l'étiquette; avant qu'on ait pu arriver jusqu'à l'archiduc et obtenir de lui l'ordre de m'attaquer, je serai loin.'

† Napoleon, 'Corr.' 32, p. 125: 'Si les Espagnols eussent eu son caractère ou se fussent trouvés sous ses ordres, il est douteux que l'issue de l'attaque eût été la même.'

so envied ! During ten terrible hours he incessantly devotes himself to save troops that are not his own ; no misadventure finds him at fault ; nothing is sufficient to trouble the clearness of his intelligence and the firmness of his will ; you cannot perceive a single moment of that discouragement from which even the greatest men have not always escaped. "Everything was lost, and he saved everything." Even in this unjust cause, as Montaigne says, such an example of abnegation of self, of constancy, of manly courage, commands our admiration.'

The relief of Arras was a weighty blow to Spain, and proved a turning-point in the fortunes of the war. The power of France was beginning to revive with that rapidity which we see in her history from the peace of Vervins to the late treaty of Frankfort. Louis XIV. could say that he was really a king : he had abashed the Parliament of Paris with a frown before he had completed his twentieth year ; he had laid a heavy hand on the plotters of the Fronde ; and he was already the embodiment of a mighty and all-controlling monarchy. Mazarin had been recalled from a brief exile, had resumed the helm of the State when the storm had gone down, and had established a Government, faulty indeed, but orderly, regular, and, in some respects, beneficent. The finances, no doubt, were badly administered ; speculation, corruption, and waste prevailed with Fouquet at the head of the treasury, and exaction and oppression were but too common. But the Cardinal, in his foreign policy, kept distinctly in view the great interests of France, and his domestic policy, if that of a despot, was infinitely better than the anarchy of previous years. Internal disorder had largely ceased to exist, even in the most agitated parts of the kingdom. Here and there the dregs of insurrection seethed ; here and there a governor betrayed his trust, and faint risings were witnessed in one or two provinces. But Guyenne, the chief seat of the late civil war, had returned to its allegiance to the Crown ; the mob leaders of the Ormée had ceased to rule ; the democracy of Bordeaux had sunk into silence after a Saturnalia of crime and licence, and the rebel government of Condé had disappeared. France, growing in strength abroad and at home, had won victories on the Spanish and the Italian frontiers, and her military power was being developed apace, for Turenne had obtained a seat in the royal council, and he was a military administrator of the first order. After 1654 the armies of Louis XIV., though not as yet what they became afterwards, were beginning to be formidable instruments of war, and ere long they overmatched those of Spain, even now in decline. At the

same time a series of dramatic incidents attended the almost complete extinction of the faction of Condé as a power in the State. The Prince was cited to appear before the Parliament of Paris, and to make answer to charges of levying war and of other treasons, and he was condemned as contumacious in his absence by peers who had been his trusted adherents and comrades. Madame de Longueville, meantime, had made her peace with her husband, and was no longer the fatal siren of the day, and ultimately she was to prove the truth of the Scottish proverb, 'Young deevils 'make auld saints,' for she was to end her days as the strictest of *dévotés*. But the most singular incident was this: Conti, the brother of Condé and involved in his guilt, was wedded, in great state, to Anne Mancini, not the least charming of Mazarin's gifted nieces. .

Condé fought savagely against the increasing stress of fortune. The Duc d'Aumale's account of the life of the exile during the intervals between his appearances in the field is, we have said, a brilliant episode of this book. The Prince resided in state at Brussels or Namur, held a court in which a display of magnificence could not hide much distress and misery, and bore himself like one of those great soldiers of fortune who, in Italy and Germany, turned their swords into sceptres. He did all that he could against his own royal house—had emissaries with the Pope at feud with Mazarin; looked for armed assistance to the Order of Malta; and negotiated with Cromwell, as yet hesitating about a contest with France or with Spain, and vexed at the attitude of the Cardinal to the Stuart exiles. He fomented rebellion and social disorder in France wherever their traces remained, was in constant correspondence with disaffected nobles, and had recruiting parties in several provinces, who collected thousands of disbanded soldiers, of enterprising youths, of the poor and the idle, of the waifs and strays of civil war and anarchy, to the standards of a renowned leader. His hours of relaxation were given to study, for he was one of the most accomplished men of his time; to the education of the young Duc d'Enghien, to which he attended with a paternal care; to paying court to the burghers and civic dignitaries of the half-enfranchised towns of Hainault and Flanders—he was a master of the arts of a demagogue—and above all to a gay round of pleasure, in which the handsome and famous Frenchman charmed the stately ladies of the court at Brussels by his wit and his gallant and courteous bearing. The devo-

tion, however, of his noble wife, and the services she had done him in Guyenne, did not efface the chief blot on his domestic life; he remained cold to the saintly Claire Clémence and indulged in countless vagrant amours, and it was the talk of Brussels that when her death seemed at hand he had turned his eyes on Mademoiselle, the Amazon of St. Antoine and the Bastille. The life of Condé was one of excitement and licence, in harmony with a lawless and passionate nature; and yet it was attended with bitter and long disappointment. The great captain, nominally in supreme command, could not make his genius for war felt; he was even in a worse position than Austrian chiefs fettered by the mandates of the Aulic Council; he was baffled and counteracted in his plans by lieutenants jealous of his high estate; and he was specially disliked by the proud nobles, who could not endure his volatile and capricious ways, and resented his success with frail dames at Brussels. The temper of Condé, always unbridled, could not bear provocations like these, and, wholly unlike a much greater man, Marlborough, he fretted against opposition of any kind, and was constantly involved in disputes and bickerings. He quarrelled with Charles of Lorraine and the Archduke Leopold; insisted on his precedence as a Son of France; exasperated and vexed punctilious Spaniards—in short, in a position of extreme delicacy played the part of a reckless and angry Hotspur. An excuse made for one of these sallies of passion by a friend reveals the character of the man: ‘Do not mind the Prince; why, he is thus to his wife.’

The increasing power of France was distinctly manifest in the campaign of 1655. Turenne took the important place of Landrecies, and, following the principle of his fine strategy, ‘March and turn rather than besiege fortresses’—an inspiration of original genius—advanced between the Scheldt and the Sambre and made Condé and St. Ghislain fall, having almost reached the great stronghold of Mons. The Prince had his revenge the following year, remarkable for a splendid passage of arms, in which the qualities of the two great antagonists were brought out in the clearest relief. In June 1656 Turenne, at the head of about 25,000 men, laid siege to Valenciennes, already a fortress of the first order, and since made famous in many wars.

‘To the south-east of Valenciennes, at the highest point of the rising ground, an isolated group of rural buildings, forming a large rectangle, and enclosed within lofty and thick walls, dominates the whole

adjoining country; it is the farm of Ustebise. It was on this spot that Louis XIV., in front of William III., and on horseback at the head of his troops under arms, halted, held a council of war, and finally gave up the hope of victory, not owing to personal fear, but that the King was not to be exposed to the risk of a defeat. What a scene, and what recollections! In the valley Valenciennes, hidden in the midst of trees and of wooded fields, made marshy by the Scheldt, forms a landscape, extending like a broad green line as far as Condé. Nearer at hand, before the crowned work, stormed by the musketeers of 1677 with incredible boldness, stands the monument raised to the memory of Dampierre, general-in-chief, who fell in 1793, the grandfather of the brave soldier who, seventy-seven years afterwards, was killed, under the walls of Paris, at the head of the mobiles of the Aube. And beyond, towards the west, beneath the clouds of black smoke issuing from hundreds of chimneys, is Denain, falling like a curtain, where Villars, turning to account, with admirable readiness, the mistake of a great captain, pierced the lines of Prince Eugene and saved France when exhausted.'

The Marshal drew his lines round the place; but they were much weaker than those at Arras, and they were divided by the Scheldt, and exposed to destruction by inundations let down from Bouchain. By this time the Archduke Leopold had been replaced by Don Juan of Austria, a bastard son of Philip IV. of Spain, and Condé seems to have had more freedom in military operations than he had had before. Don Juan and the Prince approached Valenciennes, but their army was hardly 20,000 strong, and Napoleon* sharply censures Turenne, who certainly, in his splendid career, more than once lost an opportunity of the kind, for not attacking an enemy inferior in force. Turenne, however, was hampered by La Ferté, a brave but quite a third-rate chief; and this may have been the cause of his slackness, though in this judgement we do not concur. Turenne confessed his mistake by his conduct at Dunkirk afterwards.

'The siege seems to absorb the whole attention of Turenne. It is difficult to understand—and we venture, after Napoleon, to make the remark—why he made no attempt to shake off the army of relief. His troops were superior in numbers and in quality; his entrenchments were not strong; everything indicated that he should take the offensive. But was the Marshal certain to find skilful co-operation on the part of his colleague? Did he not expect that the ardour of Condé would be paralysed by the formalities and ceremonious proceedings of

* Napoleon, 'Corr.' 32, p. 135: 'L'armée que commandait Turenne était supérieure en nombre et en qualité à l'armée espagnole. Comment a-t-il laissé celle-ci s'approcher de ses quartiers à Valenciennes, et n'est-il pas sorti de ses lignes pour la combattre?'

the Spaniards, so that he might have time to wait for the fall of Valenciennes, without running the risk of fighting a battle, always doubtful in the case of an adversary such as Condé? The inaction of the relieving army seems to be better justified. Masters of the country around, and kept informed of the situation within the fortress, the two princes had every advantage on their side in leaving the besieger, blockaded within his lines, to exhaust his strength and his resources, until the time when the position of the besieged would make an effort on their part necessary. Meanwhile, owing to the effect of the sluices higher up the river, they disturbed the enemy, and injured his works, while they collected at Bouchain a volume of water which, if set free at the proper time, would, like a torrent, cut the French army into two parts.

Turenne and La Ferté held two camps, divided from each other by the Scheldt, and liable, we have seen, to be completely sundered, and La Ferté's position was somewhat exposed. The Marshal had entreated his colleague to be on his guard, and to fortify especially one vulnerable point; but La Ferté had set his advice at nought, Napoleon says 'from the love of contradiction alone.' On the night of July 15 Don Juan and Condé, the inundation, it would seem, having been let loose, fell in full force on La Ferté's camp; and the stroke, the counterpart of that at Arras, was, no doubt, directed by the warrior of Rocroy. La Ferté's division, vigorously assailed, was overwhelmed, and its chief made prisoner, and Turenne, unable to approach his colleague, witnessed a catastrophe which he could not avert.

'In the French army "Piedmont" is the first on foot. It routs the forlorn hope and drives back "Persan." It is surrounded in turn; the heavy infantry support it. At Rocroy the Duc d'Enghien had rallied this gallant regiment around the standard of John of Médicis. Alas! it is Condé who charges now. He pierces through the "black bands," and disputes with the infantry the flag they bore at Lens! La Ferté has drawn some squadrons together; he falls on with his accustomed courage and want of judgement, and he encounters Condé's cavalry in the darkness. This time he was not only beaten, but wounded and captured. The rout becomes complete and headlong, rapid as a clap of thunder. The three attacks form a line of oblique échelons, and the fugitives wheel in masses and make off before them. These, after having tried to cross the river above the fortress, turn away on the road to Condé. On one side the inundation has swept away the bridges and the locks; on the other Marsin, who has made his way into the lines, bars the passage. Favoured by the night, two or three thousand men, without arms and half naked, were able to reach the little place of Condé. The whole of the rest of La Ferté's army was slain or made prisoners. It was a revenge for Arras.'

Nearly a third of the royal army had been lost; and

Turenne's lieutenants were for a hasty retreat, which, probably, would have caused a great disaster. But the indomitable constancy of the great captain rose superior to every rebuff of fortune; and Turenne, with admirable presence of mind and skill, made for Quesnoy, a small fortress at hand, where he stood defiant, kept his enemies at bay, and rallied the remains of La Ferté's men. If the retreat of Condé to Cambray was a fine movement, that of Turenne to Quesnoy was, we think, much finer.

'On that day, July 16, 1656, after having withdrawn his infantry and cavalry from his lines—he abandoned his guns and their trains, and everything but his men and their horses—Turenne traversed the plain slowly and in perfect order, and halts at a distance of three and a half leagues, resting on the fortress of Quesnoy. The position is a good one, but there are no tools to make entrenchments, no guns to place in battery save three or four light pieces; there is nothing but the arms, the powder, and the ball carried by the infantry and the horsemen. The petty fortress has very small resources, and these must not be wasted. The army is reduced by nearly a half; the troops are disheartened; the march will, no doubt, be continued next day—nay, that evening—on Landrecies and the French frontier; it is the inevitable. But what alarm, what disorder would such a retreat produce! What would be the consequences? M. le Prince returning a conqueror rules France, in pursuit of Turenne conquered, and this means the revival of faction, the rising of more than one province, the overthrow of the State. Turenne sees this. He takes his course, and to show what it is he stops some impedimenta coming back by chance, and orders the baggage to be set down and tents to be raised. With a handful of men, discouraged, scarcely armed, and ill supplied, he will stand up against troops superior in numbers and elated by their success. His attitude will keep his men together and will hold the enemy in check.'

The Duc d'Aumale's comments on this fine exploit are perfectly just and well conceived.*

'At previous conjunctures Turenne had already given marked proof of strength of character under reverses, of coolness and sound judgement in difficult circumstances; his skill in directing troops was recognised and admired, and the accelerated march of his strategic genius could be followed. Hitherto, however, the force of his thought had never caused his prudence to reach the degree of boldness he attains. He obtains the extreme limits of what a chief can obtain from his soldiers. The depth, the penetration of his genius are revealed. We see before-

* Napoleon remarks ('*Corr.*' 32, p. 136): 'Les éloges qu'on lui prodigua alors étaient mérités; c'est qu'il fut seul de tous ses officiers de l'opinion d'attendre l'ennemi dans la position de Quesnoy. C'est qu'il avait plus de talent qu'eux.'

hand the commander who will conduct the immortal campaigns of 1673 * and 1674, who at Turckheim will attack an hour before sunset, in order that an enemy, threefold in numbers, shall not have time to recover from a blow carefully prepared and suddenly struck; who, at Salzbach, will fall at the moment when he shall have placed his back to the Empire and his front towards France, so that he shall compel Montecuculli to abandon the valley of the Rhine.'

The defeat of Turenne proved a real check to the progress of the French arms during the rest of the year. Condé and St. Ghislain were recaptured; and Turenne was obliged to fall back towards the Lys, where he directed a Fabian campaign with his accustomed skill. In 1657, however, the alliance of England with the Bourbon monarchy threw a decisive weight into the scale against Spain; and Turenne made preparations for a march to the coast, to co-operate with the Ironsides of Cromwell. The delays, however—perhaps of his English allies—caused the Marshal to attempt the siege of Cambray, and he had drawn round the fortress by the end of May. But when he had constructed his lines Condé was down on him; the attack was made at night, and he was completely surprised, and the Marshal was compelled to retreat. The Duc d'Aumale has described the result of a feat of arms noticed by Napoleon † as brilliant in the extreme.

'Turenne had heard the pistol shots and the movement of horses along the great road; but when the sound had ceased, seeing that other horses following the left bank of the river—a small body of men led by Drubat, "a false attack"—were heard advancing, and that the tumult of cavalry, seeking a way through the defile, had fallen on his ear, he thought that the columns to the right and the left were mere light wings, and that M. le Prince was marching with his main body across the swampy ground. The first reports obtained from the defeated regiments do not deceive him. He persists in the belief that what has passed is only a detachment of little importance, and he continues on the watch. When he resolves to rally his troops and to regain his camp, the day was about to break, and the Marshal descries four thousand horsemen in order of battle on the glacis and along the covered way, at the foot of the citadel of Cambray. He did not ask the name, "Who is that?" He gives orders forthwith to fill the

* This is obviously a misprint for 1674 and 1675. The facts refer to these years only; and, indeed, the campaign of 1673 rather detracts from than adds to the renown of Turenne, for he was outgeneralled by Montecuculli.

† Napoleon, 'Corr.' 32, p. 137: 'La conduite du prince de Condé dans cette occasion fut admirée, et cette journée compte parmi ses plus belles.'

baggage wagons, to put the horses to the guns, and he begins his retreat only to halt at St. Quentin.'

The relief of Cambray, however, had no lasting results. The arms of France regained their ascendancy; Turenne rapidly moved to the coast, and effected his junction with the English contingent, having taken possession of several fortresses. The genius of Condé had once more been frustrated by dissension, jealousy, and Spanish slowness.

'This was but a respite. Turenne was given time to recover to begin again his marches and other operations. Manœuvring along the whole front of the theatre of war, he captured Montmédy, in Luxemburg, and St. Venant, in Artois. M. le Prince penetrates in vain the designs of the Marshal. Don Juan lets slip the opportunity for carrying out the projects of Condé. Nothing can rouse the Spanish generals from their solemn routine or make them shake off their lethargy. In order to show a sign of life, and to reanimate courage about to sink, Condé and his lieutenants are reduced to make obscure and dangerous enterprises, to engage in "miserable warfare," such as protecting convoys, revictualling fortresses, pillaging magazines, carrying off or destroying crops, and levying contributions. In one of these raids Montal sustains an unequal conflict with Grandpré and returns to Rocroy covered with glory, but so much cut up that M. le Prince, who thought he had been annihilated, had provided a substitute. A *coup de main* on Calais, which was to have been entered at low tide, as in the case of the Duke of Guise before, failed through a delay of two hours. Boutteville, more fortunate, succeeded in an attack on a convoy, which he transformed into a brilliant combat. It was the note of the dying swan. Towards the close of 1657 Turenne joined the English. The capture of Mardyck is the preliminary of the siege of Dunkirk. The military agony of the rebel Prince begins. Next year will see the mortal stroke.'

The last act of the drama was at hand, but the Duc d'Aumale has reserved the tale for his next volume, and we shall not anticipate his fine narrative. As we look back at the long doubtful contest, of which we have tried to sketch the outlines—a contest worthy the attention of students of war, for two great commanders were opposed to each other—it is not difficult, we believe, to adjust the balance, and to weigh fairly the merits of Condé and Turenne. The Prince certainly was a great captain; his conceptions were sometimes extremely fine, and his *coup d'œil* in the field was all but perfect. His march from Agen, his night attack on Hocquincourt, his admirable choice of the ground at St. Antoine, the masterly retreat he made from Arras, the skill he showed in relieving Valenciennes, and his daring and successful attack at Cambray are excellent specimens of the

noble art of war. If, too, the armies he led were often baffled, much allowance must be made for the hindrances in his way, dissension in his camp, and Spanish jealousy. He was beset by obstacles of almost every kind, and his allies were sometimes worse than useless. Yet it can hardly be said that he showed the power of forming the great combinations of war. More than once it seems as though he was paralysed when confronted by the genius of Turenne, as the Archduke Charles was when face to face with Napoleon. He missed opportunities to strike with effect. He was rather a mighty soldier than a consummate chief. On the other hand, the splendour of Turenne's faculties is conspicuous, and eclipses those of his rival. Undoubtedly the Marshal made a few mistakes: this, he has said himself, is inevitable in war, for a general must often act on imperfect knowledge, and his solid and somewhat phlegmatic nature was not always animated with the sacred fire. He was surprised before Bléneau, and at Valenciennes and Cambray; he ought not to have made a premature attack at St. Antoine in deference to the Court, and he ought to have beaten Don Juan and Condé off before continuing the operations against Valenciennes. But the admirable and all but perfect strategist appears in these campaigns from first to last. The raising of the siege of Etampes at the first sign of danger, the unchangeable purpose to march on Paris, the bold march against Charles of Lorraine, the operations between the divided enemies towards the close of the campaign of 1652, the exquisite skill shown in that of 1653, and most of the movements in those that followed, are strategic exploits that deserve the highest praise. Even as a tactician Turenne was superior to Condé in the affair of Bléneau, and the Prince never displayed the heroic constancy and tenacity of his rival in adverse fortune. It would be idle to compare the two men in wisdom, foresight, and depth of thought. Condé was reckless, lawless, and gave no proof of even common sense in civil affairs; Turenne was as able in council as he was in the camp, and he would have been a great statesman had he not been a great warrior. In the estimate he has formed of Condé and Turenne, we do not wholly agree with the Duc d'Aumale.

These sentences occur at the close of the volume:—

'Hannibal in Bruttium, Condé in the Low Countries, what a parallel for a Plutarch!'

'The son of Barca defying all the forces of Rome and remaining fourteen years in the depths of Italy, forgotten by Carthage; Louis of

Bourbon without money, without his patrimony, keeping up apathetic viceroys, and fighting six campaigns between the Marne and the Scheldt: the first commanding a great and victorious army before the enemy he has always beaten; the second with his handful of Frenchmen beside the adversaries of yesterday, and confronting troops and generals whom it was his wont to lead to victory!

As we have said, we protest against this comparison, and the reasons of our protest are not doubtful. Hannibal is almost lost in the night of time, but his gigantic figure is still seen to be that of one of the greatest men of all ages. Napoleon has placed him at the head of the masters of war, and his march across the Pyrenees and thence over the Alps, his moves at the Trebbia, Trasimèno, and Cannæ, his influence over his Gallic auxiliaries, his perfect appreciation of the strength and the discipline of that matchless infantry the legionaries of Rome, and the use he made of the Numidian horsemen, prove that as a strategist and a tactician Hannibal has scarcely an equal. Condé is not to be named with such a warrior. But the comparison is even more inapposite when we think of Hannibal and Condé as leading men of a State. The most illustrious scion of the great house of Barca was a patriot of the highest type, and the warrior who for many years kept the subject cities of Rome in constant revolt, and mastered them by the spell of his will, must have had supreme political genius. Condé was a rebel, and a bad rebel; and in all that relates to affairs of State he sinks to the level of the thoughtless *noblesse* of the Fronde. We have said thus much as a homage to truth, but our general judgement on this work must not be mistaken. We have occasionally differed from the Duc d'Aumale, but the present, we repeat, is his best volume; it is a noble ornament of the literature of France—a natural and worthy tribute to an illustrious race from its most eminent living representative.

ART. IV.—1. *Das Mittelmeer und seine Seestrategie*. Aus dem Nachlasse des verstorbenen EDUARD RÜFFER. Prag: 1879.

2. *Les Guerres navales de demain*. Par Commandant Z. et H. MONTÉCHANT. Paris: 1891.

SPEAKING of the influence of contiguity to the Mediterranean Sea on the progress of civilisation and on the history of celebrated nations, a writer in this Journal,* more than thirty years ago, observed that it was ‘difficult to touch ‘upon the subject generally without becoming too rhetorical.’ The subject is indeed an animating one, and the study of it is full of lessons even for us of the present day. It is remarkable that the importance in international affairs of the Mediterranean, which was immense in past ages, has not in the least diminished in our own. On the contrary, its importance is now greater than ever because of the increased number of independent States that border its waters. If it were possible to represent graphically on the map of the world the field of modern international aspirations and the magnitudes and directions of the forces arising from them, we should have to put the mark indicating the ‘mean centre’ at some point within the great area of enclosed water which separates Africa and Western Asia from Europe. History, we are told often enough, has a tendency to repeat itself: which is, after all, but a slipshod mode of stating the truth or truism that action, under similar conditions, produces the same results. It is a striking illustration of this so-called tendency that the centre of possible disturbance lies as near to Rome now as it did when the first Africanus started for the campaign of Zama.

This persistence of the importance of the Mediterranean may be traced to a cause by no means obscure:—viz. the expansion of modern States beyond what might appear to be their natural limits. Had France, Italy, Spain, Russia, or Great Britain been content to remain confined to the territories which those designations in strictness denote, the importance of the Mediterranean would, no doubt, still be considerable; but it would be chiefly local and much inferior to what it actually is. Each of the Continental States named

* Edinburgh Review, vol. cvi.: ‘The Mediterranean Sea.’ The article was written by the eminent physician and traveller, Sir Henry Holland, and was republished in his ‘Essays on Scientific and other Subjects,’ London, 1862.

either has outlying possessions or cherishes hopes of territorial expansion on the non-European side of this great inland sea and its appendages. The Mediterranean interests of Great Britain are of a different kind; but their magnitude is indisputable, though the elements of which they are composed are too often inadequately appreciated.

The position in the Mediterranean at present differs from that which existed during any earlier period of modern history—if the term be permissible. Whatever she may become in future years, Spain does not now count amongst the leading naval powers. France is seated in Africa, and has absorbed a great stretch of littoral which in former contests between Europeans was always virtually neutral. In the central, and strategically the most commanding, situation there is now a united Italy wielding forces both naval and military which justify her claim to be included amongst the Great Powers. Further east we find Austria now appearing as a maritime State with a respectable fleet. Turkey has shrunk to a shadow of her former self; whilst a whole series of independent monarchies have been formed of the provinces detached from her. It need not be specially urged that the decay of the Ottoman Empire as a Mediterranean factor is a matter of grave international importance. Russia has crept further and further round the eastern end of the Black Sea till she has thrust herself into Armenia. England holds not only Gibraltar, but the other great naval fortress of Malta as well, and is hampered rather than strengthened by the possession of Cyprus. It will be seen at once how greatly these conditions differ from those which prevailed in the time of Charles V., or even of Napoleon.

It is seldom remembered that England is not only one of the great, but is the greatest, of Mediterranean powers. In everything except extent of coast-line she takes the foremost place. As regards coast-line—if that is to be accepted as the standard of precedence—Turkey would rank before France, so also would Italy, whilst England would be but little in advance of Montenegro or Monaco. The mere statement of their relative positions shows the absurdity of basing the classification of nations upon the number of miles of seaboard that each may call its own. The trade of the United Kingdom alone with the Mediterranean* countries is almost exactly equal to that of France, whilst

* Perhaps it should be said that the phrase 'Mediterranean countries' is here used to denote those which are such by situation.

the trade of the British Empire with the same countries is but little short of that of both France and Italy. The United Kingdom trade passing through the Mediterranean, and carried on with places lying beyond the Sea, exceeds the similar trade of all the Mediterranean countries put together. In the ports of the latter English transactions are not only the greatest—they also, as a rule, enormously exceed those of other competitors. England does a larger trade with the ports of Italy than France, notwithstanding the latter's nearness. With Greece, Turkey, Roumania, Egypt, and Morocco, the trade of the British Empire is greatly in excess of that of any other Power. Even in the case of Algeria, the commerce between the United Kingdom and that French dependency is exceeded only by that between Algeria and France herself. The statistics of British shipping—especially in the harbours of the Levant—look enormous by the side of the statistics of any other flag. If we add to all this the possession of two naval stations, which are amongst the busiest ports of call in the world, we shall be able to see both that the predominance is ours and that it puts us far before any other nation. There are ample reasons why Englishmen should pay profound and vigilant attention to the state of affairs in the Mediterranean.

The unaccountable indifference of English historians to the rise of our maritime greatness is in nothing more fully exemplified than in the silence which prevails concerning the slow and gradual conquest of our present position in the vast inland sea. It is often asserted that the appearance of England as a Mediterranean power dates from the Treaty of Utrecht. The truth is that during the war of the Spanish Succession she had simply obtained securities for the interests which she had acquired long before and had persistently extended. The voyages of Vasco da Gama and Columbus were incidents of high dramatic brilliancy which lent themselves with special facility to literary treatment. But not very much inferior to them in the importance of their ultimate results were the voyages of the forgotten navigators who laid the foundations of English commerce in the Mediterranean Sea. Before Columbus had sailed from Palos, even before Bartholomew Diaz had sighted the Cape of Storms, Englishmen were in a fair way to grasp the maritime sceptre which was slipping from the hands of Catalonians and Genoese. They had established themselves as merchants in Italy, and

had begun to compete, on the others' own ground, with the carriers of the merchandise imported and exported on their behalf. They soon extended their enterprise and activity to the Levant, and entered into rivalry with the Venetians. The wealth and experience thus gained enabled our fellow-countrymen to further enlarge the circle of their operations, including within it distant parts of the newly opened world. This was done, not in a spasmodically brilliant fashion, but by steadily adhering to the plan of securing each foothold before taking a further step.

It is this characteristic which distinguishes the maritime proceedings of the English from those of nearly every other people. Portuguese, Spaniards, and French sought to found a great and lasting dominion beyond the seas without securing the intermediate avenues. The English, as has just been intimated, adopted a system of progressive expansion, first making sure of what lay nearest, and then gradually moving further on. Their procedure may be called instinctive. It was not formally approved or adopted by their rulers till long after it had become established and, as it were, traditional. It was instinct also, rather than studied policy, which led them to increase their naval strength concurrently with the advance of their ocean trade. The spectacle presented in our own day of the people demanding, and the Government first resisting and then yielding to the demand for, an adequate navy to protect their maritime interests is a familiar one in English history. To the constancy with which this system was followed we must attribute the tenacity of the grasp in which we have held our share of the advantages of intercourse with the Mediterranean countries. The Empire, or Arragon, or France—Hapsburg, or Bourbon, or Bonaparte—might try to convert the Western basin into a lake belonging to a single nation; but, in spite of all their efforts, our progress has been scarcely interrupted, and has never as yet met with any long-lasting check. The causes which have made England a Mediterranean power have been at work for centuries. Her position as such is so deeply wrought into the structure of European polity that to change it would be to shake the whole edifice of international relations and to threaten the welfare of peoples in every quarter of the world.

Let us examine separately the present position of each of the leading States. If there be one country more than another on which nature would seem to have bestowed the primacy of the Mediterranean, it is Italy. Her situation is

almost exactly central. She stands at, and by her shape, in fact, supplies, the dividing line between the Western and the Eastern basins of which the Sea is formed. Her islands and her promontories offer sites for commanding stations, resting on which she can control important channels. She has an immense stretch of coast edging thickly inhabited districts, a considerable maritime population, and harbours from which no part of the Mediterranean Sea* is distant more than a five days' voyage for a steamer of moderate speed. Besides all these advantages, she inherits the traditions of some of the most celebrated naval States—of Pisa, of Genoa, of Venice—and it is her great good fortune to be so placed that she has not to provide naval defence for coasts washed by widely separated seas.

Many things account for the fact that Italy has not secured the maritime primacy of the South of Europe. It is possible that she never really aimed at it. When she joined the circle of Great Powers her first task was to make the union of her previously independent provinces an effective one. The accomplishment of this great object promised, no doubt, to be advanced more easily by the formation of a numerically strong army, of which portions raised in every province might be brought into close connexion with each other in the ordinary course of service, than by the establishment of a navy with a relatively much less numerous *personnel*. Though there are to be noticed symptoms of a falling confidence in the wisdom of the general policy of defence which they have hitherto maintained, the Italians have endeavoured to make their country rather a military than a naval power. That is to say, they have followed the ordinary Continental model and, notwithstanding their Alpine ramparts on the land side and the great extent of their peninsular and insular coasts, have relegated their naval defences to the second place. Considering the persistence with which those who put themselves forward as authorities, and who are too readily accepted at their own valuation in the first maritime country in the world, advocate servile imitation of Continental arrangements, we cannot very well wonder at the action of the Italians. The broad result is that, in spite of the sacrifices which Italy makes and which may seem to be forced upon her by her present relations with France, her naval strength is barely

* Not here including in the term the Sea of Marmora, or the Black Sea, which, however, are in effect parts of the Mediterranean.

two-thirds of that which her neighbour maintains on her Mediterranean side alone.

In the details of her naval policy, moreover, it is doubtful if Italy has shown a true perception of her needs. Like all the rest of the world—from the banks of the Thames to the banks of the Yang-tze, from Port Phillip Heads to the Golden Gates of San Francisco—she has spent enormous sums upon fixed fortifications. In her case this procedure is not altogether inexplicable, and has in its favour at least this—viz. that it was desirable to secure two or three important stations from attack by any hostile fleet. But no one can visit her ports without seeing that the work has been overdone, and that good money has gone where it was least required. In the Italian navy the modern craze for ships of monstrous size has run to greater lengths than in any other. We in this country appear to suppose that we have reached the limits of permissible displacement in the 14,150 tons of the ‘Royal Sovereign;’ but Lord Brassey’s ‘Annual’ tells us that the ‘Italia’ and ‘Lepanto’ are of 15,900 tons. Concentration is one of the first principles of strategy, but unwieldiness of the fighting unit is not concentration, which, on the contrary, is the regulated assemblage within supporting distance of many mobile units of convenient size. Italy having definitely accepted the rôle of the inferior naval power, the course that she should have followed was perfectly clear. She should have provided herself with a fleet of the utmost flexibility. If involved in a war with a stronger naval State, she would have but to imitate the proceedings of the great Earl of Torrington in his immortal Beachy Head campaign of 1690,* and as long as, like that eminent admiral, she could keep her fleet ‘in being,’ serious hostile attempts on her coasts might be rendered impossible. Unfortunately, a limited number of monstrous ships do not form a fleet flexible enough for either the strategical distribution or the tactics in action which her circumstances would require; and, for her own sake, it is to be hoped that her navy, constituted as it is, may not be tempted to try any adventurous movements against a stronger enemy.†

* A deeply interesting study of this campaign will be found in chap. vi. of Admiral Colomb’s ‘Naval Warfare.’

† ‘Les Guerres navales de demain,’ amid much braggadocio and many preposterous suggestions for attacks on Italy, contains (chap. v.) an interesting account of the Italian naval defence organisation.

Of all the leading European nations Austria has most satisfactorily solved the question of maintaining a respectable fleet at a moderate expense. No Continental State has better reason than Austria to be content with what she has effected in naval affairs. Alone amongst the navies which have come into existence within the present century, the Austrian has a record which may be almost regarded as glorious. Amongst its commanders are most of the few men who have had personal experience of a general action at sea. The spirit infused by Tegetthoff into his subordinates is a still living force. The rapid mobilisation of fleets, which has become so familiar to us within the last few years, was first instituted in Austria. Though they have been too wise to ignore the undoubted merits of fixed fortifications when intelligently designed and disposed, the Austrians have refrained, more than is usual in these days, from crowding their coasts with costly and unnecessarily elaborate defences. Their ships as regards size show similar moderation; and though the Austrian fleet may not be numerically strong enough to threaten an antagonist with the offensive, it is quite sufficient, whilst standing on the defensive, to secure the coasts of the Empire against attacks that could be made upon them by any single Continental Power.

Russia is again mistress of the Black Sea. She has been brought to this position by the operation of two causes—the resuscitation and gradual increase of her own navy and the decline of that of Turkey. The additional coast obtained during her last war has in no way helped to give her the predominance in this appendage of the Mediterranean which she now unquestionably enjoys. In fact, her case illustrates the truth that coast-line by itself, even if it be studded with fortresses, confers little or no power over contiguous waters. To gain the latter, naval forces are absolutely necessary. In the war of 1877-8, Turkey had practically undisputed command of the Black Sea, because she had a considerable fleet and Russia had none. The conditions are now reversed. We see it from time to time stated, usually in foreign newspapers,* that the Russians are contemplating the execution of a sudden assault upon Constantinople.

* The German and Austrian military journals are filled with allusions to this assumed *coup de main*. The United Service Magazine for August, 1892, quotes from Streffleur's 'Österreichische militärische Zeitschrift' a description of the mode in which the Russian fleet will carry it out.

This is a proof that the completeness of her mastery of the Black Sea is generally recognised. It is obvious that there are three lines by following which a Russian advance on Turkey may be made. One is that which has so often been tried already—viz. across the Danube and the Balkans; a second lies in Asia Minor, say from Batoum to the Bosphorus; and the third runs across the sea. A reasonably efficient Turkish fleet would render arrival by the last impossible. As no such Turkish fleet exists, the principal difficulty in the way of an over-sea advance is removed, and a conviction of this fact prompts the disseminators of rumours of war to assert that the operation is imminent.

Turkey, whose territories still enclose the greater part of the eastern basin, has almost ceased to exercise any active or direct influence on Mediterranean affairs. Indirectly she is still a factor of some importance because of the eagerness of others to possess themselves of her spoils. It is this that has long constituted that 'Eastern Question' which it seems as though we were to have always with us. There are many reasons why the possession of Constantinople should be a matter of much greater indifference to Western nations now than it was at one time. The relative insignificance of its strategic situation is now generally accepted. The multitude of forts * which within the last dozen years have been constructed on the approaches to it—at great loss to a scantily filled and hard-pressed treasury—have not in the smallest degree checked the acquisition by Russia of the command of the Euxine; nor do they afford any guarantee to the city against capture by a land force. Like all coast cities, Constantinople has the advantage of being open to receive supplies on at least one side, unless invested both by sea and land. But the narrowness of the water in front of it, and the possibility of both shores of the Bosphorus being occupied by enemies, reduce in its case this advantage considerably. As a commercial centre its importance is local much more than general, and is now surpassed by that of many other places.

The position held by France in the Mediterranean is strikingly unlike that ever held by her before. If she has gained much, she has much more to defend. The ally whose

* A full account of this will be found in two articles entitled 'The Present Fortification of Constantinople and its Environs,' by Rogalla v. Bieberstein, in the 'United Service Magazine' for December 1891 and January 1892.

aid was so frequently at her disposal in her naval wars, Spain—till within the present century the third naval power in the world—could now spare her little help, even if so inclined. The former dynastic connexion between the two countries has ended, probably for ever. There is little existing cause of sympathy and much cause of jealousy, especially concerning Morocco. At the same time another of her nearest neighbours, the possessor of a considerable navy, and is not likely to seek or accept her alliance. Her great acquisitions of territory in North Africa have imposed upon her the necessity of providing for the security of her communications with them. It is of vital importance to the dominion of France in these dependencies that the communications should be kept open; and this will prove an arduous task for the French navy in a war, even if opposed to only an inferior fleet. She has been obliged to concentrate the greater number of her ships at Toulon, withdrawing them from her Atlantic ports, where there is now an establishment strangely reduced in comparison with that kept up there in former days. The transference of force to the southern coast has been on so large a scale that difficulties are evidently beginning to make themselves felt in the matter of maintaining its efficiency. The following extract from the *Journal des Débats*, which appears just as we are writing, is worth attention. Speaking of Toulon, it is said:—

‘But the roadstead is full and over-full, and it may be asked if it is not urgently necessary to make new arrangements for mooring the fleet. In fact, the latter is increased every day by recruits sent to it from the northern ports. To-day it is the torpedo-cruiser “Wattignies,” which arrived from Rochefort; now the torpedo-vessels “Léger” and “Lévrier” are reported from Lorient. To-morrow it will be the armour-clad “Neptune,” which will come from Brest; the day after to-morrow the armour-clad “Magenta.” I was about to omit the second-class cruiser “Davoût,” an old acquaintance of the Toulonese, which has been left in the dockyard during the stay of the fleet because a mooring berth for her could not be found in the roads. It will be allowed that the situation is abnormal; and, since it is admitted that our naval force in the Mediterranean ought to be reinforced by the greater part of the new ships which are brought into line, it is necessary to make the outfit of the harbour and the roadstead equal to the wants of this permanent agglomeration of the greater part of our fighting ships. . . . In reality this port is about to absorb by itself alone two-thirds of our navy.’ (*Journ. des Déb.*, August 5, 1892.)

The difficulty of finding room enough for collections of the

huge ships of the present day in harbours and roadsteads which accommodated easily the fleets of former days is an inconvenience in time of peace. That it will be something more serious in time of war need hardly be insisted upon. 'Here [in Port Mahon], during the late war, have I seen,' says Admiral Smyth in his work on the Mediterranean,* 'a potent and magnificent fleet of English men-of-war wintering from before Toulon, each ship in a roomy berth.' A very few of the great battle-ships of the day would so fill that excellent harbour that each would certainly not be in a roomy berth. Anchorages, still of high strategic value as regards situation and defensibility, are not unlikely to prove useless in future wars because of their inability to afford, in water of the proper depth, space enough for the largest ships of every modern fleet of the first rank. When it is remembered that steam-propelled fleets must put into port much oftener than those propelled by wind, the serious results of practically closing against the former places to which it may be desirable that they should resort will be understood.

The aim of France, as suggested by her naval arrangements, appears to be twofold. One object seems to be to crush, by superior numbers at the outset of a struggle, the Italian fleet. The other object, it may be assumed, is to realise the old dream of making the Mediterranean, or its western basin at least, a French lake. Now, to gain the first, the Italians must play up to the French cards. If it takes two persons to make a quarrel, it also takes two fleets to carry on a naval campaign of extermination. 'Masterly inactivity' on one side will render such a campaign an impossibility. If the Italian fleet were destroyed or were to meet with a defeat so overwhelming that its remains would have to stay continually in port, the French might carry on operations against the coasts of the Peninsula practically without check or hindrance. They would, in fact, have obtained that command of the sea which Admiral Colomb has told us, with blessed and beneficent iteration, permits a belligerent to carry out any undertaking for which his resources supply the means. A moderate portion of their force would suffice to guard their communications with North Africa, which a stray Italian cruiser might here and there attempt to interrupt. The rest of their fleet might be employed in great operations.

* *The Mediterranean : a Memoir, Physical, Historical, and Nautical.* London, 1854. P. 12.

It is, of course, possible, as is eagerly suggested by the authors of 'Les Guerres navales de demain,' whose naval authority, by the way, is of the very poorest, that time and ammunition may be wasted, and unnecessary risks incurred, in cruel and useless bombardments of defenceless coast towns; but this is not likely. Frenchmen are perhaps the last people in the world to ignore in practice the axiom that in war the true objective is the enemy's naval and military forces. It is far more likely that they will utilise the freedom of movement, which their assumed victory will have given them, to carry the war right into the enemy's country and invade Italy by sea. There are several parts of the coast of the Peninsula where large bodies of troops and their equipment can be disembarked without difficulty in fine weather, and for several months of the year such weather can be counted on with certainty, whilst during the remainder it is frequent. Feints may be made to draw the defending forces in a wrong direction, and it is by no means imaginative to assert that an invading army may be landed without opposition at a point from which it may strike almost at any quarter at its pleasure. The result to Italy must prove serious, and will probably be disastrous, and France will have had the enormous advantage of being able to combine her land and her sea forces in the conduct of a great operation. As we have already hinted, if the Italians decline to play the game of France, all this finely planned campaign becomes impracticable.

The frequently repeated report that this country has entered into some sort of engagement or come to some sort of understanding with Italy, to insure the latter's fleet against destruction, is probably due to a general perception of the obvious fact that a crushing naval defeat of the Italians by the French will be an object of considerable importance to ourselves. Such engagement or understanding may exist; but in the nature of things its existence is extremely unlikely and certainly not clearly necessary. There is no occasion to attempt to penetrate diplomatic obscurities or pry into relations which may or may not exist between 'high contracting parties.'

Κρίνειν οὐκ ἐπέσκε θεῖα ἔργα βροτοῖσι.

To the plain man of ordinary observation it must be evident that the virtual annihilation of Italy as a naval power will have a prodigious effect on the affairs of the United Kingdom as well as on those of the rest of Europe. It would be

about as necessary and as sensible to give formal recognition to this by a binding engagement as it would be to enter into a bond undertaking, whenever we may have occasion to add two and two, that the sum shall be made to come out four. French vituperation of England because of this supposed agreement means, in polite language, simply this: 'We know that the disappearance of the Italian navy would be of great importance to your interests; and we are convinced that you have good sense enough to know it yourselves.' But, the name being changed, the same story may be narrated of every other great State.

The fact is, the old phrase, 'the balance of power in Europe,' is not wholly obsolete. It merely needs a slight amendment to bring it up to date. The words should run now, 'the balance of power in the Mediterranean.' What has been called 'the rising belief in the power of navies' is the inarticulate expression of a widespread conviction that pre-eminence on the Continent is of less moment to the world at large than pre-eminence on the sea. As before intimated, the international 'pole' has moved from Central Europe, and is now situated on or near a line drawn from Gibraltar to Alexandretta. 'Equilibrium in the Mediterranean' is a phrase pretty often used in Germany, in Austria, and in Italy, where it is recognised as fully as it is in England that the equilibrium would be upset should disaster overtake the Italian navy. Should this happen, one great obstacle to the conversion of the Mediterranean into a French lake would be removed, though even then the conversion would be far from a certainty. A French journal* has recently published what professes to be a report of a conversation between a French and an Italian officer, in the course of which the Italian stated that his country's fleet would not hesitate to attack the French even if the latter were superior in strength. This, of course, may be simply the opinion of a solitary individual; but the prominence given in France to views of the same kind shows that the French, at all events, think that this rash policy is likely to be pursued in the event of war. Even on the assumption that the Italians gain a victory, it is not clear that they will derive any considerable advantage from it. They will certainly not be able to undertake and carry through a distant offensive campaign. It is true that they will have prevented the invasion of their country by sea; but this

they can prevent just as well, and at much less risk, by keeping their fleet intact in a suitable position.

To make a French lake of the Mediterranean it would not be necessary for France to obtain exclusive possession of that sea—exclusive possession, by the way, being that which no nation since the days of the Romans has obtained as to any sea. An overwhelming predominance would suffice, so that all other nations would have to act at the mere will and pleasure of the French. We have intimated that a predominance of this character cannot be hoped for as long as Italy remains a considerable naval power; and even if she were to cease to be such a power, it is all but certain that French aspirations would be brought little nearer to their object. No doubt the acquisition of territory in North Africa on the south side of the sea, in addition to that of the mother-country on the north side, was prompted by a desire to secure, and is supposed to have facilitated the securing of, impregnable superiority in the western basin. The eagerness of the French to add Tunis to Algeria, and to encroach towards the west on the empire of Morocco, shows that they have not realised how seriously extensions of territory must diminish their relative naval strength. To judge from the angry remonstrances which their action and supposed intentions have aroused in Germany and Italy, or, to put it more correctly, which newspaper writers declare to have been aroused in those countries, their Continental neighbours have not realised it any more than the French themselves.

In real truth, the extension of their territory on the far side of the Mediterranean has gone far to neutralise the naval concentration at Toulon. The process of strengthening the French Mediterranean fleet has been something like that of the Irishman who tried to lengthen his blanket by cutting a piece off one end to sew it on to the other. As the interests of France have widened in North Africa so have her responsibilities; and if she will insist on engaging in the hazardous sport of war, she will assuredly find out what those increased responsibilities really signify. She has not far to look for an example. It is a favourite contention with a certain school of fire-eating Frenchmen that the British Empire is so easily vulnerable, because of its great extent, that it may be attacked in many parts of the world with impunity. There is no doubt that greatly extended territories are causes of anxiety to those who have to guard them, and that, when they are separated by the sea, a great naval force

is necessary to give them reasonable protection. A due sense of their position will induce even those who wield a great naval force to abstain from stirring up unnecessary animosities.

The fate of Algeria and Tunis, should France be involved in war with a naval antagonist, is not obscure. If the latter be only about equal in strength, the communications between the mother-country and the dependencies are sure to be interrupted, though they may not be entirely severed, and the rising commerce between them gravely injured, so gravely that if it survives it is likely to pass into foreign hands. M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu* has shown us what Algeria and Tunis may be to France.

'La France [he says (p. viii)] a le bonheur de trouver en face d'elle, à vingt-huit ou trente heures de ses ports méridionaux, un champ d'activité énorme qu'elle peut aisément féconder. Il y a là vraiment une nouvelle France à constituer, double en étendue de l'ancienne, pourvue de ressources naturelles qui, sur la moitié du territoire, égalent celles des pays les mieux doués. [He adds (p. 187)] L'Algérie est un point de relâche sur la route de la Grande-Bretagne en Egypte et aux Indes.'

Suppose the antagonist whom France has provoked is superior to her in naval power, what becomes then of the fine picture which the eminent economist has drawn? Surely it is not necessary to describe what will happen.

The true naval policy for France in the Mediterranean is a distinctly conservative one. Like Great Britain she should do her best to avoid the risk to her outlying dominions that a conflict is sure to involve. French colonisation is a tender plant which history has shown to be incapable of standing the rude shocks of war. 'Defence not defiance' is the motto most suitable to its well-wishers. The prodigious sums† which Algeria has cost France will have been all thrown away, and the prospect of a new dominion which may replace and outvie the vanished dependencies in America and India will in its turn disappear. That a cautious naval policy is likely to be pursued in France there are not many signs. In a debate in the French Chamber in the beginning of July

* In his work, '*L'Algérie et la Tunisie*,' Paris, 1887.

† '*La France paye actuellement chaque année, sans y comprendre les dépenses militaires, une trentaine de millions de francs pour l'Algérie.*' (*L'Algérie et la Tunisie*, p. 192.)

'Si l'on y comprenait l'armée, ce serait bien à 70 ou 80 millions de francs que monterait la subvention annuelle du budget métropolitain à notre colonie.' (*Ibid.* p. 207.)

last, M. Henri Brisson, a deputy who has paid some attention to naval affairs, expressed the opinion that the Mediterranean was the very sea in which an unexpected war was most to be apprehended. He did not say by whom it would be brought on. In the same debate another deputy, M. E. Lockroy, advocated paying forfeit to the contractors who were carrying out works at Cherbourg and expending the money voted for them on the improvement of Toulon and the Mediterranean military ports.

The Italians have not got over the mortification which they experienced when the Regency of Tunis was occupied by France. They now affirm that the conversion of Bizerta into a great port is a direct menace to their country. There is no doubt that this is an honest belief on their part. In one of their newspapers some months ago, fears were expressed lest the equilibrium in the Mediterranean should be disturbed by the construction of forts at Bizerta. In the same journal at a later date it was asserted that one division of the French fleet would be stationed at Bizerta, and that France would keep at that place reserves of stores for a powerful squadron. It is evident that the writer of this latter remark had never learned Napoleon's view of the advantages conferred upon you when your enemy divides his forces. In another and later Italian newspaper it is stated

'that the works at Bizerta are not intended, as has been industriously asserted, merely to convert that small commercial port into a great one, but are in plan and construction those of a real naval port. This confirms the idea that France designed, in the occupation of Bizerta, to make a great naval arsenal which, with that of Toulon, would form the double base of operations so dreaded by Garibaldi. . . . Bizerta fortified, besides being a danger to our islands, menaces our fleet that would have to operate in the Mediterranean.'

The principal fear appears to be that France, with the means of transport at her disposal, could carry 60,000 men from Bizerta in a short time to Sardinia, Sicily, or even Southern Italy. It is very doubtful if France could collect the necessary transport for this number of men and their *impedimenta* at any Mediterranean port without an effort which would be long and impossible to conceal. But if it could be done quickly and secretly, the troops would have to come from France first; so that their using Bizerta as final place of departure would be simply to prolong the time taken by the expedition. Nearly all supplies would have to be taken to Bizerta; so to make that place the port of embarkation for an invading army would greatly increase the

labour and difficulties of the whole operation. The fact is that Bizerta is a greatly overrated station. Its configuration is such that when a deep channel is cut to the sea it will be a very fine port in a neighbourhood where there are no natural harbours of even an indifferent kind. Its situation is favourable for a stopping or coaling place, though not so favourable as that of Malta, which, however, it will surpass in the roominess and security of its anchorage.

As a naval port its merits would not be considerable, because it is too near Toulon. To be really useful, naval ports, except those where construction and complete equipment can be carried on, should be properly 'spaced.' A remarkably well-informed English writer observed, not long ago,* that it was impossible to

'see what the fortification of Bizerta matters to any power. The position does not, like Tangier, enable its possessor to close any strait, or alter in any way the self-evident truth that the dominion of any sea belongs to any power which has the strongest fighting fleet afloat upon its waters. If Italy or Austria, or both together, can defeat France at sea, France cannot attack the coasts of either power; and if they cannot, nothing can prevent France in time of war from threatening Italian or Austrian cities† upon the coast. That is the situation now, while France possesses Toulon and Algiers, and it will be the situation after the fortifications of Bizerta have been completed.'

This appears to us to sum up the whole question with perfect accuracy. Extension of transmarine territory, even if accompanied by the fortification of its ports, in no way increases the strength of a country, unless it is also accompanied by a corresponding augmentation of naval force. This elementary fact is completely concealed from those intrepidly injudicious Frenchmen who advocate coming to an understanding with Germany at the expense of Italy, and who expect that their countrymen will be consoled for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine by the seizure of Sardinia or Sicily. As far as there is anything beyond mere 'bluff' in this perilous suggestion, it only shows the incapacity of our neighbours for understanding maritime affairs. That they could effectually command their communications with Algeria and Tunis in a war with only an equal or slightly inferior naval power, is more than doubtful. If they add to

* In an article called 'Vain Alarms,' in the *Economist* for February 20, 1892. The whole article is most instructive and well worth perusal.

† Not necessarily, of course, to merely 'bombard' them, as advocated by certain French writers.

their difficulties in that case those which would arise from the occupation of an island with a large hostile population, the relative importance of France as a European power must decline.

The fears of the Italians as to the result of French action in the Regency of Tunis have been stimulated by the utterances of the French themselves. Even M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu says: 'Certes, le port de Bizerte aura une bien plus grande importance dans la Méditerranée; la magnifique position de cette place doit en faire pour nous un 'Toulon africain.'* He purposes to dismantle the dockyard of either Lorient or Rochefort, and re-establish it in Tunisia. If the Italians had been disposed to treat with indifference the minatory suggestions of the French, there are other people in Europe who are determined that Italian apprehensions shall not be allowed to fall asleep. The military press of Germany has conceived it to be its mission to keep Italy in a state of constant anxiety as to the movements of her neighbours in North Africa. The unfailing persistence with which German writers continue to point out to the Italians the dangers of their position might suggest to the latter suspicions of the disinterestedness of their advisers. But we have not had to live till now to learn that there is nothing so incredible that people in a panic will not believe it. The Italians, indeed, have not yet reached the panic stage; but it is no fault of their German advisers that they have not.

The value of the advice which the military journalists of Germany—a body of portentous numerical strength, forming such a multitude that special reference of quotation to its members is out of the question in an article like this—the value of the advice which these persons take it on themselves to give may be estimated from a knowledge of some which they are good enough to offer to ourselves. Lest the fears of the Italians should not be sufficiently aroused, these self-constituted advisers have 'started in' to get up a panic in which Englishmen should share, and thus give a lead to Italy in the ways of fear. They calmly assert that it is the works at Bizerta 'which cause such great anxiety to the 'English, for the place is only eighteen hours from Malta.' This 'great anxiety' is not confined to the imagination of the military journalist; for, 'since the intentions of France 'concerning Bizerta have become known, not only the

* *L'Algérie et la Tunisie*, p. 400.

‘fortifications, but also the troops garrisoning Malta, have been strengthened.’ The latter is a good specimen of hardihood of assertion. It is also a good specimen of the sublime indifference to absurdities which usually equips the ‘strategist of the chair.’ Englishmen have done a great many silly things in the way of passive defence, but we may well doubt if they have ever gone to the ludicrous length of piling up masses of immovable defence-works because some other nation is suspected of an intention of doing the same a couple of hundred miles off. It ought not to surprise us to hear that ‘Italy also has found herself obliged to fortify the south coast of Sicily.’ In certain classes of society successful dealers, on retiring from business with a fortune, are said to indulge in the practice of building villas at each other. We now find that great nations construct fortifications at each other and on sites which no imagination can make contiguous.

The solicitude of the German military journalist for the security of English interests in the Mediterranean leads him occasionally into some very remarkable statements. One writer informs us that ‘the western basin of the Mediterranean, already a French inland sea, is completely commanded from the strong triangle of war-harbours—Toulon, Algiers, Bizerta.’ We are not informed how a sea is to be ‘commanded’ without an adequate—that is to say, a superior—naval force, nor how the occupation of three ports can be reconciled with proper concentration. In another place we are told that ‘in a great war England will be engaged on every sea in the world, and therefore not in a condition to strengthen her fleet in the Mediterranean in order to remain superior to the naval power of the French.’ This authority has lost sight of the rather important fact that, in order to be ‘engaged on every sea,’ England must have antagonists, and that, if they are in the Mediterranean, they cannot be elsewhere; whilst, if they are elsewhere, the difficulty of bringing the English fleet in the Mediterranean up to the standard of superiority disappears.

To the eye of the bureau strategist the French Mediterranean fleet is susceptible of reinforcement in such a manner that an enemy—if that enemy be England—will be unable to interfere with it. This discovery by the critical genius of military-literary Germany merits attention. A good deal is to happen ‘as soon as France succeeds, by widening the Canal du Midi, in establishing direct communication for her fleet between the Bay of Biscay and the Gulf of

‘Lyons.’ By dispensing with the passage through the Straits of Gibraltar she will be in a position to enter the Mediterranean with a superior naval force in a shorter time than will be possible for England. Elsewhere it is laid down that ‘England’s position in the Mediterranean will be considerably weakened if the French have at command a direct communication between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean completely secure under all circumstances.’

Let us say at once, that if circumstances ever permit the French fleet to operate on ‘interior lines,’ as above suggested, our own naval position will require serious reconsideration. The enormous sum—between one hundred millions and two hundred millions sterling—which France has expended since 1871 on the fortification of her north-eastern frontier alone may be accepted as proof that mere questions of money would not prevent her from making an artificial channel for the passage of her fleet. The fleet would be able to pass through such a channel with far less risk of molestation than it would incur in passing through the Straits of Gibraltar. The distance to be traversed would be greatly diminished. But in naval operations time occupied in making a passage is of far more importance than distance, and passing through a canal—especially where there are locks—can only be done slowly by a single ship and, of course, only very slowly by a fleet.

The Canal du Midi is one of the great works of the seventeenth century. Not including its branches, its length is about 120 sea-miles. The summit level at Naurouse is 610 feet above the sea. There are 119 locks, each 102 feet long and 19 feet 8 inches wide. The depth of water is rather more than 6½ feet. One sees at once from these figures what a prodigious reconstruction would be necessary to make the canal suitable for even one of the smaller cruisers of the present day. The mind will almost fail to realise the work that would have to be done to permit its use by a fleet of modern armoured battle-ships, though we were to make full allowance for the inevitable reduction in the dimensions of these monsters. The present canal is carried on aqueducts over many rivers, and if any of these are to be retained, the cost and difficulty of the work will be enormously increased. Notwithstanding its present comparatively diminutive scale, the supply of water has occasionally been deficient in dry seasons. Nothing is too difficult for the civil engineering of the day, and, given the money, no doubt the canal can be made. But two things are quite

certain : One is that there will be a loss of time by the fleet that uses it, and in war time is all in all ; the other is that but a portion of the sum necessary for its construction would suffice to make the French navy much stronger than the employment of the canal as proposed can possibly do. The considerations justify us in declining to include a ship canal between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic amongst the effective components of French naval power.

To enter upon an examination of the position in the Mediterranean is to be irresistibly reminded of our connexion with Egypt as betokened by the presence of an English force—though now an attenuated one—in that country. Discussion of the right or the wrong of the British occupation does not come within the scope of this article. But it may be affirmed with some confidence that the occupation of Egypt does not materially affect the naval and the military power of Great Britain in the Mediterranean. In time of peace our commercial interests in Egypt and the passage of the Suez Canal need no protection. In the event of war, if the British fleet were hostile, no power in Europe could land a military force in Egypt or provide one there with supplies ; and only the British fleet would have a chance of being able to escort an expedition to that country or to keep it supplied afterwards. The truth is that our occupation of Egypt is a consequence, not a cause, of our naval predominance.

We may fairly assert our maritime position in the Mediterranean ; and, truly, we are the leading power there, naval as well as commercial. One of the German writers previously alluded to prefaces his warnings with the statement that ‘ unquestionably, by reason of the superiority of her ‘ naval and mercantile fleet, Great Britain takes the leading ‘ place in the Mediterranean as in all other seas.’ If the Suez Canal were to become impassable to-morrow, we should still be engaged in an enormous trade with the countries approached by the road that runs between the Pillars of Hercules. This trade is far too valuable to be sacrificed without a struggle. What is more, if we ceased to do the carrying part, no one else could take over the work from us. This fact is ignored by the gentlemen, some of them claiming to be statesmen, who hold the comforting belief that our carrying trade can be conducted by the mercantile marine of foreign States when we happen to be at war. There are some public men who profess this belief, and who cannot have given much study to the question.

It is extraordinary how few of those whom we reasonably expect to be well informed on such a matter seem to be aware of the enormous statistics of our shipping or of all that is involved in them. Of the effective ocean tonnage of the world, the British flag flies over about 70 per cent. This proportion has a tendency to increase. In the ports of nearly every civilised nation British tonnage takes either the first place or is second only to that which is under the flag of the country visited. Now, should circumstances occur to prevent free navigation by the ships of any country in the world except our own, we could take over the work without difficulty, because the shipping of the country affected would equal but a small fraction of ours, and would hardly outnumber the surplus of it usually out of employment at any given moment. But to transfer our mercantile marine to another flag, or to several other flags, would be to double, or more than double, at one stroke their shipping strength. The difficulties in the way of a sale of our ships to the new carriers would be enormous, though we may admit that they would not be insuperable.

The ships having been transferred, more serious difficulties would remain. No country in the world, and no group of countries, if we except those who would be belligerents when we were engaged in war, could find the necessary crews. Captains, officers, and engineers cannot be created in a minute. We must remember, too, that the maritime trade of the other participators in the war would be interfered with also, so that the neutrals would have to take over not our carrying trade only, but also some, at least, of that of our allies and antagonists. Is there the smallest prospect of this being found practicable? If we were to express the question in terms of land transport, the impossibility would be at once apparent. Let us suppose that the London and North-Western Railway had been engaged in a contest with the London and Brighton, and that, except a small portion of it for use in local traffic, the whole of the rolling stock of both companies was destroyed, and that all the guards, engine-drivers, firemen, pointsmen, and porters had emigrated. Though the permanent way and the stations still remained intact, is it conceivable that any other company could take up the traffic of both lines without a long delay?

We are told that the Americans could take over our carrying trade, buying or pretending to buy our ships, and easily naturalising our ships' crews. If the United States

were not a Protectionist country, this might be possible, though difficult. One result of it would be the ruin of the shipbuilding interest on the ocean coasts of the Republic. Not only the ships taken over, but also those needed to supply the periodical waste, would be built in Great Britain, or not be built at all. As the greater portion of the carrying trade must continue to be with our own ports, there would be no special difficulties in the way of keeping up the supply of substitutes for worn-out or wrecked vessels, or of refitting others in English establishments. The necessary conditions of economy under which the trade would have to be conducted would compel a resort to the cheapest market for completed ships and for repairs; and for a long time to come the cheapest market will not be found on the other side of the Atlantic. It is nearly certain that the whole Protectionist interest would combine to prevent their system being breached by the ruin of the shipbuilders, engine-makers, and allied trades.

It is evident that, unless we wish to suffer grievous, perhaps disastrous, loss, we must defend our trade in war, instead of transferring it. That we can do the former has been proved in many a war. 'In four years,' says the writer of a recent French book,* speaking of the Seven Years' War, 'France lost twenty-seven ships of the line. Commerce no longer existed. The premium of insurance was 30 per cent. for French vessels; whilst English vessels did not pay more than in time of peace.' Our Mediterranean interests, as we have already said, are too great to lose; and we can only secure them by retaining our naval predominance in that sea. Our gratitude to the great seamen of former days, and our admiration of their feats, executed often with heavy odds against them, should not blind us to the fact that our wonderful success at sea has been largely owing to the possession of a strong navy. In the Seven Years' War, and in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars—the contests on which we can look back with most satisfaction—our fleet was always much stronger than that of any single enemy, and not much, if at all, inferior in effective strength to those of all our enemies put together.

Not only is the maintenance of our naval position in the Mediterranean beneficial to the British Empire; we are

* 'Essai sur l'Administration de la Marine Française, 1689-1792,' by Lambert de Sainte-Croix. Paris, 1892. P. 184.

sincerely of opinion that it is also beneficial to all the Mediterranean States, not excepting even France. As long as England is unquestionably at the head of all the Mediterranean Powers, tranquillity in that sea is assured. As long as we can peacefully carry on our trade there, so long will the wealth of the countries with which we do business be able to increase. Banish the British flag from the ports of Spain, of Austria-Hungary, of Italy, of France, of Algeria, and what would be the effect on their industrial development? Add to the absence of the British trading-vessel the activity of the British cruiser in belligerent guise, and what would become, for example, of the trade of Algeria?

Pre-eminence at sea is so manifestly essential to the British Empire, that the French, in all probability, are not really jealous of it any more than we are jealous of their immense strength on land. As far as fighting-power goes, France is unquestionably the most powerful nation in the world at this moment. Her army is equal too, if not stronger than, that of her great neighbour and late antagonist; and she has a navy which far surpasses in numbers and in every phase of efficiency that of any other Continental State. We have already intimated that it is extremely improbable that France can ever succeed in her expressed desire of making the Western basin of the Mediterranean a French lake. There is one event which, if it should happen, will effectually destroy all chance of that result and at the same time prevent her from retaining the respectable eminence which she now enjoys in the Levant. That event is the appearance of a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean proper. Our own position will not be materially affected thereby; at all events, it will not be affected so far that it cannot be restored with ease. As regards France it will be different. She will experience more than a decline of the influence which she undoubtedly exercises in the Levant at present; she will be to a great extent excluded from it. If there be any country which should hesitate to disturb the balance of power in the Mediterranean, that country, before all others, is France.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of the Verney Family during the Civil War.* Compiled from the Letters and illustrated by the Portraits at Claydon House. By FRANCES PARTHENOPE VERNEY. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1892.

2. *Letters and Papers of the Verney Family, down to the End of the Year 1639.* Printed from the original MSS. with the permission of Sir HARRY VERNEY, Bart. Edited by JOHN BRUCE, Esq. Printed for the Camden Society. London: 1853.

A UNION of fertility and rural beauty is certainly the essential element of typical English landscape. The moorlands of Yorkshire, the downs of Sussex, have a peculiar charm, but they are not typical English landscape, for the sense of fertility is absent. But anyone who may perchance be led into the northern parts of the county of Buckingham finds himself surrounded by it. From almost any one of the villages which crown the summits of the gentle hills which rise and fall between the steep edges of the Chilterns and the town of Buckingham, the eye is filled with a fertile and beautiful country. Rich meadows and abundant timber, grey churches and thatched cottages, half hidden by over-shadowing elms, combine the elements of fertility and beauty, not only when field and hedgerow shimmer in the summer haze, but when the rifts in the rain clouds, broken and driven by a February gale, reveal across a valley of pastures the outline of each distant hill.

In this attractive country, midway—not to speak too accurately—between Buckingham and Aylesbury, lie the three Claydons—Steeple, Middle, and East—with the hamlet of Botolph Claydon. Steeple and East Claydon are villages which, like so many of those in the Vale of Aylesbury, are but a small group of picturesque cottages, surrounding the church which crowns the hill. Middle Claydon is, as its name implies, between the two other villages; but the church is not its centre. For, like Hampden Church, where the remains of the great patriot lie, it is in the park of the squire—or, rather, at his door, on his very lawn. It cannot be dissociated from Claydon House, either in fact or in sentiment; in the one are tombs and effigies of Verneys, in the other the walls are covered with pictures of them and of their Buckinghamshire kinsmen, and each written record strengthens by historic continuity the tie of locality.

Claydon House, indeed, has been long the property and

the home of the Verneys, 'who owned the manor of Claydon for fourteen generations, beginning with Sir Ralph, Lord Mayor of London in 1465, and M.P. for London in 1472, and going down to Mary Verney, created Baroness Fermagh, who died unmarried in 1810.' She inherited the property in 1792 from her uncle Ralph, Earl Verney, and upon her death the estate was left to her half-sister, Mrs. Wright. This lady died in 1827, and was succeeded by her cousin, Sir Harry Calvert, who assumed the name and arms of Verney by sign-manual in the same year. Though a Verney by name and not by blood, it will be admitted, with universal assent, that Sir Harry Verney is a worthy representative of an ancient and honourable family.*

To turn from the Verneys of to-day to those of mediæval England, we find the first trace of them in the reign of King John, 'the name itself being probably derived from Normandy, the Bois de Vernay in the vicinity of Bayeux being 'a celebrated hunting ground of the Dukes of Normandy.' In those early days the family had no connexion with Buckinghamshire. It was not till 1229 that John de Vernay became possessed of lands at Fleet Marston, near Aylesbury. We go on for a century and half until we come to the man who may perhaps best be regarded as the founder of the family of Verney. This is Sir Ralph Verney, who may or may not have been born in London, but who at any rate was, above all, a successful merchant. He served the office of Lord Mayor in 1465, espoused the Yorkist cause, and, after the battle of Tewkesbury, was one of the twelve citizens knighted by Edward IV. For his 'good and gratuitous service' the king granted him various forfeited lands in Buckinghamshire, whilst he himself also purchased the manor and advowson of Middle Claydon, to which his descendants added other lands. The property was leased for a hundred years to the Giffards. The descendants of Sir Ralph made Penley Hall, in Herts, their home. It was not until the year 1620 that Claydon came again into the actual possession of the Verneys. Meantime, the representatives of the family had each played their part well, not

* The present Lord Bray is the nearest representative of the original family of Verney, as his ancestress, Elizabeth Bray, married Sir Ralph Verney in the sixteenth century, and became the mother of all the succeeding Verneys. The barony fell into abeyance in 1537, but was adjudged in 1839 to a descendant of Elizabeth Verney, after an interval of three hundred years.

taking a great or prominent share in public life, but holding high local positions, and in touch with political transactions.

When the Claydon property came back to the Verneys, the Sir Edmund of the time—for the name was not new—was the head of the family. He had succeeded his half-brother, Sir Francis, a picturesque and romantic but shadowy figure. At one time Sir Francis made a journey to the Holy Land. Then he was again in England. Next he was in command of one of the Barbary buccaneering ships. His adventurous life soon ended. In 1615 he died in Sicily but thirty-one years old. That he was a man whose name was well known in Western Europe is evident from the account of a contemporary writer, though it is doubtful if all the statements of the latter are accurate.

‘Here in Missina,’ wrote William Lithgow,—

‘I found the sometime great English gallant, Sir Francis Verney, lying sick in a hospital, whom six weeks before I had met at Palermo, who after many misfortunes, exhausting his large patrimony, abandoning his country and turning Turk in Tunis, was taken at sea by the Sicilian galleys, in one of which he was two years a slave, whence he was redeemed by an English Jesuit upon a promise of conversion to the Christian faith. When set at liberty he turned common soldier, and here in the extremest calamity of extream miseries entreated death. Whose dead corps I charitably interred in the best manner time would afford me strength.’ (Vol. i. pp. 67, 68.)

With Sir Edmund we reach the chief interest of these volumes. But it may be well before we turn to the Verneys of the Stuart period to tell something of the materials which exist for the study of the family. When Sir Harry Verney came to live at Claydon he found a gallery at the top of the house, forty feet long, full of boxes which contained innumerable letters, parchments, charters, and documents of all kinds, and all, fortunately, in fair preservation. The most important of the Claydon MSS. was published so long ago as 1845, under the editorship of the late Mr. Bruce, being ‘Notes of Proceedings in ‘the Long Parliament,’ by Sir Ralph Verney. Subsequently a volume of ‘Letters and Papers of the Verney Family,’ under the same editorship, was brought out in 1853 by the Camden Society, which dealt with materials coming down to the year 1639. Finally, we have the two attractive and readable volumes from the pen of the late Lady Verney, which repeat much which has been already told

by Mr. Bruce, and also continue the history of the Verney family from the date at which Mr. Bruce ended his narrative to the year 1650; though the actual story, if it may be so called, is in a sense brought down to the close of Sir Ralph Verney's life in 1696. But no documents of a later date than 1650 are printed in this book.* It can hardly be said that new historical information is given to the world. Mr. Gardiner has for a long while had access to the Verney manuscripts, and has made some use of them both in his 'History of England' and in his 'History of the Great Civil War.'

The story of a family such as this, told in their own words, and with no little local colouring, has a peculiar value in these days. The characteristics of historical literature are now curiously opposed. On the one hand we have long, carefully elaborated histories, full of facts and details, the value of which, as storehouses of historical fact, cannot be overrated. But they are so minute that they are chiefly for the earnest student, who must have not only imagination, but considerable powers of analysis, if he is to obtain clear views of men and events from such a mass of material as is spread before him. On the other hand, the number of books of mere outline is enormous, and any opinion fastened in the memory from such a source is purely second-hand knowledge. But in these volumes, as well as in the papers so ably and accurately edited by Mr. Bruce, we are brought into contact with living people; we do not find names lost in masses of details, or read of leading statesmen and the general tendency of their policy. We mingle with men and women in their daily avocations, and we are thrown into the current of the life of the time.

'The Verney records [says Mr. Gardiner in his preface to these volumes] are only those of an ordinary gentleman's family of the higher class, mixing a good deal in the politics of their times, with considerable county and local influence; members of Parliament, sheriffs, magistrates, soldiers--never place-men--marrying in their own degree, with no splendid talents or position to boast of, no

* It is to be regretted that the writer of this work, who, as stated by Mr. Gardiner in his introduction to it, takes entire paragraphs from Mr. Bruce's edition, and in many other instances practically adopts his words and statements, does not give the reference either to the Camden Society's publications or to the sources to which Mr. Bruce refers in his footnotes. The value and convenience of the book are thus much diminished.

crimes either noble or ignoble to make them notorious, and, for that very reason, good average specimens of hundreds of men and women of their age. Their actions, their opinions and beliefs, their thoughts about public affairs and home perplexities, their joys and sorrows, their habits of life and manners were not too fair and good, or again too evil, to be shared by households of their own class, so that we come nearer to the ordinary public opinion and social standards of their day than by reading of those exceptionally great men who only partially represent their age, and yet which history has brought before us almost exclusively. Most of the work of the world is done by average men and women, and the personal records of the Verneys, touching on small matters as they generally must, are not without a very general interest in the great history of their country.' (Vol. i. p. xii.)

Mr. Gardiner, perhaps, does injustice to some of this family in speaking so generally of the Verneys as average men and women, for Sir Edmund and Sir Ralph's wife, Mary, Lady Verney, and the young Sir Edmund, who form some of the chief figures in these volumes, stand forth somewhat above the crowd. In a period of great national danger, the men who became leaders—the Cromwells, Hampdens, and Straffords, for capacity belongs to no one party—are apt, in the eyes of posterity, to dwarf those who are not in the front rank; but men may not touch the topmost height and yet be remarkable as individuals.

Sir Edmund Verney, the second of the name, was born on January 1, 1590, and in his twenty-sixth year, by becoming chief sewer in the household of Prince Henry, he began the life of a courtier, which he continued to the end—till he died, knight marshal and standard-bearer to the king, grasping the royal standard on the bloody field of Edgehill. But he was in no sense a courtier of the baser sort: he had all the highest qualities of an English gentleman—he was kindly, true, and sensible, and he had also an unusual tact, a large knowledge of the world, and a chivalrous and single-minded loyalty. He took the Royalist side with a heavy heart and with many misgivings, doubtful if he was serving the best interests of his country, but feeling bound by a personal loyalty to the king. How far Sir Edmund was from being a fanatical Royalist we see from one or two remarks in letters of Lady Sussex at the outbreak of hostilities to his son, Ralph Verney, who was throughout in favour of the Parliament, though, as we shall see later, he was very far from being a mere partisan:—'Your father i finde is full of sade thoughts;' and again: 'He saith

‘littill to me of it, but sath if the kainge commands he ‘must goo.’ When Sir Edmund joined the king at York he wrote, anticipating evil, a simple but joyless letter to his steward, which, though it is anticipating events, we may give here:—

‘I praye have a care of my howse, that roages break not into it, have stoare of bullett and powder, and gett some boddy to lodg in the howse that maye defend it need bee. Have my waggon in readyness, if I should att any time send for it; gett in all such monnys as are owing you with all speede, for wee shall certainly have a great warr. Have a care of harvest, and God send uss well to receave the blessing of and returne thancks for it. I can saye no more—Your loving master.’ (Vol. ii. p. 94.)

But we must go back. After the death of Prince Henry, Sir Edmund was transferred to the household of Prince Charles, and having, in 1612, married Margaret Denton, the daughter of his neighbour, Sir Thomas Denton, of Hillesdon, his life was passed partly in the varied business of an active country gentleman and partly in his attendance at Court. In 1623 Sir Edmund accompanied Prince Charles on that journey to Madrid to complete the Spanish alliance which made the king and his son unpopular at home and exposed them to contempt abroad. Unfortunately, there are no letters of Sir Edmund to his wife to give any account of the stay at Madrid. On the accession of Charles I., Sir Edmund was appointed knight marshal of the palace. He had thus to perform the duties of a courtier and a constable, since he was responsible for the preservation of order in the precincts of the palace, and was at the same time, in some sense, a confidential servant of the king. We pass over the intervening years; Sir Edmund went on his kindly and useful way, now in London, and now at Claydon, one day busy with his tenants and his farms, at another in companionship with Hyde or with Hampden, respected alike by men of all parties, a strong Protestant, but a well-wisher to the king. At home a large family had grown up around him. We pass, too, over the Scotch war, and are now at the year 1640. On April 13 the Short Parliament assembled: Sir Edmund sat for Wycombe; his eldest son, Ralph, for Aylesbury; they were returned in the following year for the same places in the Long Parliament. It is now that Sir Ralph comes prominently into notice: he was still young, having been born in 1613. In character he was, though apparently different from his father, in many respects similar. He had the same kindly and upright nature, the same sociable disposition, the

same keen and unselfish interest in the welfare of his country. In two things he differed—he had far less decision of character at a crisis, and he was the most methodical and businesslike of men. His father, always hopeful, had embarked in various speculative undertakings; Sir Ralph, less sanguine, was content to manage with the utmost care the affairs which were actually at his hand. We have already pointed out that Sir Edmund, whilst naturally, and almost necessarily, taking part with the king, was far from being a partisan—his fair and reasonable mind saw too clearly the errors committed by Charles. Sir Ralph, free from the associations and the ties which bound his father, naturally was a Parliamentary, but the same cast of mind which prevented his father from being an ardent Royalist equally prevented him from going the full length of the Parliamentary leaders. Thus differing, father and son were yet similar, but the difference which did exist embittered the latter part of Sir Edmund's life.

The position of the family was now, indeed, a sad one; but it was characteristic of the time—it was not unlike that of others broken up by a civil war.

‘It is a tale,’ writes Mr. Bruce, ‘of suffering on both sides of the great national struggle. A father prompted by an overwhelming sense of personal duty to his sovereign, follows that sovereign in the maintenance of a cause which individually he disapproves. He is even urged by a chivalrous feeling of loyalty to take up arms in its defence. He stands on the field of battle opposed to that side of the question which is not only espoused by his eldest son, but is sanctioned by his own personal convictions. That father sacrifices his life with reckless valour, almost it would seem in despair of otherwise extricating himself from the intolerable evils and vexations by which he is surrounded and hemmed in. The father's place at the head of the family is then occupied by that son who from the first had taken his stand with the party in opposition to whom his father had lost his life upon the field of battle. Others of the family follow in their father's footsteps, but without sharing their father's opinions; brother is opposed to brother; family ties are severed by the feuds of strong political partisanship. On one side some of the best blood of the Verneys is again shed in the field, and on the other there are exile, pecuniary forfeiture and trouble—all but infinite.’ (‘Verney Papers,’ p. 2.)

Sir Edmund's actual feelings have been clearly shown in the conversation which is found in ‘Clarendon's Life,’* and which took place between the two Royalists.

'My condition,' said he, 'is much worse than yours, and different, I believe, from any other man's, and will very well justify the melancholick that I confess to you possesses me. You have satisfaction in your conscience that you are in the right; that the King ought not to grant what is required of him; and so you do your duty and your business together. But for my part I do not like the quarrel, and do heartily wish that the King would yield and consent to what they desire; so that my conscience is only concerned in honour and gratitude to follow my master. I have eaten his bread and served him near thirty years, and will not do so base a thing as to forsake him; and choose rather to lose my Life (which I am sure I shall do) to preserve and defend those things, which are against my conscience to preserve and defend. For I will deal freely with you, I have no reverence for the Bishops, for whom this Quarrel subsists.' (Vol. ii. p. 126.)

To differ from his eldest son, with whom he had been on terms of entire confidence, must have alone made the Civil War hateful. Lady Sussex, the intimate friend of father and son, writes to the latter in September, 1842, that she had had a letter from Sir Edmund.

'It was a very sadde on and his worde was this of you; "madam he hath ever lane near my hart and truly he is ther still;" that he hade many affliction uppon him, and that you hade usede him unkindly; this was the effect of itt. The paper you sent of is [his] letter to you i bornt presently; i shall never open my lipes of that nor any thinge else you trust me with; he is passynate, and much trubledde i belive that you declarede yourselfe for the parlyment: a littill time will digest all I am confident. I hartily wish you coulde have bene with me some littill time when he comes firs [first] to london; may bee he woulde have the Kuinge thinke hee was a littill displesede with you for goinge that way: if you can be absent from the parlyment i thinke it woulde be very will: i'am suer i shoulde thinke it a very great happines to me your companye and your swite ladyes. Now lett me intrete you as a frende that loves you most hartily, not to right passynatly to your fater, but ovour com him with kaindnes; good man I see hee is infinetly malincoly, for many other thinges i belive besides the difference betwixt you. For god sake give nothinge to the parlyment derectly nor inderectly: i hope in the lorde ther will bee pese; the parlyment will show ther great strenth, which sartinly will case the Kuinge to yealde to most of ther demandes . . . wee have great store of sogers now att Sentaborns cam tonight and the say threcore curtis of amanisyon and thinge for that use, and ten great peses drane uppon whiles [wheels], and the Indes of court gentillmen to garde my lordes parson is com too, the say very fine and well horsed. If this soger be passede, i hope wee shall have no more to friton us. . . . My lorde Willmot hath bene a soger; an experiencede man he is, ther fore it tis will to make him safe.' (Vol. ii. pp. 105, 106.)

Without confidence in his cause, estranged from his son, Sir Edmund did not hesitate to fulfil to the utmost what he regarded as his duty, and plunged at Edgehill into the thickest of the fray. It is characteristic of a civil war—more especially of one in a country such as ours, small in extent, and closely connected one part with another—that Sir Ralph should receive from a man quite politically opposed to him the account of his father's death. Sir Edward Sydenham, who succeeded Sir Edmund as Knight Marshal, wrote on October 26 from near the battlefield the following letter, interesting not only from its account of Sir Edmund's last fight, but from giving further evidence of the dislike of reasonable men to the war, which had now begun in earnest.

'For all our great vycktorie I have had the greatest loss by death of your nobell father that ever anie freind did, which next to my wyfe and Master was the greatest misfortune that by death could have fallen to me: he himselfe killed two with his owne hands, whercof one of them had killed poore Jason, and brocke the poynt of his standard at push of pike before he fell, which was the last account I could receave of anie of our owne syde of him. The next daye the kinge sent a harald to offer mercie to all that would laye downe armes, and to enquire for my Lord of Lynsee, my Lo Wyllowby and him; he brought word that my Lo Lynsee was hurt, your ffather dead, and my Lo Wyllowby only prysoner; he would nither put on armes or buff cote the day of battell, the reason I know not; the battell was bloody on your syde, for your hoerss rann awaye at the first charge, and our men had the execution of them for three miles; it began at 3 a clock and ended at syx. The kinge is a man of the least feare and the greatest mercie and resolution that ever I saw, and had he not bin in the fylde, we might have suffered. My Lord of Essex is retired in great disorder to Warwick, for the next morninge he suffired his connon to be taken away within muskett shott of his armie, and never offired to hindir them; it is sayd ther was killed and run away since, eaygtt thowsand of his armie. This day the kinge tooke in bamberie; our armie dayly increases; god in mercie send us peace, and although your loss be as great as a sonn can loose in a father, yitt god's chyldren must beare with patience what afflyektion soever he shall please to laye upon them. You have a great tryall, god in mercie give you grace to make a santified use of this great afflyektion, and to undergoe this great burden with patience. My humbell servise to your sad wyfe. God of his infinite mercie cumfort you bothe which shall be the prayers of your freind and sarvant who shall ever be reddie to performe anie sarvise in the power of your Ed: Sidenham. Ther is delivered to me fyftie two cornetts and colors which was taken; I beleevè ther be manie more.' (Vol. ii. pp. 118-120.)

With the death of Sir Edmund Sir Ralph became master

of Claydon, and his inheritance was both a burden and a pleasure, for he had a keen appreciation of his duties; friends and dependents looked to him for assistance, and he had a love not only of the place, with its family associations, but of county life and country pleasures.

Of the other sons of Sir Edmund, Edmund, the third son, was an ardent and born Royalist. He was essentially a soldier: from the University of Oxford he went, after a short interval spent with the army in Scotland, to join in the campaigns in the Low Countries. He was thus politically opposed to his elder brother, though at no time did he break their friendship. Of the other sons, Thomas, the second, was a worthless ne'er-do-well, and Henry, the fourth son, was not much better. The sole interest which the reader of these papers finds in them is that they illustrate over and over again how from century to century the nature of men continues the same, though surrounded by very widely different social conditions. There is much that charms us in this young Sir Edmund, who was knighted by the king in 1644. In March of that year Sir Alexander Denton wrote to Sir Ralph: 'My nephewe, Sir Edmund Verney, is knighted; but Collonell was taken prisoner, now in the Tower, and he escaped narrowlye.' In the same month he was Lieutenant-Governor of Chester. But a yet more attractive figure is Mary Verney, wife of Sir Ralph, in whom we recognise not faintly the ideal of Wordsworth—

'The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.'

'With one of the sweetest tempers and most cheerful dispositions that ever woman was blessed with, Mary Verney had a backbone of sense and spirit and of high principle which made her indeed, as Crowther wrote of her to Ralph, "your sweetest comfort." Edmund (Ralph's brother), who was warmly attached to her, always calls her "my sweetest sister." "Mischiele" was one of the pet names for her in the family. Dr. Denton never mentions her without some tender epithet, and to Sir Edmund she was a favourite daughter.'

In Vandyke's picture of this admirable woman we still can recognise, in the humour of the eyes, the mouth ready to break into a smile, good reason for the playful name of 'Mischief.*' When we have perused her letters which

* The admirable manner in which Messrs. Walker & Boutall have, in Lady Verney's work, reproduced the original pictures, should not

relate to the arduous labour of her life in London in 1646-7, striving to renew the fortunes of her exiled husband, we forget the playful companion in the woman of business, always cheerful and ready, never downhearted, working with single purpose under physical ailments and among hostile politicians and cold friends. No husband and wife were ever happier throughout their married life, and yet there never was more a marriage of convenience than that of Mary Blacknall and Ralph Verney. It was arranged in accordance with the practice of the times, when a marriage was regarded as absolutely and solely a matter of business. It was similar to many others of that age, and the student of the social characteristics of England is often tempted to ask himself whether the happiness of the nation has been sensibly increased by the change which has come over the social views of the basis of the marriage contract. The love of the betrothed Phyllis and Corydon is pretty enough as a picture; it is not much good if it cannot bear the wear and tear of later years. The match between Ralph Verney and Mary Blacknall exemplifies so well one point in the social state of the seventeenth century that we do not hesitate to let the story appear as Lady Verney tells it. But first it should be said that Mary Blacknall was an heiress and an orphan; therefore she came under the jurisdiction of the Court of Wards, and the right of giving her in marriage was accordingly worth a good round sum to the king's treasury.

'In Mary Blacknall's case,' writes Lady Verney, 'four of her relations procured from the Court a lease of her lands and the custody of her person, with the privilege, when she should be fourteen, of bestowing her in marriage, for which they paid down 1,000*l.* to the Crown, and gave bond for the payment of another 1,000*l.* One of the guardians, Libb, concocted a match between her and his son; "the licence was had, the wedding apparel bought, and the priest ready," she being only eleven years of age. The fourth guardian, however, her uncle, Wiseman, appealed to the Court against this arrangement, which was clearly a breach of trust, and an order was made "that the ward un-married, unaffyed, and uncontracted" should, under a penalty of 5,000*l.*, be sent to Lady Denham of Boarstall in Bucks, mother of the poet, to be brought up with her own daughters. Three of the guardians then offered her to Sir Edmund Verney for his eldest son.

go unnoticed; it is scarcely going too far to say that the engravings have all the value of the original pictures as portraits without any loss of clearness or colour, which in some cases affects the originals. This particular picture at Claydon, for example, seems to have lost colour.

Sir Edmund agreed to take the child, and pay the 1,000*l.* still due to the Crown, her uncle stipulating that she should not be forced in marriage, but should be well-bred, "and be allowed to make her choice at years competent." Still there were difficulties, but Sir Edmund procured a decree from the Court of Wards in his own favour, and in May 1629, aged thirteen, she was married to Ralph, who was not yet sixteen. Lady Verney writes to Mrs. Wiseman from Claydon: "Your neece and my sonne are now marred. God send them as much happiness as I wish them, and that I am sure it will be to all our comforts;" she excuses herself for the privacy of the marriage, but hopes to see the Wisemans at Claydon, "wher, though you will not find a wedding feast, yett I will assure you of the heartiest wellcome I can give; and shall allwayes rest thanckfull to you for the favour. M^r Verney is gone to Courte, but commanded mee to present his love and service."

"The girl herself writes: "Good aunt, besides the desire I have to heare of your health and my uncle's, I thinck it fitt to acquaint you that now I am married, in which state I hope God will give mee his blessings and make it happy to mee." She then says that she was anxious the marriage should be "privatly done, and soe it was. . . . As I had your loving advice to it, soe I assure myself I shall have your prayers for the good success of it."

"Mrs. Wiseman replies: "I pray God send them as much joye and happines as ever anye cuppell had. I could have wissed that Sir Edmund Verney would have settelled his land upon them, according to his promise, before they had bine married. [This was afterwards done.] I make no douth but he will don it . . . otherwise hir friends will blame Mr. Wiseman and me, whoe weare the case of the mache. . . . I humbelly thanke you for your kind invitacione: I will have a tim to wayt on you. Our accasion of bilding this sommer is great, wich will be the let."* To her niece she complains that she was not more consulted, although she and her husband "ever intened this mache." She desires her always to honour the Verneys "as your parants, for so now thay be, and God will give a blesinge upon you." She mentions that Aunt Libb, who had striven to marry the girl to her own son, "sayth that shee hoppeth that I shall repent the mach as much as anything that I ever ded, but I have a betere belcufe;" and thus the unseemly quarrel over the possession of the poor child ended. She had fallen into good, kind hands, though as it were by accident. The married couple did not live together for two years. Mary returned to her relations for some time, and an effort seems to have been made even then to induce her to repudiate the marriage.' (Vol. i. pp. 115-117.)

This was not a beginning full of promise, but no cloud ever came between Ralph and Mary Verney. She died, aged only thirty-four, in May 1650. There is a simple letter from Sir Ralph to his sister Margaret Elmes, not the most agree-

* Collect for Fourth Sunday in Advent. 'Let and hindered,' &c.

able of women, in which he touches happily on Lady Verney's admirable bearing to himself:—

'Give me leave to set before your eyes my owne deare wife that's now with God. You know she brought a farr better fortune than my Estate deserved, and for her guifts of Grace and nature I may justly say she was inferior to very few, soe that she might well expect all reasonable observance from mee, yet such was her goodnesse that when I was most Peevish she would be most Patient, and as if she meant to aire my frowardnesse and frequent follies by the constancy of her forbearance, studdied nothing more than a sweet compliance. But perhaps you may thinke I was a better husband than your owne; alas, if that were soe, twas she that made me soe, and I may thanke her silence and discretion for your good oppinion of me, for had she (like soe many other wives) divulged my faults, or in a proud disdainfull way dispised me for my pettish humours, tis tenn to one I had beene found more liable to censure then any other man.' (Vol. ii. pp. 423, 424.)

But we must return to the position taken up by Sir Ralph in public affairs. He had steadily supported Parliament, and he remained doing his work in the House till August 1643. But in that month the religious policy of the Commons, forced on them by the stress of affairs, was trying the fidelity of the more moderate of their adherents. Many like Sir Ralph supported the action of the Parliament in a conservative and not in a revolutionary spirit. The ordinary English gentleman was far from having any dislike of the Church of England, and in some measure, when he arrayed himself against Charles, did so in its defence. He was as opposed to Presbyterianism as to Catholicism. So that when Sir Ralph—essentially a typical English gentleman of sound and moderate opinions—was required to be sworn to the Covenant he was placed in a difficult dilemma. To do so was contrary to his strongest opinions and feelings, to abstain was to set himself in opposition to his party at a moment of stress and danger. In a word, he was too moderate and too moderately minded for the position in which he was placed. But though he had not hesitated to take the greater step and oppose the king, his conscience would not let him sign the Covenant. So at the end of August he left London for Gorhambury, an object of suspicion to the Parliament, and with ruin staring him in the face. On the 29th of the month his friend, Sir Roger Burgoyne, who had signed the Covenant, wrote between the lines of a news letter and in sympathetic ink: 'There was an order made this morning that a committee be appointed for the putting in execution the former order, for the

'sequestering the estates of those members of the house as 'shall absent themselves without leave.' But his friends stood by him. Mr. William Bell wrote in the middle of September: 'A motion was made against you to-day for 'absenting yourself, as if you were gone to the king; 'Mr. Speaker, Mr. Reynolds, and I told them how the case 'stood with you, where upor 'he whole house was very well 'satisfied with it.'* At such a time the man who stood aloof from his party was, not without reason, regarded as hostile to it. Sir Ralph's position in his own eyes was unassailable. His misfortune was his incapacity to distinguish between the needs of a terrible national crisis and those of a difficult juncture in public affairs in ordinary times. This is what he wrote to a friend, not a little angered that his fealty to his party was doubted:—

S^r,—Your former favours give mee confidence to trouble you with a letter to excuse my not waiting on you as I intended. The truth is, I am yet soe much unsatisfied in that businesse, that though I have greate desire to comply with you, and some other of my freinds, and submit myselfe to your better judgments, yet for y^e present I cannot doe it, and being unwilling to give the House the least offence (knowing how uselesse a creature I am), I have resolved to take a jorney and for a while to retire to some such place, where I may have leasure enough to informe my judgment in such things wherin I am yet doubtinge. S^r, perhaps this my absence may give occation to some jellous spirits to suggest (as formerly they have donn) that I am gonn to Oxford, I confesse I care not what such men say, a little time will sufficiently discover those malicious untruths and shame there authours. S^r, whatever others thinke, I am confident you will still preserve mee in your good oppinion, and I must beseech you to beleeve, what ever reports are raised, or however I may suffer by them, I shall alwaies honour, and pray for the Parliament, and continue

'Your most affectionate freind and humble servant.' (Vol. ii. pp. 164, 165.)

Sir Ralph had made his choice and he would not depart from it. 'Only one member of the House of Commons 'among those who had remained at their posts at Westminster after the first months of the Civil War—Sir Ralph 'Verney—refused the Covenant at the end of 1643, preferring 'the miseries of exile to the soiling of his conscience.† The exile came at the end of the year, when Sir Ralph and his wife and two children crossed to Rotterdam, and

* Vol. ii. p. 164.

† Gardiner's 'Great Civil War,' vol. ii. p. 10.

thence travelling into France took up their abode at Rouen. His position was incomprehensible to his friends, who could not reconcile his former determined attitude against the king with an apparent excess of scrupulousness in regard to a formal oath. How little they appreciated his act is well exemplified in a letter from his cousin, Doll Leake, to his wife:—

‘I have heard severall parliment men,’ she writes, ‘call your husband a delinquent; some say he has 3 thousand pound ayeare and that they resolve to have it sudenly; all the mischeffe that they can do him he must expect, which apeares to me a straining cruilty and an ill reward for his good opinion of them.’ (Vol. ii. p. 213.)

The honest English girl, like Sir Ralph, forgot that the times were out of joint and that good opinion counted for little if it was not accompanied by active work. Sir Edmund appreciated the times better. Sad at heart, and not confident of the righteousness of the king’s cause, he yet saw that he must take part on one side or the other, and threw himself with outward seeming confidence into the thickest of the fight. The result of Sir Ralph’s action was what his friends expected. In September, 1645, he was voted out of the House of Commons and his seat was filled up. The action of the House seems to have surprised and grieved him.

‘I confess,’ he wrote to his friend Sir Roger Burgoyne, in answer to his letter telling him of what had occurred, ‘it brought mee tidings of one of the greatest and most inexpressible afflictions that ever yet befell me, for which my soul shall mourn in secret, for I want words to declare my grief. God in mercy give me patience and forgive those that did it, without affording me the favour, nay I might say the justice, of a summons. Deare hart, tell mee what particulars were objected against me, that I may cleare myselfe to thee and one friend more, whome I desire to satisfie, for I protest though I know myselfe guilty of many crimes, yet I am not conscious of any offence committed against them, and were I not well assured of this, my owne Hart would make mee more onhappy then all their votes can doe.’ (Vol. ii. p. 217.)

His estates had already been nominally sequestrated by an ordinance of 1644, but it was not until September, 1646, that it was actually put in force. But in November of the same year Lady Verney arrived in England to endeavour to obtain the removal of the sequestration. It must be confessed that, while we may well sympathise with Sir Ralph’s conscientious scruples, our admiration must be reserved for his wife—first following him patiently and without a mur-

mur into exile, leaving home and friends, then returning to her native land, that home no longer hers, to do her best for her husband's interest. To us of these later centuries the separation of Sir Ralph and his wife has been no small good fortune, for her letters were numerous and open, and we have in them so graphic a picture of the times and of what a woman can do that it is difficult to refrain from very lengthy extracts.

We meet her, so to say, directly on her arrival. 'We are this very instant safely arrived here in Southwark, but soe extreemly weary that I can scarce hold my pen.' Next month we find her troubled somewhat with bad health and harassed by business.

'Neyther the ayre nor diett agrees with me, butt I shall make all the hast out of itt that I can, though I feare twill be longe first, for I find business of this nature are extreemly tedious, but if it pleas God to give me my helth I will nott neglect one minutes time.' (Vol. ii. p. 245.)

But all Lady Verney's tact, temper, and persistence could not hurry forward her errand, and it was not until nearly eighteen months passed away—until April, 1648—that, her mission accomplished, she rejoined her husband. In this letter we see her closeted with a lawyer, and somewhat troubled too about the expensiveness of living.

'I was at his chamber last night, and his opinion is, you are nott chainable [*i.e.* liable to sequestration], for he saith you were chained onely by an order of the House and not by an ordinance, and he assures me bare order is nott sufficient, having nothing but absence against you, butt others are nott of his opinion. . . . I am att very great charge here, for I pay twelve shilling a week for a chamber for myselfe and another for my mayde twoe pare of staires high, fire, candles, washing, breakfast and diet besides. . . . Coaches are most infernett dear, and there is noe stirring forth without one or a chaire, the towne was neavor so full as tis now.' (Vol. ii. p. 246.)

Somewhat later, Lady Verney has arrived at a definite conclusion as to the manner in which the sequestration must be removed, but she is obviously experiencing great difficulties amidst the anxieties of all men at the public situation.

'There cannot be any thing donn [in your business] untell we have a certifficate from the "committee" in the country wherefore you were sequestered; and then they say we must petition the committees in both Houses after we have made all the frendes that posseble we can; and if we can gett off we shall be hapy, elce we shall be referred to Goldsmiths Hall where we must expect nothing but cruelty, and the

paing of more lead than I feare we can possoble make. This is the day there of Dr. Denton's hearing; how he will come off as yett I know nott. . . . One Saterdag last a great many compounded. My Lord of Dorset paid £5,000, and he presently overed the comittees his whole estate for £6,000, they paing his depts. . . . All the fear here now is betweene the Presbeteriens and the Independants; they beginn allready to come to the House in tumults. Upon Friday there was a thowsand came downe to the House to demand sixe of their owne men which were comitted, and they were presently released. . . . I am most extreemly weary of this place for hear is noething of frendship left, but all the falceness that can be imagined. Except Sir R. Burgoyne here hath not been any of that syde, onely once Frank Drake, whoe is soe fearfull and timerous, that he dares nott look upon those he hath heretofore professed freindship toe. The greatest freyndshipp one can expect from most here is nott to be one's enymie.' (Vol. ii. pp. 248, 249.)

At length, in April 1647, the certificate was obtained. 'It is for noe thing but absence. . . . They tell me it must 'be referred to the House before I can come off cleare.' All this time Lady Verney was in delicate health, and in June her youngest son was born. Exactly three weeks later she writes: 'For myselfe I am soc very weake that ontell 'yesterday I have neaver been able to sitt upp an hour at a 'time.' On July 4 we find a letter from Dr. Denton, a faithful friend and sagacious man of the world, which, whilst it tells us of Lady Verney, shows how obscure the political situation appeared to a competent observer.

'Landlady,' writes the doctor, using a playful name, which he was accustomed to give to Lady Verney, 'is churcht & well, but looks ill enough. . . . The differences betweene army and parliament are yett a riddle to most. . . . I cannot divine what will be the issue; you may give some ghesse by the books I send you. . . . As far as I can looke into a milstone, I guesse that the Independants tooke it ill that they could not sway the House, & now they take this course to purge it of the cheefe Presbeterians, that they may reigne againe; which when done I believe the army and parliament will quickly shake hands (except a Cavalier party in the army crosse the designe), and happily they may court the kinge by invitinge his returne, settlinge his revenew, etc., and in such things make him a glorious kinge. But if eyther party can prevaile without makinge use of the king's interest, I beleve they will clipp his power.' (Vol. ii. p. 272.)

We have not the space to follow Lady Verney into the country to recruit her health. But sorrows were awaiting her, for in October she not only lost her baby, but her little daughter Peg, with her father in France, was also taken from her. 'Since I writt this,' is the postscript to one of her letters, 'I have receaved ye sad nues of toe of our deare

‘ children’s death, which affliction joyned with being absent
‘ from thee is—without god’s great marcy to me, a heavier
‘ burthen than can be borne by thine owne unhapy M.’
But the courageous woman did not let physical weakness, or personal sorrow, stay her from her appointed task, and at length, on December 17, t^e petition of Lady Verney on behalf of her husband was referred to the Committee of Sequestrations. How it occurred is told in the following letter from Lady Verney :—

‘ Our petition is granted and I trust as God hath wonderfully pleased us in itt, soe he will continue his marcye still and bless our endeavors thatt wee may suddenly dispatch thy busēnes which hath cost me many a sadd and tedious hower. Our frends caried in the house to every creatures greate amazement, for twas a mighty full House and att the very same time they had buseness came in of very high concernment, Mr. Selden and Mr. Pierpoint did much discourage us in itt, and sayd twas not posseble to gett itt don, butt yett Mr. Pierpoint did you very good sarvis in itt, and truly Mr. Trevor hath bin hugely much your frend, and soe hath Mr. Knightly and many others that I canott have time to name. They toe dine with me toe day and some others which y^e doctor sent me word he would bring that wee are much obleged toe. I took up £40 and payed itt the same day, you may Imagination for what and truly I was neavor better contented to pay any money in my life then I was to pay that. . . . I beginn to have a huge content within me to think how sudenly I shall be with thee, and yet beleeeve me this toe months I have still to stay heare will appeare to me seavon yeares. Everybody tells me that there is noe question but thou wilt be cleared att ye comittee of Lords and Comons. In the afternoone we goe aboute making of nue frends; . . . they all tell me we need nott feare a deniall; but itt may be if we doe not make freinds, we may be delayed.’ (Vol. ii. pp. 304, 305.)

In January, 1648, came the final act.

‘ Thy buseness was yesterday donn according to thy hartes desire, and I have this day onely time to tell thee soe. . . . Lady Warwick hath at last in some measure playd her parte, butt I putt her soundly to itt for I have bin 4 or 5 times with her this week; her husband was there and brought others with him whoos pressence did much good; I went Imediattly from the Comittee to give her thanks last night, where her hus : was gott home before me soe I gave them both thanks together.’ (Vol. ii. p. 307.)

The sequestration was taken off, and Sir Ralph was again Master of Claydon. In April Lady Verney rejoined her husband. But the anxiety and exertions incident to her task had been too much for her. In May, 1650, she died at Blois of consumption, but was buried at Claydon. Undoubtedly she had never fully recovered the strength which

she lost in England. She was the prototype of many heroic Englishwomen who, in later years, in all parts of the habitable globe, have been an honour to their race, and though Sir Ralph must be respected as an honourable and patriotic gentleman, it must be admitted that in the time of difficulty Lady Verney bore the nobler part. Though in some respects the remainder of Sir Ralph's life does not belong strictly to the period embraced in these volumes, yet a word upon it will give completeness to this story. He returned to England, but 'only to be the object of Cromwell's suspicion, and was in durance, though not close prison, 'in St. James' Tennis Court for seventeen weeks, in 1655, 'because he would not give recognisances to the Protector.' After the Restoration he soon became disgusted with the character of the Government, and was again in opposition and again a member of Parliament. In 1688 he was deprived by James II. of his office as a magistrate of Buckinghamshire, thus again bearing witness to the single-minded manner in which with great patriotism he was at all times in his life ready to hold to what he conceived to be his duty as an English citizen. At last, after the accession of William and Mary, he found a Government in which he could have confidence; for many years he was a member of Parliament, but he was more essentially a country gentleman. His long and honourable life came to an end at the ripe age of eighty-three, in the year 1696. His son John succeeded to his title and property, and he it was who was afterwards created Baron Verney and Viscount Fermanagh.

While the main lines of this book follow the fortunes of the Verney family, other men and women of the time are grouped around it. Of some we have but glimpses, of others we see much. Of such is Dr. Denton, uncle to Sir Ralph, though he was but seven years older than his nephew; he was at one time Court physician to Charles I., and, exercising his calling later in London, was able to keep in touch and on friendly terms with both political parties. He was a man overflowing with kindness and good nature, wary and sagacious, trusted by all, and pleased to do a service, great or small, to a friend. 'If I am not disappointed,' he wrote to Sir Ralph after the execution of Charles, 'you shall have the Kings booke. It hath been hitherto at 8s. to 10s. price.' . . . We have already seen how prudently and persistently he assisted Lady Verney in obtaining the unsequestrating of Claydon. Another figure who lives in these pages is Lady Sussex, as it is best to call

her, though before her second marriage she was Lady Lee, and after the death of her second husband she married the Earl of Warwick. She was a careful and clever woman, who appeared to absorb all the news of her time and to impart it to her friends. With a keen interest in political affairs, she had yet no deep insight beyond the surface of affairs, but her letters reflect with admirable fidelity the impressions of the period as they are formed in the mind of a woman typical of the best ladies of her day. Here, for example, are extracts from some letters written from Gorhambury in February 1643, which indicate vividly the perturbed condition of the country, which caused danger and inconvenience, as well as pecuniary loss, to large numbers of the community:—

“Wee have great store of sogers at Sentahornes [St. Albans], the last wike one of the tone sent us worde they did intende to com and plonder us that night; but a thinke God it was not so; i sente presently to ther captans, so they have promisede to have a care of us, and to keepe ther sogers from us: S^r tomis Chike sent us another protexsyon, so that I hope wee shall bee safe . . . i pray God your hose consent for a sasyon of armes.” On February 7, the lords had voted a cessation of arms, and there was in some quarters an earnest desire that the Commons should support them. Lady Sussex continues on the 16th: “. . . i must expect littill or noe rent this our lady-day . . . Bosby was one that pade beste, and trully the parlyment side hath usede him very hardlv; for his religion i thinke; the have kailled all his kattill uppon the gronde, taken away his hay, so that itt tis likely he most paye ill now.” March 8: “i am very sory for the nues of my lorde Broke [his death], ther will be much reioysinge on the other side.” (Vol. ii. pp. 153, 154.)

Not one among the men and women whose ‘hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving,’ have been preserved for us in the Verney manuscripts appears, after the lapse of two centuries, more lifelike than Lady Sussex. Yet she is, after all, but one among many with whom these and similar papers, yielding up their unknown treasures to careful searchers, enable us to people the past—beings not fashioned out of the fancy of the poet, but living and moving much as we ourselves, and actuated by the same passions and motives.

- ART. VI.—1. *Studies in Statistics*. By G. B. LONGSTAFF, M.A., M.D. London: 1891.
2. *England's Industrial and Commercial Supremacy*. By J. E. THOROLD ROGERS, M.A. London: 1892.
3. *The Statesman's Year-Book*. Edited by J. SCOTT-KELTIE. London: 1892.

THE increase or decrease of population by natural or artificial causes, and the distribution of mankind over different parts of the globe, are the dominant factors of the history and condition of the human race. The rise and fall of nations and of empires, the progress or decline of civilisation, and the domination of man over the uncultivated parts of the earth, are all due to the waves of population which are driven by various causes to new scenes of existence and new seats of power. These tidal movements of humanity have occurred over and over again at many periods of the world's history, but with great irregularity. There have been times when the increase of population has been slow and its habits sedentary. There have been times when the whole human race seems to have been in motion, driven by some mysterious impulse to seek new lands to cultivate and new homes. If the progress of population had been continuous from the remote periods of antiquity, it is evident that the numbers of mankind would be much greater than they are, and the globe would be already overstocked with human beings. But other causes, not less mysterious in their operation, have checked that progress. Many of the populous countries of antiquity have become depopulated and apparently unable to support life. It is uncertain whether, at the present moment, the population of the globe is greater than it was two or three thousand years ago. There is congestion in Europe, in India, and in China; there are innumerable tribes in Central Africa on whom even the slave-trade makes no perceptible impression. But the vast plains of Asia, which swarmed with men under the Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian Empires, are deserted. The civilisation of Europe is no longer threatened by the Eastern hordes which swept over the Roman Empire in the earlier centuries of the Christian era. But that prodigious migration laid the foundation of the States of modern Europe.

These are matters which may well deserve the attention of philosophers, and they have not been treated as fully as they ought to be, for they lie at the very bottom of society.

Our attention is now peculiarly called to them, because the nineteenth century, now drawing to a close, is pre-eminent for the two leading phenomena of population—namely, the rapid increase of births in most of the States of Christendom, and, we may add, in India, and the enormous migration of Europeans to settlements in the North and South American continents and in other parts of the world.

To some extent, the causes of these facts are not far to seek. The natural increase is promoted by the absence of wars; by the increase of wealth, which enables a larger number of human beings to live; by the improvements in medicine and in sanitary conditions, which have tended to prolong life; by freedom of trade, which supplies the deficiencies of one country from the resources of another; and, above all, by good government and liberty. So, too, the migration of the millions has been largely stimulated by new and unheard-of facilities of conveyance. The railroad and the steam-vessel afford at a cheap rate, and with marvellous rapidity, means of transport to every part of the globe. The shores of America, and even of Australia, are brought within a few days' or weeks' voyage from Europe. It is as if these continents, which were so little known even a hundred years ago, had become contiguous to our own islands; and the consequence is the passage of multitudes of all nations to the broad lands still only partially occupied beyond the ocean.

The colonies of antiquity sent out by Phœnicia and Greece were mainly founded for the purpose of trade, and they created settlements which became States; but they were not followed by any great movement of population, and their proportions were comparatively small. Mr. Hume showed, in his admirable essay on the 'Populousness of Ancient Nations,' that the number of inhabitants of these settlements was very inconsiderable. In modern times we have many colonies and dependencies which lead to no migration of the British race, and the native population is left to its own rate of increase. Neither in the East nor in the West Indies has there been any notable increase of the European races. In South Africa the progress was extremely slow, until the discovery of diamonds and gold gave a powerful impulse to emigration thither. In all these cases it is the nature of the climate which determines the course of emigration. Men of the Saxon, Celtic, and Teutonic races will not settle in countries unfit for the outdoor labour of white men; and though governed by Europeans, as colonies,

they will never become the settlements of European races; and, indeed, tropical countries appear to be fatal to the children of European parents.

The French are the least migratory of European nations. They do not suffer from the pressure of population at home, which is declining, nor are they assisted by the spirit which sent forth so many illustrious navigators and missionaries in former times. In the seventeenth century France had the largest transmarine territorial empire in the world. It extended over the greater part of the continent of North America, from the sources of the St. Lawrence and the Missouri to the mouth of the Mississippi. Yet when Canada was conquered by Great Britain the French population is said not to have exceeded 32,000; under British rule it has increased with great rapidity, but not by immigration. The colonies of France have always been created and maintained by the State, never by the people; and at the present day, when an attempt is made to revive the colonial spirit, there is but little emigration, and the colonies are supported by the mother-country, at a cost, we believe, of a hundred million francs a year. In Algeria and Tonquin the dominion of France is defended by a strong military occupation, at the cost of large sacrifices of money and of human life. But military government is absolutely repugnant to the spontaneous movement of population. Colonies are not created by civil or military authority, but by themselves.

We are indebted to Dr. Longstaff, whose work we have placed at the head of this article, for the most ample details in existence in relation to the unprecedented increase at home and to the precise character of the migration abroad. He has arranged his facts with singular lucidity and precision, and illustrated them by ingenious diagrams. There is not in existence a more complete and striking picture of the population of the civilised world. We cannot attempt in these pages to follow the numerous statistical details of his tables, though the reader who examines them as a whole will find them of unusual interest. But we must content ourselves with borrowing some of his general conclusions. Speaking of our population at home, he says:—

‘I do not concern myself with Oriental nations, nor with periods of remote antiquity, but with these limitations I maintain that such an increase of population as has been witnessed during the last fifty years in Europe and its daughter-States in the New World of the West and South, has never been seen before. . . . If what I have said be true—and it cannot be denied—it is evident that the great expansion of the

nineteenth century is not only exceptional, but absolutely unique, since nothing exactly like it can ever occur again. The growth of population may indeed go on—doubtless it will go on; applied science will provide our descendants with ingenious contrivances as yet not dreamed of; but no fresh mechanical inventions can discover for us vast regions of fertile soil lying under a temperate sun. No such marvel is in store as the opening up of the great western prairies of North America, or the colonisation of such an island as Australia.

‘England and Wales alone add 1,000 a day to the population of the world; that is to say, over and above reserve men who fill the gaps caused by death, a fresh regiment of full war strength daily marches to the front. Where is this regiment ultimately quartered? What becomes of the people?’

Dr. Longstaff reckons the probable increase of the population of England and Wales in twenty years—1881–1901—at 7,300,000, and that in 1901 (only nine years hence) schools will be required for 1,500,000 children, churches for 1,000,000 Anglicans, chapels for 500,000 Nonconformists, and asylums of every kind in the same proportion. The Doctor appears to forget that more than half his period is already past. But he adds that at least 35,000 acres of land will be required for the habitations, streets, and roads of the vast human increment. It is to be regretted that most of the calculations and tables of this work are made on the basis of the census of 1881. The census of 1891 would in some respects have modified them, for the increase of population at home has been less rapid.

What proportion does the emigration of our people and of other European nations bear to this amazing rate of increase?

Dr. Longstaff answers this question by stating that the annual average of emigrants who leave the shores of the United Kingdom was 248,000, and rose to 334,452 in 1891. The emigrants from Germany are estimated at 130,000; from Scandinavia, 62,000; from Italy, 32,000. During the thirty-seven years from 1853 to 1889, 3,439,138 English, 689,705 Scotch, and 2,775,007 Irish, have emigrated, principally to America.

Thus it appears that the stream of modern emigration flows from three principal sources. The United Kingdom, Germany, and Italy send out every year a larger number of emigrants than the rest of the world together. What are the causes which account for so great a movement? It may safely be said of the 248,116 who left Great Britain that their object in so doing was to better themselves. The spirit of adventure is far from being extinct amongst us, and it finds

much greater scope in a comparatively new country. The skill of an artisan is greatly in demand where manufactures are in their infancy; even the agricultural labourer finds a larger return to his industry, and the domestic servant is 'mistress of the situation' in a colony. The conditions on which success in life depends are far more under a man's own control in a country where professions are not yet stereotyped, and every one can settle his own walk in life; he is more his own master, and he appreciates the fact, or, at any rate, the prospect. The zeal of emigrants is contagious. A single letter describing the successful *début* of a colonist will set a whole village in commotion, whilst the arrival of remittances in money or kind inflames an imagination which has been already kindled by glowing description. Columbus, in his gifts to the Spanish crown, was but following the example of the patriarch Joseph when he sent home by the hands of his brethren elaborate presents of the varied produce of Egypt as an earnest of the good things to be enjoyed in his adopted home, and our own Colonial Exhibition embodied the same idea. But everywhere political forces work together with economical. Professor Rogers points out that political discontents, as a motive to emigration, are commonly caused not so much by the constitution as by the administration of government. It was so in the Stuart times, when the Pilgrim Fathers left us for a country in which they might worship God in their own way, and it is so now. In the case of Ireland, for example, it cannot be doubted that a traditional dissatisfaction with the land system and with English rule has led to a vast deal of emigration; in Scotland, at least in certain districts, the same motive is strong; even in England it is not unknown. At the present day many of the old determining causes have ceased to operate, yet it is not difficult to understand how powerfully the political and social conditions of life in some foreign countries appeal to an English labourer. The elaborate organisation of English society, with its carefully separated grades, is unknown in a new country. The equality among citizens of the United States may be exaggerated, but at least the inequalities are more easily overcome. There a man's future depends upon his own exertions, and his position in society with it. He is far more hopeful of success in the social struggle, and so he no longer 'tills with pain his native lea,' but seeks a country which promises him room for self-assertion and self-development, where the penalties of failure are, perhaps, greater

than here, but the prizes of success are more conspicuous and more within his grasp.

Nor can we doubt that the same causes play a great part in determining the movements of German population. The compulsory military service may be rendered necessary by the country's geographical position, but it is none the less galling. For a man of any natural skill, the loss of three years at the most critical period of his industrial life is an enormous sacrifice to make for patriotism. Add to this the extraordinary meddlesomeness of German government. Even when it is beneficent, as in pensions for sickness and old age, its detail is wellnigh intolerable, and by a large part of the population this beneficence is open to the suspicion of a design to secure political adhesion to the existing government. But the administration in Germany is not always beneficent, and a short experience of life under a state of siege (whether major or minor) must have driven many a labourer to seek a home and peace elsewhere. Meanwhile, a high protective tariff has raised greatly the cost of living and enhanced the attractions of comfort combined with cheapness. In short, the political and economical conditions of life have combined to produce in Germany a widespread sullen discontent, which shows itself in Socialist majorities in large towns, but still more clearly in the growing number of embarkations at Hamburg and Bremen.

Turning to Italy, we find that the growth of population has been rapid of late years. The area which in 1848 contained 23,500,000 had in 1890 more than 30,000,000. And with this increase has come a corresponding increase in the number of emigrants. Italian statisticians calculate that within the last twelve years upwards of 1,500,000 have left the peninsula and spread themselves over the world,* representing about 22 per cent. of the natural increase. Nor does the stream of emigration show any signs of failing, for the Italians who entered the United States in the years 1881-89 were three and a half times as numerous as those between 1871-80. The explanation of this great movement is found in the same causes as operate elsewhere. They are largely economical, for the standard of living is almost inconceivably low in the southern provinces, even after every allowance has been made for difference of climate, and

* This is based on calculations made by Professor Bertolini, but the figures are uncertain owing to a want of definiteness in the classification of emigrants as 'permanent' and 'temporary.'

this increases the attractions of foreign countries. Protective duties have helped to raise the cost of living, and the burden of taxation falls heavy on the labouring class. Politically, too, there is discontent with the existing land system. The great ambition of the Italian peasant is to become a freeholder, but the action of the land laws makes this difficult, and the small wages earned by labour make it impossible to save the purchase-money. The Italian emigrant goes cheerfully abroad, but it is always with the hope of returning to buy land in his own country. He is not, like the British or the German emigrant, a permanent settler. Hence the proportion of Italian women who accompany their husbands is small, and the employments which the emigrants affect are those of retail trading—of exchange rather than production. The rest of Europe, though it contributes by comparison a small number of emigrants, helps to swell the total. Austria-Hungary sends out a yearly average of 45,000, and the number is steadily increasing; France contributes under 5,000, Portugal some 16,000, Norway 15,500, Sweden 28,000, Denmark 6,000, Switzerland 10,000, Holland a number which varies greatly from year to year, but which may be put at an average of 5,000, and Russia and Spain large contingents, of which no statistics are available. Belgium alone, of European countries, has a larger influx than efflux of population, a fact the more remarkable when we bear in mind the density with which it is peopled already.

If we follow these voluntary exiles to their various destinations, we find them extremely capricious in the choice of a new home. Of the great majority it may be said, '*ubi bene ibi patria*,' they are swayed by material considerations to the exclusion of all others. England stands alone among nations in having a vast empire over sea, made up of colonies in which the settler may count on finding himself under the same sovereign and a citizen of the same country. It might be thought that this circumstance would determine the direction taken by English emigrants, but it is not so. The attractions which the United States offer outweigh all others. Of a total of 334,452 emigrants from the United Kingdom in 1891, there went to British North America 33,791, to Australasia 19,714, and to the United States 252,171. No doubt many causes combine to bring about this result. The shortness of the voyage, the example of relatives and friends who are already settled, prosperity and depression in trade—these must all be taken into account.

The Irish go mainly to the United States, the Scotch largely to Canada. Of Germans, 96 per cent. go to the United States, and large numbers to Brazil, but almost none, to the colonies which their government has planted and tended with so much care in Africa. The Swiss make for North and South America, the Italians for the countries bordering on the River Plate and Bra. ^z; but one-third of the whole for the United States. Frenchmen do not any longer settle in Canada, and their coming is said to be discouraged from fear lest the turbulent spirit of innovation which they bring with them should work havoc in Church and State, but they shape their course for South America instead. From Austria-Hungary the stream flows into the United States and Argentina. The former of these draws from the three Scandinavian countries, and attracts Russians, Poles, and Jews from the Czar's dominions. Portuguese naturally cross to Brazil; Dutchmen, as a rule, seek the Knickerbocker city, but a number of them now go to South America.

It would be interesting, if it were possible, to trace the laws according to which the tide of emigration flows and ebbs, but the uniformity is not sufficient to enable us to isolate particular causes with any certainty, and at most we can state some of the circumstances which affect it. The state of the home-country is one. Prince Bismarck once laid it down that a large number of emigrants is a sign of national prosperity, because, he urged, it shows that men have money enough to pay their passage. Whatever be the value of the explanation, it is no doubt a fact that prosperity and emigration move together, and one of the first signs of a coming time of depression is seen in a falling off in the number of emigrants. Thus, following Dr. Longstaff's admirable charts, we find that the emigrants from the United Kingdom were numerous in 1863, 1873, 1883, and 1887, all of which were years in which our imports and exports reached a high figure, and trade was good; whilst, on the other hand, in 1868, 1877, and 1885, when trade was depressed, the emigrants were few. Even the figures of Irish emigration are affected by the same circumstances, and follow the same lines. So, too, the condition of trade determines the destination. The proportion of those who leave this country for the United States rises and falls with the exports and imports of the latter. The development of Argentina has been both the cause and effect of the constantly growing number of those who flock to it. In the same way, political circumstances work to increase or

diminish emigration, to attract or repel settlers. The Jewish persecution in Russia is an active and immediate cause of a large movement. The peaceful or disturbed state of the South American republics acts silently but powerfully in the same way. But here, as so often, it is far more easy to mark tendencies on the part of large bodies of men than to explain them.

We must now pass on to consider the effect upon the new countries themselves of this vast inrush of population from such various sources. To take, first, the United States of America, a very little consideration will show how heterogeneous is the mass of nationalities which are included under this single denomination. Political theories have to be revised, and economical laws to be reconsidered, in the light of the new facts to be observed there. The actual numbers of the population show a large and steady increase—they have doubled themselves every twenty-five years during the present century. In 1790 the figure was close upon 4,000,000, in 1810 it had reached 17,000,000, in 1890 it was 62,622,250. Whereas in 1850 the United States stood seventh in the list of the great Powers in the matter of population, by 1880 it had reached the second place, Russia being still the first. Every year this total is increased by 1,000,000, representing the excess of births over deaths, and by yet another 500,000 of immigrants—every day sees an increase of some 3,400. The composition of this great body is scarcely represented by the comparative numbers of native-born and foreign-born inhabitants. Dr. Longstaff concludes, from some careful calculations, that ‘one-third of the whole ‘white population is more or less foreign in sentiment and ‘associations,’ but to these must be added a large number of native-born, who, from the ‘clannish’ habits of their parents, are at least as much foreign in this sense as the latest arrivals. The distribution of the foreign element in the population is very curious. The largest proportion of natives of Great Britain is found—we blush to write it—in the State of Utah. Nowhere did the gospel of Smith and of Brigham Young find so many converts as in this country, and especially among the yeoman class in some western counties. The reasons for this are not easy to see, but the fact remains that in the Mormon State 17·5 per cent. of the population are natives of Great Britain, whereas the proportion for the country as a whole is 1·8. But though Utah attracts relatively the greatest number of emigrants from this country, we must look elsewhere for the highest total.

New York and Pennsylvania receive them more than any other States, and the coal and iron works of the latter are naturally chosen by the Welsh settlers, who leave the same industries at home. The States to the north and west, where agriculture is the principal employment, contain large numbers, and in Colorado they form a high percentage, but, on the whole, it may be said that they are more or less evenly distributed over the length and breadth of the land. They intermarry freely with the native-born Americans, and are soon absorbed into the native population—far sooner than some other nationalities. The English are to the Scotch as four to one, to the Welsh as eight to one, and the average number of settlers from Great Britain is about 81,000 yearly. The movements of the Irish are very different. Of an average total of 63,000 who land every year in the United States, the great majority never go far from the coast. In Rhode Island they form 12·8 per cent. of the population; in Massachusetts 12·7; in Connecticut 11·3; in New York 9; whilst in New York city they amount to as much as one-fourth of the whole number of citizens, and, if we add those who are the children of one Irish parent, to one-third. The polygamous system of Utah has never had any attractions for this domestic people, but they are to be found in considerable numbers in Nevada and California, in Montana and Wyoming. As a rule, they settle in towns, a fact which may go to show that the ‘land-hunger,’ from which they suffer in their own country, is due largely to the absence of manufactures, and consequently of any outlet for industry save the cultivation of the soil. In the towns they are, as is well known, a considerable power, for the circumstances of his life at home have made the Irishman a *πολιτικὸν ζῶον*, in a sense other than Aristotle’s, and to secure the Irish vote is the great aim of the wirepuller in New York.

The Germans resemble the Irish in the fact that they seek, as a rule, cities in preference to the country. The eastern and central States contain 85·4 per cent. of all the Germans; they are absolutely most numerous in New York, though relatively in Wisconsin, where they are 14 per cent. of the population. The total of foreign-born Germans is upwards of 2,000,000, and of natives who are the children of Germans there are as many as 2,750,000. The Scandinavians go in a body to certain States, and do not spread themselves over the land. It is the agricultural districts which attract them, so much so that a quarter of the whole number is to be found in Minnesota, where they represent 13·8 per cent.

of the population, and in the neighbouring State of Dakota, where they are 13·7. In Utah they are 8·9, and in the whole Union ·9; their favourite cities are Chicago and Minneapolis. They intermarry almost wholly among themselves, they retain their own language, and they amalgamate but little with the native Americans.

For the other nationalities and their distribution a few words will suffice. Italians abound in New York and San Francisco; Swiss and Poles in New York, the former also finding their way to St. Louis, the latter to Chicago. The French come but little to the States—the average annual settlement is but 5,000, and the number of Frenchmen is decreasing. On the other hand, there has been of late years a considerable influx from Canada of persons of French extraction, so that the French element may be reckoned at about 2,000,000; they are found chiefly in Louisiana, in New York, Ohio, California, Illinois, and Pennsylvania. When we consider how doubtful it seemed in the last century whether French or English influence would predominate in North America—whether, in Carlyle's graphic phrase, the country was to be 'Yankee or Frankee'—the figures are very striking, and the answer which they give is conclusive. Dutch settlers, who number about 5,000 yearly, are to be found, as a rule, in New Jersey and in the neighbouring States; Portuguese in California and Massachusetts; Bohemians in the coal-mining districts, where they are rapidly increasing.

Lastly, a great deal of light is thrown on the nature of immigration, and the intentions of immigrants, by the proportionate number of women who accompany them. The domestic habits and affections of the Irish, coupled with the fact that they leave their homes for better or for worse, like the Phœceans of old, are shown by the circumstance that 49 per cent. of them are females. So, too, of Germans we find 41·8 per cent.; of Dutch 40·2; of Englishwomen, on the other hand, in spite of the attractions of Utah, we find but 38·3; and of Italians 21·2; but then Italians look to America only as a country in which money can be made to be spent in buying land at home. The Chinese, who never intend to make more than a temporary stay, are almost all males, the proportion of women being but 1·2 per cent.

Two general considerations are suggested by the figures bearing upon the population of the United States. First, that the preponderance of English settlers is growing smaller every year. Comparing the nine years 1881–89 with the decade 1871–80, we find that the increase in the number of

settlers from England and Wales is 30 per cent., from Scotland 57, from Ireland 38. Meanwhile Germany has increased her total by 89 per cent., Italy by 358, Russia by 330, and Austria-Hungary by 308. Secondly, the importance of immigration grows less and less. Every year the increase of native-born is greater and greater in proportion to the total increase, and at the present time it is calculated that the Anglo-American stock amounts to not less than 62 per cent. of the entire people, the Irish to 10 per cent., the German to 10, the African to 13, and the rest of the world to but 5 per cent.

The diversity which characterises the various elements of population in the United States is seen also in Canada, a country which has not, until the last few years, attracted any very large number of settlers. The population, as a whole, increases but slowly. It was 3,600,000 in 1871; in 1881 it had risen to 4,300,000, in 1891 to 4,829,411. The annual immigration, which has been fairly constant for some few years, may be put at 176,000, but the effect of this upon the number of the population is greatly lessened by the fact that a large proportion move on to the United States. Thus the number of actual settlers was in 1889 only 91,600, and it fell in 1890 to 75,967. Of these the great majority come from the United Kingdom. The census of 1881 showed that of alien-born inhabitants 470,092 were from Great Britain and Ireland, as against 77,000 from the United States, 25,000 Germans, 6,000 Russians, and 4,000 French. But when we come to the origin of the population, the preponderance of the French element is great. They form more than a quarter of the whole, whilst the Scotch are 16 per cent., the Irish 22, the English and Welsh 20.6, and the remainder is made up of small contributions from other European countries. The rapidity with which the French population in Canada increases is well known, and the ties of common language and common religion help to unite them, the differences between Roman Catholic and Protestant being more accentuated than in European countries. The wide distribution of property in land, nearly one-half the population being owners of real estate, might reasonably be expected to attract a greater number of Irish settlers than is the case, but it is noticeable that the newcomers congregate on the eastern side of the country, and it is the native-born who move on and break up virgin soil in the far West.

If North America is the adopted home of the Teutonic

racés, not less so is South America the goal for which the Latin peoples make. The great preponderance of English, Irish, and Germans which we see in the northern continent has no existence in the southern. It is to Italy, Portugal, and Spain that the countries south of the equator look for their reinforcements. Twenty years ago the foreign-born Portuguese in Brazil were 49·8 per cent. of the whole, the Germans 18·8, but of late years the relative numbers have undergone a change. The overflowing population of Italy has chosen Brazil for its settlement, with surprising results. From 1883 to 1887 the Italian immigrants were 33·5 per cent. of the whole number; the Portuguese come next with 29·9; and the Germans have dropped to 5·9 per cent., being almost equalled by the Spaniards with 4·7. In Argentina the Italian ascendancy is even more marked. From 1879 to 1888, 67·4 per cent. of the immigrants were Italians, 13·8 were Spaniards, 8·9 Frenchmen, and but 1·7 Englishmen. In 1887 the population of 600,000, in round figures, contained no less than 280,000 Italians; and in 1890 alone, 39,122 were added to it. But the mere numbers do not represent the whole of the case. Argentina, as Englishmen know to their cost, was for many years regarded as affording exceptional opportunities for the investment of capital, and no doubt the amount of English capital employed there is out of all proportion to the actual number of settlers. It was this consideration, too, very possibly, which attracted in 1890 as many as 17,904 Frenchmen with their savings, and which accounts for the presence of a French population numbering, in 1887, 150,000. The developement of the resources of such a country, the building of railways, and the extension of other means of communication, give large scope for an exchanging class. It is to this class that the Italians chiefly belong, and the number of them engaged in shopkeeping and the various branches of retail trade is very considerable. The English, on the other hand, are mainly found to be engaged in the superintendence of the employment of capital, in raising stock, laying water-pipes and rails, or bringing under cultivation the vast areas of virgin soil inland. Nor must we omit to notice that a very large proportion of those who come to Argentina in the first instance pass on to other countries as opportunity offers. Spain, one of the most thinly populated of European countries, sends her contingent to South America, and, like the Irishman in the United States, the Spaniard is an inveterate politician. It is not possible to give any definite

idea of the strength of this contingent, for Spain is still the despair of the statistician, but its direction is mainly towards the River Plate and Brazil. Between 1879 and 1888 there landed at Buenos Ayres 80,695 Spaniards, being 13·3 per cent. of the whole number of arrivals. In Uruguay they form 28 per cent. of the foreign-born population, and the Italians 25 per cent. The remaining countries of South America contribute little to our subject. Paraguay, partly owing to its want of seaboard and its consequent inaccessibility, partly to its chequered political history, fails to attract any large number of settlers. In 1889, but 2,375 found a home there. Chili and Peru are not viewed with favour by emigrants, and the reason must be sought in their chronic wars, as well as in their distance from Europe.

We conclude our survey of the New World with a rapid glance at our own colonies in South Africa and in Australasia. In South Africa the English number 88·5 per cent. of the immigrants, the Scotch 9·2, the Irish but 2·3, and the net emigration from 1882 to 1888 amounted to no more than 8,973. In Australasia the increase of population has been great and rapid—from 36,263 in 1821, to 2,740,127 in 1881. The annual increase by excess of births over deaths is put at 65,000, by immigration at 66,000. The population is derived to the extent of 95 per cent. from British stock, there being of Australasian parentage 49·2 per cent., of English and Welsh 24·7, of Scotch 10·8, and of Irish 10·11.

It is clear that the fact of so vast and so general a movement on the part of the various nations of the Old World is of the first importance on several grounds. It has brought new forces into existence in the political world, as Canning foretold, and it has caused economic changes far more widespread and lasting. No one can consider for a moment the figures involved without feeling that they represent the greatest event in modern history. The fortunes of dynasties, even of nations, at home, sink into insignificance in their bearing on the human race when compared with the future of the New World. Hence the interest which attaches to the problems involved in the growth of the countries which compose that world, some of which we proceed to examine in the light of the statistics given above. We must notice, in the first place, how different are the conditions of any problem in a new country from those of the same problem in one that has been long inhabited. The present and the future of settled countries depend largely upon their history. The state of things which is found to-day is the

product of definite forces, which have been gathering strength in the past, and the direction of which can be, within certain limits, forecast and determined. It is far otherwise with new countries. The circumstances, the traditions, the unity which a common history implies, are largely, if not wholly, wanting. The balance of political power, which is the outcome of constitutional development, is unknown, the social gradations, which play so important a part politically and socially with us, find no place at all. The influence of foreign policy, more or less continuous for generations, is of great importance in a European country, as a factor in the national life, and, by the nature of the case, that influence is weak in the countries of the New World.

The first requisite of a nation is a sense of nationality. What in smaller bodies is represented by *esprit de corps* takes in nations the form of definite loyalty to a common idea, which we call patriotism. It is a commonplace to say that patriotism cannot be reduced to any single expression. In some cases it is common descent, which is the centre round which it gathers; in others it is a common government; in others again a common history. Mr. Lecky has lately dwelt at length on the circumstances which made Scotland an integral part of the United Kingdom so soon after the Union, and those which have kept Ireland estranged. The British nation represents a great mixture of races, and yet its identity is conspicuous. Germany and Italy are alike in the persistence with which they have sought, and found, a political system which should give expression to their common kinship. In Eastern Europe the same forces may be seen at work in the sympathy which unites Slavonic peoples. But in the New World this tie of common blood is wanting. It was at one time hoped by enthusiastic philologists that the recognition of a common Aryan pedigree would do much to excite an enthusiasm for British rule in India. Possibly a want of agreement among philologists themselves has done something to defer this golden age, but in any case the weight attached to such considerations by native congresses would seem to be small. Something of the same weakness attaches to the argument from a common Teutonic or Latin origin in America. The growth of a distinctive nationality is slow in the United States, owing to the constant additions which are being made to the various elements composing the population. Germans, Irish, and Scandinavians come over year after year and join their fellow-countrymen. They mix almost exclusively with those

who speak the same language, have the same religion and the same ideas. But whilst here the great preponderance of the Anglo-American elements points to the ultimate absorption of the rest, in proportion as the excess of births over deaths weakens the effect of immigration, in the countries of South America no such prospect is visible as yet, for no one element is sufficiently strong to master the others. A further difficulty of the same kind is seen in the existence of a large negro population in the United States, which finds its counterpart in the swarms of half-breeds in South America. We look in vain for any tendency or desire to assimilate the one or the other on the part of the dominant races. Clearly then the mixture of nations produces complications of its own, and these complications are the greater in consequence of the easy communication with the old countries, and the constant additions which are being made to the various elements out of which a single nationality has to grow, with the effect of increasing the separation between them. Germans would soon be compelled to intimacy with native Americans, and even with the Irish, if it were not that they are supplied with wives of their own nationality from among the new arrivals.

In the absence of a sense of nationality due to common kinship and descent, we may sometimes find it in a common government or a common political idea. In an old country, a government will often act powerfully in the direction of union. Austria and Hungary, great as are the jealousies between them, are kept together by the existence of a common government, represented by a monarch who commands abundant loyalty. It is in the constitution of the United States that American statesmen hope to find a unifying power, which will attract to itself the loyalty of newcomers, irrespective of race. There is little, indeed, to unite them politically when they first land. Germans, Irishmen, and Italians agree only in the fact that they are in a state of reaction against the government and the institutions which they have left behind them. They look to the country in which they settle for the absence of all that they have found galling and intolerable at home. Time was when generous enthusiasts, such as Clough, sought in the United States the realisation of political and social ideals which seemed unattainable here, but it may safely be said that few emigrants are actuated by such motives now. The ideas of modern settlers are negative rather than constructive, and loyalty to a negation is not easy. It is not so

much that they are enthusiastic for what they find, as that they are embittered by the state of things from which they escape. Hence, in part, arises their indifference to politics, and so far as they take part in them, that part is determined either by hostility to an idea, or to its concrete embodiment in the government of the country which they have left. The prejudices which a German takes with him are sometimes against all order, as at present conceived, and sometimes no more than a dull antipathy to an active administration. The Italians carry with them traditions of secret societies and lawless outrage. Just as the Socialists and the Carbonari constitute a special danger to a country in which the government is by comparison weak, so, too, the antipathies of the Irish produce a marked effect where government by party is organised to the point which we see in the United States. The exact amount of influence exercised by the Irish upon the policy of their adopted country is not easily estimated, but the fact that their influence is exercised in a spirit hostile to England is beyond question. Irishmen carry abroad with them a rooted dislike of England, and that dislike tends to become hereditary—every Irish child may be a little Hannibal! Apart from political vapourings, which may mean much or little when words come to be translated into deeds, this dislike is constantly showing itself in literary and even scientific writings, and it is a force with which we may have to reckon in the future. How far, as some writers assure us, the German element may be trusted to form a makeweight, and to neutralise the Irish party, is a question which only experience can answer. That the necessity of conciliating the Irish voters will inspire American statesmanship up to a certain point in diplomatic utterances admits of no doubt, but it remains to be seen how far it can shape a really national attitude or determine a national policy. So far as the unifying influence of a government depends upon its form, the democratic constitution of the United States has much to recommend it. The individual citizen may well feel himself powerfully attracted to a government of which he is himself an integral part, and such a loyalty was characteristic of a Greek city. But democracy has the defects of its qualities. It lacks that external element which is superior to all individuals alike, and around which all can rally irrespective of party. It is difficult, for instance, to imagine that the British or the German Empire could cohere as a republic. To sum up, it is not to a predilection for

one form of government rather than another that we must look for a force which can unite a country. History shows that the feeling of nationality is more often developed by some form of the struggle for existence, and that in the nation, as in the individual man, it is competition which calls forth energy and creates individuality. The United States became a nation under the pressure of war with England; German unity dates from the great war with France of 1870; the Italian States were welded together by hostility to Austria. The process of assimilation in the countries of the New World will, perhaps, only be completed when some great national crisis has rallied all citizens to a government capable of dealing with it, and has called forth a patriotism at once definite and comprehensive. The conviction that national existence was bound up with the Republic finally reconciled France to the Revolution, and it was not until the country was threatened from without that it became united within. In the heat of such a struggle the differences between German, Irishman, and Scandinavian will disappear as snow in summer.

In Canada the French population remains obstinately French. In South Africa we have failed altogether to amalgamate the Dutch with ourselves. Where, as in New Zealand and Australia, we have competed with native races, the only result has been their extermination. Like ourselves, the Germans are largely wanting in assimilative power. They do not, as we have seen, mix with their neighbours in North America, and their failure to conciliate Elsass-Lothringen has put in conspicuous relief the greater attractiveness of the French character and the French rule. Not less pressing is the problem of uniting the various English colonies into one nation with the mother-country. The sentiment, valuable in itself, which led New South Wales to send a contingent to our assistance in Africa can scarcely stand, in Queensland, the strain caused by the appointment of an unpopular Governor. Can it be that here again we must fall back upon self-interest, not so much in the struggle for existence, as in the enjoyment of the means to development? Professor Rogers has stated, with somewhat cynical emphasis, his conviction that the loyalty of British colonies is largely due to the fact that they can borrow more cheaply as members of the British Empire than they could if they were severed from it. In a new country credit is everything. There are natural resources to be developed, and for this purpose capital is required. The accumulation of

capital in a new country is a slow process, and so recourse is had to borrowing. The terms on which a country can borrow depend on a number and variety of conditions, but it can hardly be doubted that the credit of our colonies would be rudely shaken if they asserted their independence. Not merely would they lose the best market for raising loans, but repudiation would be feared and lenders made uneasy. The 'cash-nexus' of Carlyle is of wide application.

The problem, then, of the political future of the new countries of the world must be dismissed with the confession that as yet the facts do not enable us to solve it. There are forces in existence which may prove, in the language of physics, to be either centripetal or centrifugal. In another fifty years the United States will be far more densely peopled, things will bear a very different aspect, and posterity will be able to judge of the effects which existing causes produce. So, too, in South America, a long interval must elapse before it is possible to say what will be the character and constitution of the various countries which compose it. But, in both cases, the issue will be of the highest importance to the human race. When we come to consider the economic questions involved by the movements of population, we stand on somewhat firmer ground.

The key to much of economic history is found in the progressive desires of mankind. The amount which can be consumed by any individual is limited, but there is no limit to its variety. This constant effort to attain to a greater and greater variety of objects of consumption has produced extraordinary effects in the world. It is the motive power, so to speak, which has brought into existence the division of labour. The savage, being comparatively indifferent to variety, is supplied with all he needs by his own labour and that of his family. But the moment that the passion for variety seizes him he becomes dependent upon others for his supplies, and civilisation begins. This division of labour is seen on the largest scale in the international trade of the present day. It is the gradual spread of population over the face of the whole earth which has brought within the reach of the poorest labourer in England the great variety of products which he consumes. The tea which he drinks, the tobacco which he smokes, the sugar which he eats in so many forms, the cotton and the wool which he wears—all these are the results of the movements of peoples. Economists have laid it down that, in the absence of artificial restraints, capital and labour will find the place in which

they can be most productively employed, and that place will be determined by the demand of mankind for the several products of the different parts of the earth's surface.

If the direction which the demand for commodities takes in a country is determined by the progressive nature of man's desires, its strength must be proportioned to the number of its population—the quantity as well as the quality of desire must be taken into account. Malthus, in his great treatise, showed how closely the two are connected together. The satisfaction of a natural instinct would increase our numbers to a fabulous extent, if it were not for an obstacle which nature interposes. A limit to the increase of population is set by the fact that the productive capacity of the earth is limited. The soil, from which ultimately all our wealth is derived, ceases after a time to give a proportionate return to increased labour and capital employed upon it. From this law of diminishing returns it results that at a given point mankind is no longer able to raise a supply of food adequate to maintain the rate of increase. Granting the assumption that men multiply as fast as they can (an assumption which Malthus verified by a vast mass of classified experience), and the law of diminishing returns, and the conclusion is beyond doubt. A time must come when population will press hardly on the means of subsistence, and its further growth will be prevented by a high rate of infant mortality, due to diseases which spring from insufficient nourishment. Such a result is often postponed by the action of such checks upon increase as war, pestilence, and famine, but the growth of civilisation implies a weakening of all these, and thus hastens the arrival of a period when further increase is stopped by want of food, and the high death-rate mentioned above becomes chronic. The only hope which Malthus saw of avoiding this catastrophe lay in the growth of desire for a greater and greater variety of objects—in a word, the quantity of desire would be limited by its quality.

The theory of Malthus was incontestably true as an explanation of the facts with which he had to deal, but if the facts of modern life are different, a different explanation may be necessary. In short, there is very possibly room for a new inquirer to win new laurels by forming and verifying a new hypothesis, and when he comes the highest praise to which he can lay claim, or which his contemporaries and posterity can award him, will be that he is a second Malthus.

The question of the movements of population has two

sides. We have considered it, so far, from the point of view of the world at large, and we hold it to be beyond question that the gradual flow of labour and capital to the places in which they find the most remunerative employment is to the advantage of the human race, and helps forward civilisation. But the question may be asked how far in this matter the interest of any particular country coincides with the general interest, and whether there may not be an antagonism even between the two. It may be argued, for instance, that the advantage of a large emigration from Great Britain to the New World is heavily discounted by the loss to this country. The question is by no means easy of solution. It is clear, first of all, that the wealth and prosperity of a country depends largely on the proportion of its population engaged in production. This has been stated by economists in a great variety of ways, and is commonly expressed by saying that the best friends to their country are those that save, and not those who spend. A country will advance in wealth in proportion as consumption is limited to those who take part in production. Further, under such conditions wealth will be most equally distributed, and the working class will be best off. This is seen practically in the great irregularity of employment from which those suffer who supply the articles of luxurious consumption; and it may be safely added that all such consumption tends to increase the hours of labour and to keep down the standard of living among the poor. That consumption should be regular and normal, and should be confined (in Professor Marshall's phrase) to the 'requisites of a refined and cultured life,' is the desire of all economists and, we may add, of all rational philanthropists. It is the opposite state of things—a large class, producing nothing and consuming aimless luxuries, on the one side, and a working class, ministering to their consumption, on the other, which is a sign of economic decay. Now, what is the effect of emigration on these two elements of our population? Does it reduce the number of mere consumers—of those who live wholly on the industry of others—the *flâneur* and the tramp, in a word, the unemployed of every degree? If so, it is unquestionably a great benefit to the country. But the answer must be given in the negative. It is not to this class that a new country offers any inducement to cross the sea; the prospect of comfort and ease, as the reward of hard work, is put before them in vain. They have no ambition of bettering themselves. In nine

cases out of ten it is useless to help a man to emigrate unless he has saved at least half his passage-money himself. Nor do the new countries invite them to settle. Those which take active steps to attract colonists, by assisted passages or vigorous canvassing, look for a very different type of man. They state plainly and specifically that they want settlers who have already proved their capacity as producers in their own country. The United States have gone further, and decline to receive for the future either criminals or paupers, in short, any of those who are euphemistically said to 'leave their country for their country's good.'

So, then, it is the valuable element of our population which is ready to go, and which the colonies are ready to receive; and we are face to face with the fact that every year sees a heavy drain on our most industrious workers, whilst the lazy, the aimless, and the vicious are left to increase and multiply. Such a prospect cannot but be seriously alarming. The strain of competition, as we saw, is likely soon to become more severe than ever in the industrial world, and how are we to take a successful part in it if, for a series of years, we have been gradually losing our best energy and strength? The question is one which may well occupy the attention of legislators. Professor Rogers is probably right when he says that prohibition is not to be seriously thought of; it is rather the motives of emigrants which must be scanned if a remedy is to be found. The motive which acts most strongly on an emigrant is the desire to better himself. Is it not possible that legislation might do more to bring the realisation of that desire within his reach at home? The life of a labourer, whether in the country or in a town, is wanting in attraction, and hence a roving spirit among the labouring class. Countrymen move into towns largely because they find the country dull; artisans emigrate because they think the conditions of life elsewhere more attractive than they are at home. Can nothing be done to equalise the two, and so to retain within our border that most useful, nay, indispensable, part of the community which now leaves our shores in such large numbers to seek elsewhere a happiness and prosperity which, rightly or wrongly, it conceives to be denied to it here?

ART. VII.—1. *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament.* By Canon DRIVER. Third edition. Edinburgh: 1892.

2. *The Canon of the Old Testament.* By Professor RYLE. London: 1892.

3. *The Old Testament in the Jewish Church.* By Professor ROBERTSON SMITH. Second edition. Edinburgh: 1892.

SACRED books that will not bear critical investigation can hardly be regarded as worthy of serious notice. They belong to the class of charms, amulets, phylacteries, and remedies against the evil eye. Lessons from them—especially if chanted in an unknown tongue—are little better than incantations, and the priests who thus use them are not much superior, from an intellectual point of view, to medicine-men among the Sioux or the Cheroukees. But while documents like ‘The Book of the Dead’ in ancient Egypt, or the ‘Book of Mormon’ in modern America, are, for different reasons, equally beneath criticism, it is contended by all intelligent Christians that their sacred book, the Bible, positively invites criticism. For it has always been held that its obvious difficulties were purposely left there by Divine Providence in order to stimulate inquiry. So far, therefore, from injuring the influence exercised by the book, or from abating the reverence felt for it, inquiry (it is confidently believed) enhances both reverence and influence. And no honest criticism need be feared nor any serious investigation be deprecated. Are Christians justified in this somewhat jubilant faith? To this question it is hoped that the following pages may supply an answer.

It is round the Old Testament that difficulties and objections, at the present moment, mainly swarm. To this part of the Bible, therefore, we shall confine our attention. And as this Journal makes no pretension to offer itself as a battle-field for experts of various prepossessions, the remarks we shall offer will be purposely made as broad, clear, and intelligible as possible, in order to supply one of the most urgent needs of the present day—viz. a popular reply to these three questions: (1) What has British criticism effected in the way of minute literary analysis of the Old Testament? (2) What results has it attained on the wider and more historical field of inquiry about the gradual formation of the Canon? (3) How may the truths reached, thus far, by criticism in both these fields of investigation be safely

appropriated and practically used by the clergy and others engaged in teaching?

(1) With the doings of Continental critics we do not at present propose to concern ourselves. The brilliant achievements of the Dutch and German Schools are well known, and some of their shortcomings we have, in a recent article, sufficiently exposed. It is to the British school of Old Testament criticism that we ~~we~~ invite our readers' attention. There many of the most glaring faults of foreign critics are happily absent. Foreign theology is far too apt to allow itself to become an arena for elaborately trained and furnished gladiators; and the multitudinous universities of the *Fatherland only too readily send forth from their gates whole troops of rival professors, who sit round and form 'a mighty cloud of witnesses,' thoroughly enjoying the controversy and stimulating, with their 'habet' or with inverted thumb, the buoyant energy of the combatants. These tremendous exertions of combative learning are happily unknown here. In our mother-country—for, to begin with, we have a more tender and soothing designation for our native soil—'professors' take on at once a more human and domestic temper. By some sweet fraternal instinct, which is kindred in no distant degree to Christian charity, they seem to address themselves spontaneously to that which is popular and common among us, and to avoid (so far as is possible) that which is esoteric and peculiar to their own class. In short, they appeal in great measure to common sense. If something is lost by the reserve and self-control engendered by this practice of popular appeal, it may fairly be contended that a great deal is also gained. For not only is the great mass of the nation interested hereby in these Biblical controversies, and not only does their massiveness lend (as in politics) a vast momentum to everything that is done, but the controversialists themselves are precluded from many of the wild extravagances which characterise Continental theology, and feel compelled to conform to the healthy *sensus communis* of mingled loyalty and freedom amid which they live. There is, accordingly, not the slightest occasion in our country for any of those agitated outcries which we sometimes hear against the steady onward march of Biblical study. We can afford a good-natured smile when thirty-eight divines roundly protest, and can safely promise ourselves that their leaders will, ere long, exchange their courageous prudence for a far more prudent courage. We can easily pardon the excellent Spurgeon for

his animated caricatures of the 'downgrade' theology, and can read with great equanimity a shriek from a monthly magazine,—'Higher criticism, indeed! It is really a criticism of the scissors, and fit only for the dust-bin of learning 'without sense!' For we know—to borrow the words of Bishop Creighton—that though 'it may be pleasant [for a 'church] to be free from the demands of reform, it is assuredly dangerous. . . . The time is, indeed, out of joint 'which has no heart-searchings, no difficulties for solution.'* And, as Professor Kirkpatrick well reminds us, 'the spirit 'in which these questions are approached is more important 'than an immediate solution of them. It is idle to invoke 'dogma to defeat critical and historical research.'† Returning, then, with renewed courage to our Biblical studies, we desire to point out that if anyone would see for himself how, in the British school of criticism, the most perfect freedom of thought and speech is compatible with careful consideration for others, and with a genuine reverence for holy things and persons, he could not do better than give a few days to the perusal of Canon Driver's 'Introduction to the 'Old Testament.' He begins by clearly defining the scope of his work, and says:—

'It is not an introduction to the theology, or to the history, or even to the study of the Old Testament. In any of these cases the treatment and contents would both have been different. It is an introduction to the *literature* of the Old Testament; and what I conceived this to include was an account of the contents and structure of the several books, together with such an indication of their general character and aim as I could find room for in the space at my disposal.' (P. 10.)

In the prosecution of this scheme, after a very brief account of what is reported by Jewish writers as to the gradual, and certainly very late, settlement of the Old Testament Canon, Dr. Driver takes all the books of the Canon seriatim and discusses them as forming the sacred literature of the Hebrew people. But the English reader must be prepared for what may seem, at first sight, a partial dislocation of the accustomed order of these books. It is not, however, a dislocation at all, but a return to the true order, as it appears in the Hebrew Bibles to this day, and as it was sanctioned by our Lord. For He recognises, in a well-known passage (Luke xxiv. 44), the triple strata of the Old

* Creighton, 'History of the Papacy' (1887), iv. 235.

† Kirkpatrick, 'Divine Library of O.T.,' p. 5.

Testament collection, naming them respectively the *Law*, the *Prophets*, and the *Psalms*. Following this sacred authority, then, our author devotes his first 150 pages to the Law—or, rather, to the Pentateuch in conjunction with its kindred Book of Joshua. He then gives 186 pages to the Prophets—that is, (a) to their historical remains in Judges, Samuel, and Kings; (b) to their orations, as preserved under the titles of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the twelve minor prophets. Lastly, in 184 pages, he deals with the Hagiographa, headed by the Psalms, and including (among other books) Ruth, Esther, Daniel, and Chronicles.

It is in dealing with the 'Law' that the difference is mainly felt between the traditional and the critical method of handling the sacred books. Yet readers not merely of the Hebrew, but even of the English, Bible are easily able to perceive, when their attention is drawn to the point, that these six books form a unity, indeed, but a highly composite unity—in other words, that they have been 'edited.' Let anyone, for instance, begin to read from Genesis ii. 4 onwards, and he cannot help perceiving that he has here in his hands a second account of the creation of all things. It not only announces itself as such by the opening words, 'These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth,' and not only is marked as a fresh document by a fresh designation of the Creator as Jehovah; but it breathes throughout a different spirit, with a more poetical lingering over details and a more thoroughgoing fearless anthropomorphism, far bolder than that which characterises the first chapter. But if this be so we have already, in the first two chapters of the Bible, two ancient documents which have become embedded side by side there in some third work, and have thus been edited by a 'Redactor.' Once concede this—and the concession is quite inevitable—and then the labours of the (so-called) higher criticism* become at once not only justifiable, but positively indispensable. For we want to know, if possible, both what the embedded documents are, and where they come from, and when the Redactor lived who took so much trouble to make these heirlooms of the past serve the needs of Israel at a later period of their history.† Such criticism, of course, is fallible, as the critics

* It should be remembered that this phrase has no presumptuous meaning. It is simply a technical expression, denoting a literary and historical, as distinguished from a textual, investigation.

† 'The Hebrew historiographer, as we know him, is essentially a

themselves are the first to allow. Indeed, their mutual combats, so full of instruction and warning, proceed frankly on that supposition.

'I believe,' says Dr. Driver, 'that the analysis is frequently uncertain, and will perhaps always continue so. The same admission is constantly made by Wellhausen, Kuenen, and other critics, and most recently by Kautzsch and Socin. . . . It is in the endeavour to reach definite conclusions, upon the basis of imperfect data, that the principal disagreements between critics have their origin. Language is sometimes used implying that critics are in a state of internecine conflict with one another. This is not in accordance with the facts. There is a large area on which the data are clear and critics are agreed; and this area includes many of the most important results which criticism has reached. There is an area beyond this, where the data are complicated or ambiguous; and here it is natural that independent judges should differ.' (P. 13.)

But, any way, no one can imagine that a deeply interesting investigation, when once fairly started, can be stopped abruptly by any timid person who may draw a line across the pathway with his umbrella. The only safe course is to proclaim perfect freedom, and at the same time to urge, by every persuasion in our power, modesty and charity and prudence. For a half-freedom is more fatal to truth and honesty than the severest repression and coercion. Who can study out important questions to their results with a sword of Damocles hanging over his head? In fact, the modest good sense of such a passage as that quoted above ought fully to reassure even readers so timid as Bishop Ellicott* has now become, especially when it is compared with the buoyant and almost boyish confidence of certain German critics; while its lucidity compares favourably with their often intolerable obscurity. Thus, for instance, in Professor Cornill's very terse and useful handbook, we read, with a smile: 'As for the date, we have, by aid of Gene-

compiler' (Driver, p. 3). 'When a book had to be recopied, a fresh book was produced by means of additions and subtractions and combinations of the original text' (Renan, 'History of Israel,' vol. iii. p. 169). 'A modern writer, with the aid of older records, writes a wholly new book. That is not the way of Eastern historians. If we take up the great Arabic historians, we often find passages occurring almost word for word in each' (Robertson Smith, 'Old Testament,' p. 328).

* 'Recent English writers have prepared the way for . . . a complete shipwreck of the faith. These things are sad and serious.' (*Expository Times*, May, 1892.)

'sis ix. 25, "A servant of servants shall Canaan be to his brethren"—an *absolutely certain* terminus a quo: for this popular saying *could not* have existed till Solomon's time.* The argument relies on 1 Kings ix. 21; but why should not this 'saying' have sprung up at least four centuries earlier, when Joshua made the Gibeonites 'hewers of wood and drawers of water for the congregation, even unto this day'? In Professors Kautzsch and Socin we meet with even greater confidence, for they are persuaded that lynx-eyed intuitiveness can discern no less than four different hands at work on one short passage—three words, 'Ham, the father of,' being the contribution of a writer who put his hand to the plough four hundred years after the rest was composed.† As to Wellhausen, we roam in vain, and at imminent risk of losing one's reason, up and down through his 548 pages of chaotic learning, till all hope is abandoned of discovering when things are supposed to have happened, or on what grounds it is imagined that J¹ and J² and J³ and RJ and E and JE and Q and RQ and D and RD and H and D^h and P¹ P² and P^x can with any certainty be discriminated from one another. And one turns, with a sense of the deepest relief to the popular common sense of the English writers, or to the transparent clearness of a Frenchman like M. Renan, who complains bitterly of his Dutch critic, Kuenen, for heaping up intolerable piles of references, such as life is not long enough to verify, and protests that 'criticism mistakes its rôle when it insists on too great precision in details.'‡

These words should be written in letters of gold. For the reasons often adduced for extreme precision only provoke a smile. Professor Cornill lays it down, for instance, with great solemnity, that certain discrepancies are hardly to be ascribed to a 'planvoll und zusammenhängend schreibenden Autor';§ as if this ancient scribe must necessarily have been as clear of purpose and as consecutive in style as a professor at a German university. And even Dr. Driver forgets that sense of humour which is the salvation of our serious English race when, in dealing with Laban's 'heap of witness,' he sees a discrepancy amounting to dual author-

* Cornill, 'Einleitung in das Alte Testament' (1891), p. 55.

† Kautzsch and Socin, Genesis (1891), p. 17.

‡ Renan, Preface to Kuenen, p. 4; and 'History of Israel,' vol. iii. p. 357.

§ Cornill, u.s., p. 57.

ship in Laban's appeal to Jacob—(1) to be kind to his two girls, and (2) not to carry a hostile raid into his land; or, again, when, inobservant of the characteristics of sly age and hot youth, he gravely points out that two writers must have been at work, because in one verse 'Shechem (the young man) is the spokesman, and his aim is the *personal* one of securing Dinah for his wife; whereas, in the next verse, Hamor (his father) is the spokesman, and his aim is [the *social* one] to secure an amalgamation between his people and Jacob's. The motives and aims of the actors seem not to be uniformly the same.* But if such sallies may be readily pardoned, it is not so easy to pardon the terrible fusillade of references, abbreviations, and algebraical symbols which even our own countrymen sometimes open upon us. Take, for instance, the following comparatively plain and simple passage from Canon Driver:—

'In Exodus iii. the main narrative is from E (notice the frequency of *God*, vv. 4, 6^b, 11, 12, 13^a, 11^a, 15^a), with short passages from J: in iv-vi. 1, on the contrary, the main narrative is J, with short passages from E. The verses iv. 17-18, 20^b-21, are assigned to E on account of their imperfect connexion with the context: iv. 17 speaks of "*the signs*" to be done with the rod, whereas only *one* sign to be performed with it has been described, vv. 1-9; iv. 21 mentions wonders to be done before *Pharaoh*, whereas vv. 1-9 speak only of wonders to be wrought for the satisfaction of the *people*. . . . Further, v. 19, from its contents, is not fitted to be the sequel of v. 18; it, in fact, states an alternative ground for Moses's return into Egypt; and the name *Jethro* makes it probable that v. 18 belongs to the same current of narrative as iii. 1, and chap. xviii. (i.e. E). Hence v. 19 will be referred to J; v. 20^b goes naturally with v. 17 (the rod).' (P. 21.)

With utmost respect for Canon Driver and for the creditable work he is doing for the Church in his own department of theology, we cannot refrain from saying that arguments like these fail to bring conviction to the reader. Yet they appeal, it should be observed, not to special knowledge or aptitude, but to simple common sense; and common sense totally fails to make any sympathising response. It fails—in this and many similar cases—to perceive sufficient reason for the very confident discriminations that are made. It does not see why ancient writers should not sometimes (like their modern kindred) be guilty of repetition, inconsecutiveness, obscurity, and even self-contradiction. Nor can it be made to understand why so many handlings

* Driver, p. 15.

and re-handlings and redactions are considered necessary when all the phenomena might easily be accounted for by two or three such editions; for no one nowadays is so obstinately attached to the traditional ways of viewing things as to deny the probability—the all but certainty—of a careful and reverent rehandling and amalgamation of these sacred records, at various great crises of the national history, when both patriotism and religion imperatively demanded adaptation of old documents to new needs. But such crises could not be of very frequent recurrence. We may even go so far as to say that, in all the long centuries of Jewish history, there have been only five such events of first-rate importance and of far-reaching results. (1) The first was the exodus out of Egypt and the subsequent occupation of the Holy Land; (2) the second was the tragic division of the Jewish kingdom with all the military weakness and religious dissolution that it involved; (3) the third was the crushing invasion of the Assyrian and Chaldean armies; (4) the fourth was the nobly resisted attack by the Greek Empire and the wholly irresistible permeation of Hebrew thought by subtle infiltration of Greek ideas; (5) and the fifth was the absolutely fatal and quite insane effort, inspired by pseudo-Messianic fanaticism, to measure swords with Rome, an effort which issued in results visible to everyone at the present day. Now it is perfectly natural, and more than probable, that at such great turning-points of their national history the Jews should have strengthened their hands and encouraged their hearts by recourse to their own records and to stories of the past which appeared to them to express in the strongest possible way, ‘The Lord is on my side: I will not fear what man may do unto me.’

(1) First of all, accordingly, at the Exodus we have the earliest lines of the future Bible painfully engraved on two tablets of desert stone in order to be preserved and carried about in the sacred ark; till, at the subsequent conquest of Canaan, inspiring songs and other warlike poetry began to be carefully treasured, popularly recited, and at last (about B.C. 1000) inscribed upon leather rolls labelled, ‘Books of Jasher,’ ‘Books of the wars of the Lord,’ ‘Books of the generations’ of this ancient patriarch or that, ‘Books of the Covenants’ that God at various times made with His chosen people, ‘Laws of holiness,’ concerned with the special consecration and separation of a nation that was intended to be ‘holy as He is holy.’

(2) Next, after the unhappy division of the Monarchy and

the strained relations and divergent views of everything which too soon followed on that fatal schism, it was (to say the least) not unlikely that some good men would, in each kingdom, try to steady the violently rocking ship of the State by bringing together all that they could find of sacred records and of common traditions; and by piecing them and fitting them to each other should try to reconstruct the national history, undoing (as far as might be) in God's name the fratricidal separation which threatened to part the two groups of tribes into alien and hostile states. As pious men, whether priests at Jerusalem or prophets in the northern kingdom, they would see the finger of God in all the chequered events of the past. For even contemporary heathen piety in its confused polytheistic way did the same, as we can read for ourselves in the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Moabite inscriptions.

It appears, too, that about this time (B.C. 800) literary composition had become easier and more accessible, so that prophets like Hosea in the north and Amos in the south now for the first time begin to commit their orations to writing. Why should not, therefore, the annals of Israel also be now committed to writing? Accordingly some good priest at Jerusalem might determine to construct a sketch of the national history with reference of everything to Jehovah, the covenant God, whose sacrificial service was the business of his life; while at Samaria, about the same time, a northern prophet might be doing a similar work, and, avoiding the special name Jehovah, might attribute everything piously to Elohim, the God of nature and of all mankind. Nor is it difficult to imagine how, carefully imbedding all available fragments of primæval story and of ancient laws, the Jehovist in the south might lay under contribution, and give an Israelite colour to, any convenient Egyptian legends that came in his way. At any rate, on a papyrus now in the British Museum and dating from a period long anterior to the eighth century B.C., Pentaur, at the court of Rameses II., relates a story that closely resembles the Jehovist's story of Potiphar's wife.* In the same way the Elohist, living in the northern kingdom and in closer contact with Babylonia, might easily appropriate and adapt to his account of the Exodus a story which has been found on a very ancient tablet of Sargon I., and is now at Paris. That inscription relates how Sargon was born

* Cf. Naville, '*Littérature de l'ancienne Egypte*' (1871), p. 19.

beside the Euphrates and how his mother placed the infant in a wicker cradle daubed with bitumen, and launched it on the stream, and then how the floating ark of bulrushes was found by some good tender-hearted person, who rescued the child and brought him up in his own family.* But whether they borrowed from foreign sources or not, anyway these two good men (whom modern critics call J and E) deserve our warmest gratitude. They are the first, so far as we know, to embody in a consecutive writing the history and the laws of Israel, perhaps bringing the history down to their own time and supplying many precious materials for Judges and Samuel. Thus, says Dr. Driver—

‘Although critics differ as to the *relative* date of J and E, they agree that neither is later than *B.C.* 750. Both belong to the golden period of Hebrew literature. They resemble the best part of Judges and Samuel; and, all things considered, a date in the early centuries of the Monarchy would seem not to be unsuitable for both J and E. But it must remain an open question whether both may not, in reality, be earlier. The date [however] at which an event or institution is first mentioned in writing must not be confused with that at which it occurred or originated. In the early stages of a nation’s history, the memory of the past is preserved habitually by oral tradition.’ (P. 116.)

(3) But ere long a far more terrible crisis than that of the rending of the two kingdoms asunder was at hand. It was nothing less than the prospect of being utterly swept away and wiped out by that inhuman system of deportation which was practised by the ruthless despots of Mesopotamia. And when this awful fate had (in *B.C.* 730) overtaken the northern kingdom of the ten tribes, is it any wonder that the threatened southern kingdom should have anxiously concentrated at Jerusalem all its moral and material forces to make head against the heathen invasion? Hence we soon read of most earnest efforts at religious reform. Hezekiah, who had seen Sennacherib’s forces beneath his walls, eagerly engaged Isaiah’s assistance in the task; and the ‘men of Hezekiah’ are expressly mentioned in later books as having carefully collected and ‘copied out’ such inspiring national literature as could be got together. It is true the danger passed away for a time. But eighty years had not elapsed ere it returned, and in more formidable shape than before. So that when the final catastrophe was evidently approaching, and was almost at the doors, we read of a feverish

summons to religious reform issued by the young and spirited king Josiah. In the midst of all these terrors and excitements, it is well known that a 'Book of the Law of the Lord' was found by the priests in the Temple. And this newly discovered book most modern critics have come to believe was nothing else than the book of Deuteronomy—

'a manual which, without entering into technical details, would instruct the Israelite in the ordinary duties of life. It gives general directions as to the way in which the annual feasts are to be kept and the principal offerings paid. It lays down a few fundamental rules concerning sacrifice: for a case in which technical skill would be required, it refers to the priest. It prescribes the general principles by which family and domestic life is to be regulated, specifying a number of the cases most likely to occur. Justice is to be equitably and impartially administered. It prescribes a due position in the community to the prophet, and shows how even the Monarchy may be so established as not to contravene the fundamental principles of the theocracy. Deuteronomy is, however, more than a mere code of laws; it is the expression of a profound ethical and religious spirit, which determines its character in every part. At the head of the hortatory introduction stands the Decalogue, and the First Commandment forms the text of the chapters which follow. . . . In Deuteronomy the law respecting sacrifice is unambiguous and strict; it is not to be offered "in every place that thou seest," but only at some central sanctuary. But, so far as the evidence before us goes, sacrifice [had hitherto been] habitually offered at other places. The history thus appears to corroborate the inference derived from chapters i-iv., and to throw the composition of Deuteronomy to a period considerably later than the Mosaic age. . . . History had shown that it was impossible to secure the local sanctuaries against abuse, and to free them from contamination by Canaanitish idolatry. The prophets had more and more taught that Zion was emphatically Jehovah's seat; and it gradually became more and more plain that the progress of spiritual religion demanded the unconditional abolition of the local shrines. Hezekiah sought to give practical effect to this teaching; but he was unable to bring it really home to the nation's heart, and the heathen reaction under Manasseh ensued. Naturally this result only impressed the prophetic party more strongly with the importance of the principle which Hezekiah had sought to enforce, and it is accordingly codified and energetically inculcated in Deuteronomy.' (Driver, pp. 72, 80, 87.)

Yes; it is here, in Deuteronomy, according to the almost unanimous opinion of modern critics, that we have (about B.C. 620) the first attempt to 'codify' on an extended scale the existing usages, the time-honoured traditions, the primæval laws, the too long neglected rubrics, of the established Mosaic religion. For let it not be forgotten that, by all critics alike, 'it is unquestioned that Israelitish law

‘did originate’ with Moses;’* that ‘the earliest collection of laws is undoubtedly to be seen in the Decalogue;’† that ‘the point is *not* to prove that the Mosaic law was not in force before the exile. . . . For the priests always take precedence of the prophets; and their claim to have Moses for the beginner and founder of their tradition is in itself the better grounded of the two. . . . Moses certainly founded the sanctuary at *Æadesh* and the Torah there, which the priests of the ark carried on after him. . . . Deuteronomy simply took for granted the existence of the cultus, and corrected it in certain respects.’‡ So that ‘the legislation of the Pentateuch may well be regarded as the continuation and development of the work of Moses; and certain laws still retain the colour of the epoch of the great legislator.’§

We think it is of great importance to make this point quite clear; because strong prejudice is often aroused in England, and a great injustice is done to many devoted students, when it is quite erroneously supposed that they disparage the work of Moses, or even attempt to ignore his existence altogether. Nothing of the kind is done. The great work of Moses in leading the tribes out of Egypt, and then in framing for them religious institutions which should make them a peculiar people, ‘in whom all the nations of the earth should be blessed,’ is not for a moment called in question. What is called in question is the bold and quite gratuitous statement that Moses wrote the Pentateuch as we have it now—a statement (says Dr. Cornill) ‘which the Pentateuch nowhere makes for itself; which is supported by no heading or preface of any kind; and which seems discountenanced by the fact that a few scattered passages are pointedly ascribed to him, indicating that the great mass of the remainder is *not* written by him.’|| And so, too, Canon Driver:—

‘It must be remembered there is no passage in the Old Testament which ascribes the composition of the Pentateuch to Moses, or even to Moses’ age. . . . The “law of Moses” is, indeed, frequently spoken of, and it is unquestioned that Israelitish law did originate with him. But this expression is not evidence that Moses was the *writer* of the Pentateuch.’ (P. 117.)

The same protest is made also by Wellhausen:—‘From

* Driver, p. 118.

† Ryle, p. 23.

‡ Wellhausen, p. 366.

§ Kuenen (French trs.), p. 74.

|| Cornill, ‘*Einleitung*,’ p. 16.

‘the historical tradition it is certain that Moses was the founder of the Torah. But it can be shown that, throughout the whole of the older period, the Torah was no finished legislative code, but consisted entirely of the oral decisions and instructions of the priests.’* This point, then, having been made quite clear—and the conception being firmly grasped of a few small and painfully copied leather-rolls, sparsely to be found in the priestly or prophetic centres, forming materials for the future Bible and containing abstracts of celebrated ‘torahs’ (or moral and rubrical decisions, similar to the papal ‘decretals’ of the middle ages),—a vivid picture of Solomon’s Temple begins to dawn upon us, as a really living institution and a literary headquarters (like the contemporary Egyptian temples) of the best knowledge of the day. Thus it is no longer surprising to be told that, when the Temple itself had been deliberately defiled by King Manasseh with the reeking abominations of heathenism, and when armed heathen empires had destroyed the lax northern kingdom and were already mustering their forces to destroy the half-demoralised remnant in the south, then a most serious effort should be made by good men, like Jeremiah and Josiah, to gather all existing laws and traditions together into one code; to make Moses, as it were, speak audibly again; and so to provide a stable fulcrum for moral and religious reformation, such as might one day be used with telling effect.

For there comes a period in the history of every nation when, the pressure of calamity acting upon a growing habit of appealing to written documents, a secret craving—perhaps even a loud and bitter cry—makes itself heard for some definite and written code; e.g. ‘the laws of good King Edward,’ to make a basis for the English nation; a definite Magna Charta, whereon to found the English State; a translated and printed Bible, whereon to found the Reformation; a written ‘American Constitution,’ whereon to found republican independence. No one, surely—amid the blaze of modern light providentially shed on all these things—is still asleep and dreaming of an Israel shielded under miraculous guarantee against the natural working of God’s universal laws, physical and political, by which every other nation under the sun is governed. ‘Is He the God of the Jews only? (impatiently exclaims St. Paul). Is he not the God of the Gentiles also?’ What is there, then, in the

* Wellhausen, p. 438.

smallest degree improbable in the results now reached by honest and searching criticism—viz. that *before* the terrible apostasies and the mortal terrors which paled every cheek in the seventh century, and made many a Jew hoarsely whisper ‘The Lord hath forsaken the earth,’* the Mosaic law might have remained for the most part unwritten; while *after* that time—or rather amidst that already lowering storm—it first appears in a codified and written form? In short, do not history and common sense combine to justify the verdict of the critics, that Deuteronomy forms the grand turning-point in the literary history of the Old Testament; that it represents the first serious attempt at making a definite formulated written Torah into a ‘law of Moses’ for the whole land; and that, while ‘the bulk of the laws contained in Deuteronomy is undoubtedly far more ancient than the time of the author, . . . it is a re-formulation, with a view to new needs, of an older legislation, . . . and its inspired authority is in no respect less than that of any other part of the Old Testament Scriptures which happens to be anonymous.’† The literary and almost dramatic form given to it by its compiler, about B.C. 620, was popular and interesting; and was, no doubt, purposely adopted to gain the attention, not of the educated classes only, but of the whole nation in north and south, now once more become one kingdom. And the spiritual—almost evangelic—tone which permeates the whole book and ‘goes down to the very roots of all law,’‡ renders it not unworthy of that special preference accorded to it by our Lord when, in His conflict with the powers of evil, He drew all His shafts from this quiver alone.

But the Jewish nation was not merely to anticipate and to provide against, it was actually to undergo, the bitterness of deportation into the heart of a foreign and heathen country. Among the first batch of miserable exiles, descending from their mountain-home to the steaming lowlands of Babylonia, was to be seen a young priest, who (like Jeremiah, his elder contemporary) was also accounted a prophet. He would naturally, from his personal character and his education, be much looked up to as an expert in all matters of sacred law; and it was no strange thing that, as time went on and the eager hope of a return to their beloved

Ezekiel viii. 12; ix. 9.

† Driver, p. 85; cf. Wellhausen, p. 402; and Cornill, p. 75.

‡ König, ‘Hauptprobleme der Altisrael. Religionsgeschichte,’ p. 92.

land became, to the better sort in Israel, nothing less than a 'fixed idea,' this prophet-priest in Babylonia should commit to writing a visionary scheme of the Temple and of the land, containing his ideas of what the restored Mosaic institutions would be like. For in all such cases the first thought of far-seeing men at a restoration is to take care that the returning emigrants have learnt something and have forgotten a good deal. They try, therefore, not only to conserve, but to adapt and improve; and so (in Gospel phrase) to 'bring forth out of their treasure things new and old.' Accordingly, in the last eight chapters of the collected writings of Ezekiel, we have a most singular and interesting speculation in the shape of a revised code for the priests, who should ere long have the happiness of returning home.

'Ezekiel,' says Dr. Driver, 'is brought in a vision to Jerusalem, and sees the Temple rebuilt. He describes at length its structure and arrangements, and lays down directions respecting its services and ministers. As a priest, and as one to whom the associations of the Temple were evidently dear, he attaches greater weight to the ceremonial observances of religion than was usually done by the prophets; and he here defines the principles by which he would have the ritual of the restored community regulated. Both the arrangements of the Temple, and the ritual to be observed, are evidently founded upon pre-exilic practice; the modifications which Ezekiel introduces being designed with the view of securing certain ends which he deems of paramount importance. The Temple is Jehovah's earthly residence. In the restored community—which Ezekiel imagines to be so transformed as to be truly worthy of Him—He will manifest His presence more fully than He had done before. . . . Accordingly, the inner court of the Temple is to be entered by none of the laity—no foreigners are, for the future, to assist the priests in their ministrations. The redistribution of the territories of the tribes has the effect of bringing the Temple more completely into the centre of the land. . . . It is evident that there is an ideal element in Ezekiel's representation, which it was found in the event impossible to put into practice.' (P. 273.)

It is true that his schemes were impracticable and (as Renan says) 'resemble a dream in which the laws of reality 'have ceased to exist.'* But still, the visions of this prophet-priest, when at last the restoration really did come, could not fail to have a very powerful influence in guiding men like Ezra and Nehemiah in their patriotic attempt to reduce theories into practice. Thus we here approach the crisis, the turning-point of supreme importance, the moment of profound literary interest and (to many people)

* Renan, 'Hist. of Israel,' iii. 357.

of tormenting anxiety.* It is the question, What was done to the sacred literature of the nation, in the way of editing or redaction, when the Restoration actually at last took place?

Modern criticism replies—with a very remarkable degree of unanimity, and with an intrepidity which carries dismay, it seems, among the sworn defenders of traditional views—that now, for the first time, the historical books of the Old Testament, from Genesis to 2 Kings, appear as we have them in our modern Bibles; as our Lord accepted them; and as the Jewish Scribes and synagogue authorities used them during the three or four centuries that preceded the Christian era. It is affirmed, in short, that there is a solid basis of fact underlying the wild Jewish tradition, so fully believed in by the early Christian Fathers, that Ezra rewrote the whole of the Old Testament. It is thought that there is some reason in the well-known Rabbinical saying, ‘Only the chaff returned to Palestine, the good wheat remained behind at Babylon.’ It is argued, if Ezra and others at Babylon carefully collected and edited in practical form the existing fragments of sacred literature; if they added (in carefully corrected religious tone) many interesting Semitic legends current at Babylon about the Creation, and the Fall, and the Deluge; if they codified for priestly use the surviving memories of Mosaic ritual and custom; and, placing everything neatly in chronological order (so as to read continuously from the beginning of all things down to the recent tremendous catastrophe of the Captivity), planed it all smoothly down into a ‘priestly code’ such as might be carried back to Jerusalem to form the future ‘Mosaic law,’—they did exactly what loyal and religious men ought to do and would be likely to do. So far, therefore (thinks modern criticism), from resentment and alarm being justified by such a careful readjustment of the literary fragments which constitute the Old Testament, the only feelings that are justified are gratitude and pleasure. The growth of the Mosaic law—from its rude beginning when the two tables of stone were first deposited within the sacred ark down to its completion as a religious code common to all Israel, wherever henceforth they might be scattered over the face of the earth—becomes intelligible and satisfactory. The interest of the holy book becomes unspeakably enhanced for modern readers when it is discovered that, as it now stands, it is ‘the last result of time;’ that it is not the work of one man, but of many generations of men; and that, so far from being an enchanted

thing, that fell ready-made (like Jupiter's image) from heaven, it is the outcome of the mind of a faithful church acting in the spirit of its founder, Moses, and stamped at last with the mint-mark of a great intellectual Semitic city, Babylon,—just as the New Testament was afterwards stamped by the mint-mark of the great intellectual Greek city, Alexandria.

But, it may be replied, where is the proof of all this? Why may we not continue to believe, as our forefathers did, that Moses wrote the whole Pentateuch; that he kept a journal during the forty years' wanderings; that he created an elaborate system of minute ceremonial; and formulated a system of law, which was rigorously obeyed in every particular down to our Lord's time? The difficulty is this: that, down to Ezra's time, no one seems to have been so much as aware of the existence of all that highly elaborate ceremonial; that, in Jeremiah's time, the Temple-worship was with great difficulty centralised, yet no appeal was made to any previously existing laws to the same effect; and that (apart from two extremely doubtful passages) the tabernacle itself, of which so much is said in Exodus and Leviticus, is never once mentioned or alluded to in the history till after the Captivity. It is argued, therefore, that the story of the tabernacle forms a striking instance of what took place all along the line, at the restoration from captivity; that the tabernacle was nothing but an ideal and impalpable shadow of Solomon's Temple, cast back—like the spectre on the Brocken—upon the misty legendary cloudland of the wanderings in the desert; and that the reality was simply a sacred tent to shelter that holy ark, of which we certainly do hear a great deal throughout the history of Israel. For, says Canon Driver—

'it is very far from being implied that all the [post-exilic] institutions were the creations of that age. The Priests' Code embodies some elements with which the earlier literature is in harmony and which, indeed, it presupposes. . . . The chief ceremonial institutions of Israel are, in their origin, of great antiquity; but the laws respecting them were gradually developed and elaborated, and, in the shape in which they are formulated in the Priests' Code, they belong to the exilic or early post-exilic period . . . the legislation being based upon pre-existing Temple usage, and exhibiting the form which that finally assumed.' (P. 135.)

But

'the pre-exilic period shows no indications of this legislation being [then] in operation. Thus, the place of the sacrifice is here strictly

limited, and severe penalties are imposed upon any, except priests, who presume to officiate at the altar. [But] in Judges and Samuel sacrifice is frequently offered at spots not consecrated, and laymen are repeatedly represented as officiating—in both cases without any hint of disapproval. . . . Further, elaborate provisions are here laid down for the safety of the tabernacle and for the reverent handling of the ark; [but, under Eli] the ark is sent for and taken into battle, as a matter calling for no comment. . . . And at the solemn transference of the ark by David to Zion, the *I* *ests* and Levites are conspicuous by their absence; David offers sacrifice with his own hand, and performs the priestly function of blessing.' (P. 129.)

In short, all the facts narrated in the history of the Judges and of the early Kings indicate precisely the existence of such simple laws and religious customs only as are imposed in those earlier fragments of Mosaic law, which are imbedded in the work of the two primitive annalists, the Jehovist and the Elohist. They refuse all attempts to square them with the more elaborate and pragmatistical regulations now so prominent in Leviticus, but whose language and manner betray a post-exile hand. . Then, turning to Deuteronomy—the work of reformers on the very eve of the Captivity, about B.C. 600—we find again no knowledge of the complex regulations in Leviticus. But, turning on to Ezekiel, during the Captivity, we begin to perceive a flavour of the coming style of legislation; and detect a growing bias towards the petty measurements and minute regulations and dry genealogies of the later Scribes and Rabbis. But 'the priesthood is still open to every member of the tribe of Levi;'^{*} till at length when we reach the work of the general editor of the whole post-Captivity Bible, the peculiarities of whose Hebrew style all experts declare to be unmistakeable—then even that door is closed. The spirit of narrow sacerdotalism, which we know so well in the yet later 'Book of Chronicles,' has now breathed over the whole Pentateuch; and to its last editor (about B.C. 450),—while we owe him a debt of deepest gratitude for his preservation for us of all those exquisite ancient stories which record the idyllic lives of the patriarchs, and for the careful insertion of Babylonian legends about the Creation and the giants and the Deluge,—we also owe it that we are to this hour able to read, in literary and intelligible form, the strict rules and customs that exile-experience had suggested as necessary to 'schoolmaster' the Jews against the terrible

^{*} Driver, p. 131.

pressure of permeating and dominant heathenism. And perhaps we owe it to him that the religion of Jehovah, Monotheism, the only hope for the subsequent emancipation and elevation of mankind, was preserved for the world intact in this casket of the Mosaic law.

(4) The fourth great calamity which befell the Jews—their persecution by the Greek monarchy at Antioch (B.C. 170) and the penetration of Greek thought into the very heart of their proud exclusive Semitism—had but little effect upon this already consecrated portion of the Hebrew scriptures, the law. It simply brought fresh scriptures to the front for canonisation, as we shall see presently. But otherwise it was unimportant, and may here be passed by.

(5) It was the fifth great national catastrophe which, by its gradual approach and by its terrible results, again affected seriously the relations of the Jews to their sacred books. Already, in the post-exile redaction of the law, the 'Priestly Code' (PC or P, as the critics label it), we have, in fact, a great step made in advance towards that *bête noire* of St. Paul, legalism. And when all the efforts of Christ had been in vain to induce the Pharisees and Rabbis of His age to relax the ever-growing network of this strangling suffocating 'law;' when even the tremendous shock, and the horrible irony, of the tragedy at Calvary could induce no more than a remnant of the law-blind Jews to see that Jehovah's Messiah must needs be a moral, and not a conquering Messiah of the sword; and when, therefore, yet another Captivity, yet another destruction, another dispersion into all heathen lands, had become to every prophetic eye certain and imminent; then, yet a fifth, and a still more elaborate, redaction of the Mosaic law was thought necessary by the leaders of the Jewish race, if their nation and their religion were to be preserved from a final dissolution. And so the catastrophe of the Jewish Church brought forth that greatest portent of undigested legislation which the world has ever seen, that jungle (as Mr. Deutsch called it), that tangled labyrinth of greybeard wisdom and infantine folly, of law run to seed and thorny outgrowths of wildest legend and pettiest inquisitorial injunctions—the Talmud. It is true the Talmud has not yet been stamped with authority. It is too enormous and uncouth to lend itself to such treatment. But its reverential use among the Jews, and its frequent quotation as of decisive weight, has amounted to a partial consecration for religious use. And should it ever be codified and adapted for synagogue read-

and the only chance of making head against it lay in a radical religious reformation, based upon a universal submission to the discipline of a Divine law. What more urgent, therefore, than to begin by publishing, under Jeremiah's influence, and in a popular and persuasive form, a sacred code of the ancient Mosaic laws (Deuteronomy)? And then, when the blow had fallen and the whole nation was in exile, what more imperative than to provide, yet more carefully, against utter dissolution and absorption among the heathen, by carefully piecing together fragments of law and their illustrative history, and by constructing tentative theories as to how they could be reduced to practice, under the influence of good men among the exiles, like Ezekiel the priest? And, lastly, when deliverance had come and the hardy pioneers of hope, the 'pilgrim-fathers' of Judaism and Christianity, had set off on their desperate undertaking with sword and trowel to rear again the tumbled blackened ruins of their mountain-home; what more natural than that earnest Jews, like Ezra the scribe and lawyer, should employ their leisure at Babylon in arranging everything, down to the last detail, and in preparing a code which pious satraps, like Nehemiah, might presently enforce? And so, in fact, it all happened. Ezra and Nehemiah themselves set forth from Babylon to join the struggling pilgrims; themselves felt the thrill of overpowering joy which animates a man on sight of blue distant hills which mean for him 'country' and 'home;' and on arrival they reared a lectern in the open air, and published, by reading aloud during several successive days, the new code that they had brought with them, the 'Mosaic law.*' It was universally accepted, it was treasured, it was canonised, it was idolised. And so the first volume of the triple Old Testament, the 'Law,' was now in assured existence (B.C. 444). It seems then, says Robertson Smith, that while

'scholars have been busy, trying to gather a grain of truth out of fabulous traditions, they have forgotten to open their eyes, and simply look at the Bible itself for a plain account of what Ezra and Nehemiah actually did. There we learn that Ezra did establish a Canon—that is, he did lead his people to accept a written and sacred code as the absolute rule of faith and life. But the Canon of Ezra was the Pentateuch. The people entered into a covenant to keep the law of Moses which Ezra brought with him from Babylon. That was the establishment of the Pentateuch as the canonical and authoritative book of the Jews, and that is the position which it holds ever afterwards. To the author of Ecclesiasticus [B.C. 180] the Pentateuch, and no larger

* Nehemiah viii. 1.

Canon, is the Book of the Covenant of God most high, and the source of all sacred wisdom; while, to all Jewish theology, the Pentateuch stands higher than the other books in sanctity, and is viewed as containing within itself the whole compass of possible revelation, all other books being tested by their conformity with its contents.' (P. 171.)

(2) The PROPHETS. But, meanwhile, a second formation was already in progress; for nearly all the materials for another sacred volume had long ago been prepared. A 'Priestly Code,' a great book of historically illustrated rubrics, was all very well. But priests and their codes are not everything in this world; and any religion would soon die of dignity whose pulse merely beat steadily in 'daily service,' with all proper apparatus of spoons, and snuffers, and knives for sacrifice, and breeches, and mitres, and censers. Unless the prophet, too, has something to say here, and with an inspiring voice to add life and meaning to theurgic symbols and to mysteries 'surrounded with a hedge' of awe, ossification soon sets in. The heart ceases to beat. The religion becomes a ritual; the man a bandaged mummy. Accordingly, good men in Jewry had long been accustomed to place a high value on prophetic preaching. And now, in captivity, they had been sedulously gathering and treasuring all that fire and heathen scorn had left of the leather strips or parchment rolls, labelled with Isaiah's or Jeremiah's authorship, or with similar names of Israel's ancient prophets. And they continued the collection afterwards, even down to Ezra's contemporary, Malachi (B.C. 450). So that, when yet another deluge of heathendom, at first seductive but soon brutal and persecuting, followed upon Alexander's conquest of their good-humoured Persian masters, then the Jewish leaders bethought them that they too, as well as the Greeks, had a national literature. And they determined that their prophetic scriptures (in annals and orations) should be, like their sacred code of laws, strenuously preserved from oblivion by public reading in the synagogues. Hence, as Babylonian oppression had produced the first closed volume of the Canon,* so Greek oppression now produced the second,* containing a series of histories

* This explanation is fully borne out by the yearning for consolation and for better times which appears in the Jewish prayers that accompanied the lections from the Prophets. They ran thus: 'O thou that promisest and also fulfillest, &c.' 'Not one of Thy promises shall fall to the ground.' 'O refresh us, with Elijah the prophet, &c.' (See

which reach from Joshua and his settlement of the tribes in the Promised Land down to the end of the Monarchy in 2 Kings; and also a somewhat confused collection of their hortatory remains.

Thus, from about B.C. 200 onwards, these two sacred collections, together with the precious and ever-growing little fivefold book of 'The Psalms of David,' for temple and for private use *—to reflect from the inward mirror of man's soul the fivefold radiance of the Divine law—remained, till the time of Christ, the Canon of Holy Scripture. 'The Law and the Prophets were until John.' †

'For centuries,' says Professor Ryle, 'the "Word of God" had been declared to the people by the prophet, in the form of instruction or Torah. But now Torah was identified with a written law; and the question was whether the law alone could permanently fill the gap which had thus appeared in the religious life of the community. Instinctively, we answer that it could not. [But] the steps by which these additions to the Canon of the Law were made are in a great measure hidden from our view. . . . In the collection of the Twelve Minor Prophets [as one book], we have possible indications of the limit of time, from knowing that Malachi was composed at or about the time of Nehemiah's governorship, B.C. 445-433. Many years would have to slip away before it was fully realised that Malachi was the last of the great series. And if, as seems very possible, the book of Jonah is an allegory, written for a didactic purpose about B.C. 400, it would hardly have been admitted at once among the earlier prophets of Israel. . . . We may conjecture, therefore, that the conclusion of the second Canon may have been reached under the High Priesthood of Simon II. (B.C. 219-199). Thus it was divinely overruled that, on the eve of the great crisis when Antiochus Epiphanes, seconded by the turpitude of the Jewish High Priests, sought to obliterate the religious distinctiveness of the Jewish people, another bulwark had been raised in the defence of the pure religion of Jehovah.' (Pp. 95, 105, 113.)

Hamburger, s.v. *Haftarah*, p. 335.) The great acre that was taken to preserve the smaller rolls, which might easily be lost, is shown by the following passage from the Talmud (*Baba Bathra*, fol. 14): 'Our Rabbis give the order of the prophets thus—Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Isaiah, the Twelve. But should not Hosea stand first? Why is he not written out separately and put in his proper place? Because his book is so small that it might easily be lost.'

* Such private lyrical compositions were by no means peculiar to early times or to the chosen people. (See a war-psalm of Assurbanipal, B.C. 650, and a penitential psalm of about B.C. 1700 from Assyria, in 'Records of the Past,' v. 67 and 153; and cf. The Psalms of Solomon, B.C. 50; and the Magnificat, &c., about A.D. 1.)

† Luke xvi. 16,

(3) The HAGIOGRAPHA. But, meanwhile, neither had Jewish pens been idle, nor had patriotic collectors of fragments that were, or seemed to be, ancient, ceased their useful, though often indiscriminating, industry. The tempest of Greek invasion and cruel persecution had wrung some characteristic specimens of apocalypse (Daniel) and legend (Esther) out of tortured Jewish hearts, and then had passed away. The subsequent Maccabæan gleam of peace and independence had encouraged even a reflective (Job), and an almost cynical, philosophy (Ecclesiastes), as well as steady prose history-writing (Chronicles). But ere long excitement began again. Was Israel never to be free from harrowing anxieties? No; not if she served Jehovah to the last rubric in the Pentateuch, and read in scrupulous order every lection from the Prophets without missing a 'Yod' or ever once failing to say 'the Lord' whenever the sacred name occurred? It really seemed so. For a huge thunder-cloud had now, for the third time, gathered against her; and this time it had arisen (like Elijah's storm-cloud) from beyond the western sea. Rome was already looming even in the Maccabæan 'Book of Daniel;' and her slowly encroaching policy had already to be taken account of by Judas and his warlike brethren.* What wonder, then, that men's hearts again began to fail them, and that many a rabbi doubted whether another desperate revolt might not again before long have to be hazarded for Israel's redemption? At all events, any precious books that so much as bore heroic names, and had passed current for some time as connected with ancient worthies—such as Job and Daniel, David and Solomon, Queen Esther, and indeed all the saints of God, beginning with Adam and ending with Nehemiah—all these familiar and popular works began to be sedulously collected and anxiously guarded. 'The sacred writings' they were vaguely called; and some few of them began to be read in synagogue on certain exceptional days in the year—viz., 'Esther' at the feast of Purim, 'Canticles' at the Passover, 'Ruth' at Pentecost. 'But,' says Professor Ryle,

'The Books of the Hagiographa were not continuously read in the Synagogues. They were not, therefore, estimated by the same test of public usage. It would be possible, I should think, for a book to hover a long time in suspense, having been admitted into the sacred list at a time of popular religious enthusiasm; but having afterwards [like Esther, Canticles, Ecclesiastes] incurred suspicion in consequence

* Cf. Robertson Smith, *Old Testament*, p. 178, note.

of doubts as to its orthodoxy. But once admitted, a book was never likely to be [ultimately] excluded.' (P. 142.)

Thus, tentatively and gradually, after Pompey's invasion and his profanation of the temple, and still more quickly when the half-heathen Herod was reigning at Cæsarea by the grace of Rome and Augustus, preparation was going on for the final acceptance and consecration by the Rabbis of yet a third volume of Holy Scripture—the 'Hagiographa.' Virtually, it was complete in our Lord's time, and He may, perhaps, mean by His words in Matthew xxiii. 35—'from 'Abel to the son of Barachiah,' simply 'from one end of 'Scripture to the other—from Genesis to 2 Chronicles.' But it is certain that some books, such as Ecclesiastes, were doubted till B.C. 32, and that the Old Testament, in all its three volumes, was not finally 'canonised' and closed till the great Council of the Rabbis was held, after the fall of Jerusalem, at Jamnia, in Southern Palestine, A.D. 90. Thus just as the first volume of the canon (the Law) owed its existence to Chaldæan conquest, and the second volume (the Prophets) owed its consecration for religious use to the Greek persecution, so the third volume (the Hagiographa) owed its acceptance as sacred and canonical to the crushing Roman victory which put an end to the Jewish State altogether.

Hereafter Christianity and Judaism go their several ways apart, and Jewish developments have no further interest for us, as Christians. But it is interesting to observe that the selfsame process of collecting laws and illustrative histories (Halacha and Haggada) still continued, until immense masses of both kinds were accumulated in the Talmud; and that the same law of 'canonisation as a result of calamity' again makes its appearance. For Hillel, in our Lord's day, began vigorously the work of collection, and it was carried on by that remarkable Jewish martyr of the second century, R. Akiba—esteemed, on that account, 'a second Ezra'*—and reached a quasi-codification in the Mishna. Thus (as Schürer remarks) 'the downfall of the Jewish State had 'for its direct result the enhancement of Rabbinical influence; and the first attempt at codifying the [oral] law 'was made by men in immediate touch with those who had 'witnessed it.'† In fact, the Talmud (as completed three hundred years later on)

* Schürer, '*Gesch. des jüdischen Volkes*,' ii. 301.

† Hamburger, '*Real-Encyclopädie für Talmud*,' p. 36.

'though never formally accepted by the nation, is the most trustworthy "Canon" of Jewish tradition. But its popularity is much more due to an extraneous cause. During the persecutions against the Jews in the [new] Persian Empire, under Jesdegird II. [A.D. 450], the schools were closed for about eighty years; and the living development of the law being stopped, the book obtained a supreme authority, such as had probably never been dreamt of by its authors.'*

And not in this respect only does the more recent Talmud illustrate the process of ancient Semitic 'canonisation,' but also in two other ways. For, like the priestly code of post-exile times, it travelled back all the way to the world's creation to find a starting point; and then it mingled inextricably together history, poetry, law and legend, very much as we find them mingled in the Hexateuch. Another good illustration of the way in which documents of very different epochs can become dovetailed and planed down into unity is to be found in the existing collection of 'Sibylline Verses.' They are now extant in a considerable volume, containing twelve consecutive books. But Books I. and II. are a work of about A.D. 200, Book III. is attributed to B.C. 170, Book IV. to A.D. 80, and so on.†

Perhaps, however, if a still more telling illustration were required of the way in which ancient collections—first occasioned by local and temporary events occurring in times long gone by—can subsequently pass through numerous redactions; can then, under stress of adversities and catastrophes, receive partial codification and become a canon for the men of that later age; and, finally, how its successive strata can eventually be planed down (as ice planes down the edges of a dozen tossed and tilted formations) into some familiar form for unquestioning daily use and deep religious reverence; such an illustration might be found in the English Book of Common Prayer. For the materials that compose that book go back, in the gospels and epistles for the day, to the very earliest literature of Christianity. It gathers treasures, as its life goes on, from Eastern liturgies of St. Chrysostom and from Western sacramentaries, litanies, creeds; the Norman Conquest leaves its mark in many a prayer from the Sarum Breviary and Missal; the Reformation struggles produce two or three new 'formations' in rapid succession; and lastly, the Great Rebellion clenches it all by renewed redaction and (so to

* Deutsch, 'Literary Remains' (1874), p. 41.

† Friedlieb, 'Oracula Sibyllina' (1852), Einleitung.

speak) canonisation at the Savoy Conference under Charles II. A.D. 1662. Yet, with all this strange medley of material and this singular history of successive canonisations for public use, the book is familiarly handled with unconscious reverence by generation after generation of English churchmen; and so nearly is it placed on a par with Scripture that a thousand inconveniences are willingly suffered rather than permit the precious ink-stance of their fathers to be modernised or revised. Even the children's catechism has recently been successfully defended from sacrilegious additions; and the few rubrical adaptations which have been hazarded in America and Ireland are visited with as stern reprobation by the stricter churchmen at home, as the vagaries of Alexandria met with at the hands of solemn Palestinian Rabbis at Jerusalem. 'Those who read the 'outside books,' said R. Akiba, 'have no part in the life to come.' Such books were to be thrust away in the rubbish room to which condemned synagogue rolls were relegated. And at last a shrewd law was devised to the effect that the sacred books communicate ceremonial uncleanness to hands that touch them; which secured that they should be kept in a place by themselves and not be lightly handled. In short (as a South Sea Islander would say) they were 'tabooed.'

Nay, the Pentateuch was attributed not merely to the inspiration but to the actual creation of Almighty God. 'Seven things—among them the Torah—were created before the creation of the world.'* And God Himself is supposed to spend much time in the study of His own Torah. Such wild extravagances are only paralleled by the similar statements of the Brahmins about their Vedas; but the distant echoes of these Rabbinical superstitions were faintly heard long afterwards in many a Protestant 'confession' of the Sixteenth Century; and in that phrase of Martin Marprelate, wherein (as in a nutshell) lies latent all Puritan nonconformity: 'the controversy is whether the external government of the Church be so prescribed by the Lord in the New Testament as it is not left to any man to alter the same.'† They are heard also in the Council of Trent in the rash statement, 'God is the author of Holy Scripture;' and even so late as 1876, the Vatican Council, 'The books of the Old and New Testaments entire, with all their parts . . . have God for their author.' The culmination,

* Talmud, 'Nedarim,' fol. 39.

† Maskell, 'Martin Marprelate' (1845), p. 34.

however, of bibliolatry seems to be reached in a modern hymn, where a downright invocation is addressed to the Holy Book for help on the death-bed—

‘Book of life ! When we reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us—for the life then closing—
Life, life above !’

Yet even this extravagance is but an echo of the Talmud, which gravely informs us that ‘the Torah (Pentateuch) ‘stands before the Most High, and maketh intercession for Israel’ (Shemoth Rabba, cap. 29.)

III. We have left ourselves but little space for the discussion of that practical question which is, at the present day, of supreme interest and importance to all religious men. It is the question how these new views about the structure of the Bible can be woven into the fabric of Christian thought, and can be utilised in Christian teaching. It would be childish to deny that they involve a considerable, and, in some quarters, by no means a welcome change of system. But every revelation of new truth invariably requires fidelity, skill, and courage to harmonise it with old truth,—especially at the hands of those who are involved in a routine of professional duty, which cannot wait till all has been made clear, and which exposes them to the silly gibes of busy mockers who are ‘without understanding.’ Their duty seems, at first, like the process (so graphically described by President Lincoln) of changing horses while fording a dangerous river ; and that, with the added distraction of seeing either bank lined with weeping or jeering spectators. Let them not be discouraged. Mockery has been the accompaniment of all great improvements since the world began. No sooner had some striking advances been made in physical science, about fifty years ago, than Strauss declared that no one could in future remain a clergyman, or even a Christian. A little later on, when Semitic studies were just beginning to cast some new light on the Bible, Renan pronounced that the petrification, which he mistook for living Christianity, had been fatally mined and ruined. And the comical gambols which, not long ago, were executed by Mr. Bradlaugh and his school round such things as the printer’s favourite 4001 for Creation—which we were all supposed to believe under pain of eternal damnation—the gravity of this Journal prevents us from attempting to describe. All these imaginary death-blows to the Christian

faith have, however, long been safely survived. Why should not survival, and even improvement, be likewise anticipated from a brave and calm handling of the new critical discoveries which have recently been committed to our trust? Yet, says Professor Robertson Smith,

‘I have met with many persons who admit that they can detect no flaw in the critical argument by which the dates of the codes are established, but who yet suspend their judgment, and are tempted to regard the whole Pentateuch question as a hopeless puzzle, because they cannot understand how the Mosaic history is to be read in the light of the new critical discoveries.’ (New edition, p. 389.)

Precisely in the same way, on the first announcement of the Copernican astronomy in 1543, every teacher of the established Ptolemaic system complained that the Universe had become to him a ‘hopeless puzzle.’ But the remedy was speedily and entirely satisfactory. He had nothing to do but to transfer his didactic standpoint from the earth to the sun, and to begin by fixing attention on the true centre of all planetary movements, and then the imagination of his pupils was at once enkindled, their intelligence satisfied, their curiosity aroused. And just so it may easily be, at the present moment, in religious teaching—if Christian teachers will only begin at the central point and pivot of all sacred history; will firmly and boldly take their stand on the appearance of Christ in the world; and from that point will look backwards through all the deepening mist and haze of the old world’s religious history; instead of hopelessly trying to begin with Adam and Eve at B.C. 4004, and so work their stumbling way forwards towards Christ. Viewed from that centre, everything (as in the Heliocentric system) falls into its true and natural place. The Hagiographa is then seen, at A.D. 1, in the air and in actual process of being precipitated for synagogue reading; while other literary ingredients such as ‘Enoch,’ ‘Wisdom,’ ‘Maccabees,’ ‘Esdras,’ ‘Solomon’s Psalter,’ the ‘Assumption of Moses,’ and many curious products of later Jewish piety—were still suspended and regarded as ‘Apocrypha,’ unworthy of public recognition at the lectern. Then behind that cloudy stratum appears, already formed and canonised, the prophetic collection of narratives and orations, shading off (as all literatures do) from prose into poetry, and from the plain naturalism of the Chaldean siege in 2 Kings, back to the misty stories of Elijah and the ravens, Samson and Delilah, and Joshua commanding the sun to stand still. Then behind that stratum

again appears the primæval system of legislation, codified under Moses' name and breathing his spirit; but shading off (like the rest) into the mysterious past, and illustrating itself by free use of history, myth, and legend; till, far beyond all ken of clear intelligence, loom large the pan-Semitic traditions about a universal deluge and the Tower of Babel and the giants and the golden age in Paradise and the divine creation of the world.

Viewed in this way, the Bible becomes the most interesting of all books. It is no longer a magical and infallible oracle verbally and syllabically inspired; but a perfectly veracious and divinely simple record of the growth and development of God's Church—from the beginning down to the Apostolic age—describing in full its successive essays in organisation, its failures and victories, its achievements of saints and heroes; giving in perfect good faith its legends of Jonah and his whale, of Balaam and his ass, of Samson and his lion; and weaving-in many lovely myths, and dreams, and poems—the angels' ladder, the rainbow covenant of hope and peace for animals as well as men, the garden of sweet innocence and of sad primæval fall. For, as Archbishop Benson so admirably says, 'Are we prepared to lay it down, as a thing not to be credited, that the Spirit of God has used what we now call "myth"?'* No one, in these days, after so many surprises about God's methods both in nature and in history, is prepared to do anything so certainly rash, and so possibly blasphemous. And thus the Old Testament becomes, at last,—what it was surely intended to be—a help, and not a hindrance, to the Christian Church; an illustration, and not a perplexing obscuration, of God's ways with man; and a subject for the most enthusiastic study for all lovers of truth and all believers in God's gradual revelation of it to the world. Hence, we are persuaded that, with the key now providentially given, and all the old puerilities and absurdities and misunderstandings fairly set aside, a new era of vigour and joyful progress is on the point of dawning upon the Christian Church. The heathen will no longer have to complain that worse demands are made on their credulity by the missionaries than by their own priests; nor will Jewish pride be any longer encouraged to build up those childish cloud-castles of God's supposed blind favouritism, which have fortified them—more than any other prejudice—against

* Archbishop Benson, Charge at Canterbury Diocesan Conference, 1890.

surrender to their own true Christ. And when by their aid, —scattered as they now are, and in intimate touch with every nation under heaven—Christians shall have learnt, at last, to understand the intrinsic Orientalism of their own scriptures, and by Hebrew aid to translate them truly into Western forms of thought, then perhaps that forecast of St. Paul may find fulfilment, which shall prove him to have been a prophet indeed. ‘Jesus of the New Testament is the Messiah of the Old Testament;’ that was to him the central pivot of all his teaching. And if—with far broader practical knowledge of multifarious mankind than was possible to him, with all the profundities and subtleties of German criticism at our disposal, and with the fresh breath of our own liberty to supply energy to all social and mental efforts,—the British school of biblical study should at length persuade the Jews, whom our nation has of late so steadily befriended, to join them in loyal service to the only Messiah whom the world has ever seen, or can now ever hope to see; and to consecrate themselves to a united enterprise in furtherance of a reasonable and Christo-centric study of the Bible; then it may surely come to pass that the twentieth century shall see, what the nineteenth century has failed to understand, the meaning of that hitherto unsolved enigma of the great Apostle: ‘If the casting away of the Jews has been the reconciling of the Gentile world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?’

ART. VIII.—1. *A History of Savings Banks.* By WILLIAM LEWINS.

2. *Origin and Progress of the System of Post Office Savings Banks.* 1871.

3. *The Law relating to Trustee and Post Office Savings Banks.* By U. A. FORBES.

4. *Annual Reports of the Postmaster-General.* 1862–1892.

IN an early number of this Journal we devoted several pages to the subject of Savings Banks, and gave an account of the working of the then recently established and still flourishing Edinburgh Savings Bank. We directed attention to the absurdity of using the plural number in describing these institutions, but our protest was too late, and the etymological blunder has been perpetuated in Acts of Parliament as well as in the usage of everyday life. Wherever English is spoken banks for saving are called savings banks, though in other languages they are more correctly designated. The Germans have their *Sparbanken*, the French their *caisses d'épargne*, and the Italians their *casse di risparmio*. Each of these nations claims the honour of having originated savings banks. The claim of Italy rests upon the doubtful assumption that the *monti di pietà*, founded by St. Bernardino of Siena in the fifteenth century, were banks rather than pawnshops. The claim of Germany is better supported. A savings bank was established at Hamburg at least as early as the year 1780, and considerable sums of money were deposited, but when Napoleon invaded Germany he confiscated the whole of them. In Switzerland savings banks were founded at Berne, Basle, and Geneva between 1787 and 1794. In England two savings banks were in existence before the close of the eighteenth century, at Tottenham and at Wendover in Buckinghamshire. The first was started for women and children by Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, a benevolent inhabitant of the village, and its scope was gradually enlarged. In 1804 it was more fully organised; Mr. Eardley Wilmot, M.P., became one of the trustees, and it continued until 1866, when the deposits were transferred to the Post Office Savings Bank. About the same time that Mrs. Wakefield began her club the Reverend Joseph Smith, vicar of Wendover, invited his parishioners to entrust to him for safe keeping any money they could spare in sums of not less than twopence. He

undertook to keep an exact account of all moneys he received, and repay them with interest at Christmas, or earlier if necessary, and, by way of encouragement to depositors, he gave them a dinner once a year. The bank was open on Sunday evenings, apparently to afford the parishioners an opportunity of obeying St. Paul's injunction to the church at Corinth : ' Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store. ' The Wendover bank existed for several years, and had about sixty subscribers, who invested from five to ten pounds apiece every season.

The example of Tottenham and Wendover was quickly followed in other places. Many eminent persons took up the idea of savings banks, and assisted in founding and managing them. Lord Lansdowne was president of the Bath Savings Bank, which was begun in 1808 by Lady Isabella Douglas; Mr. George Rose established the Southampton Savings Bank in 1815, and Sir John Acland the Exeter and Devon Savings Bank in the following year. These banks, and many others started about the same time, were purely voluntary associations, and had no special legal sanction or protection. As early, however, as 1807, Mr. Whitbread, in the course of a long and able speech on the poor laws, suggested the formation of a National Savings Bank. His plan was so bold that we think it well to give it in his own words:—

' I beg honourable gentlemen not to start at what I am about to suggest, which to many who hear me may be quite new. I would propose the establishment of one great national institution in the nature of a bank for the use and advantage of the labouring classes alone; that it should be placed in the metropolis, and be under the control and management of proper persons; that every man who shall be certified by one justice of the peace to subsist on the wages of his own labour shall be at liberty to remit any sum from 20s. upwards, but not exceeding 20*l.* in any one year, and not more than 200*l.* in the whole.'

The money was to be remitted, ' with the intervention of ' the Post Office,' for investment in Government stock, in the names of commissioners appointed for the purpose. Mr. Whitbread also proposed to afford facilities for the purchase of small annuities and for the insurance of lives within certain limits; but he was not successful in persuading the House of Commons to sanction his plan, which was in abeyance for nearly half a century, and he could hardly have foreseen the tremendous impetus it would, when adopted, give to thrift and economy, or that a bank founded

on the lines he laid down would, in the course of thirty years, receive from depositors more than 300,000,000*l.*, and hold, at the end of that period, 71,000,000*l.*, belonging to 5,100,000 persons, in addition to 5,000,000*l.* specially invested in Government stock.

In 1816 an unsuccessful attempt was made to place savings banks on a definite legal basis, and in the following year the earliest Savings Bank Act* was passed, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. Rose. Mr. Wilberforce and other supporters of the measure indulged in very extravagant hopes of its consequences, anticipating that in a few years pauperism would be extinguished and poor rates cease. On the other hand, Lord Milton warned the supporters of savings banks not to expect too much; and Mr. Thomas Attwood declared they were a nuisance, and would 'become a screw in the hands of Government to fix down the working classes to the system.' Outside Parliament many of the supporters of friendly societies strongly objected to legislating in the interest of savings banks, under a mistaken notion that the two institutions must be eventually antagonistic. William Cobbett, in a characteristic protest addressed to 'old George Rose,' denounced Savings Banks as the most ridiculous project that ever entered the mind of man. As we recall these criticisms, we may, perhaps, be permitted to make a short quotation from the article already referred to, which has been fully justified by the experience of three-quarters of a century, and still expresses our views: 'The spread of savings banks is of far more importance, and far more likely to increase the happiness, and even the greatness, of the nation than the most brilliant success of its arms, or the most stupendous improvements of its trade or its agriculture.'†

Under the Act of 1817 any depositor could invest in a savings bank 100*l.* in the first year and 50*l.* in any subsequent year. The trustees were required to pay over all moneys they received to the Bank of England to the account of the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt, who were empowered to allow interest at the rate of 3*l.* per cent. per diem, or 4*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* per annum. It is little to the credit of Lord Liverpool's Administration, or of Parliament, that these provisions should have been embodied in the Act. Consols only yielded about 3*l.* 5*s.* per cent. per annum, and

* 57 George III. c. 130.

† 'Edinburgh Review,' xlix. p. 146.

no working man could lay by 100*l.*, or even 50*l.*, a year. Savings banks were rapidly established, and within a year there were 227 in England and Wales. In Scotland and Ireland there were nearly as many. A separate measure for the latter country had been passed concurrently with the English Act, though, in consequence of the opposition of some Scotch savings banks, neither Act was extended to them. Money came pouring in, not so much from the wage-earning classes as from the well-to-do, who speedily discovered they could obtain higher interest from savings banks than from direct investments in Government stock. The Acts restricted the amount to be deposited, but Parliament had omitted to attach any penalty to deposits in excess of the limits, and unscrupulous persons, often with the connivance of savings bank managers, systematically invested large sums of money. One man deposited, in the names of his six children, several thousand pounds; deposits were also frequently made in assumed names, or merely under a number without any name. An attempt was made in 1818 to stop these abuses, but nothing was done until 1824, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Robinson) carried a Bill reducing the limits of deposits to 50*l.* the first year, 30*l.* in subsequent years, and fixing the total amount to the credit of a depositor at 200*l.*, inclusive of interest. To prevent evasion of these limits, intending depositors were required to sign a declaration that they had no interest in a savings bank account. It was at first proposed that the signature should be in the depositor's own handwriting, but, as such a provision would have prevented persons unable to write from using savings banks, it was not insisted upon, and those who could not write their names were allowed to affix their marks to the declaration.

In 1824 there was already a deficiency in the funds held by the National Debt Commissioners on account of savings banks. The deficiency was caused by the too liberal interest allowed by the Acts of 1817, and, although it was rapidly growing, no steps were then taken to reduce it. In 1817 the loss was 12,000*l.*; in 1824 it was 88,000*l.*, and in 1828 160,000*l.* Mr. Joseph Hume on several occasions called attention to this loss, and in 1828 he succeeded in alarming the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the reconstruction of the Duke of Wellington's Administration, after the withdrawal of Mr. Canning's friends, caused a further delay in dealing with the matter. In June 1828, however, a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons to consolidate and amend the law,

which, after considerable discussion, was added to the statute book and continued with few subsequent modifications to be the governing statute of savings banks until 1863.* The annual limit of deposits was definitely fixed at 30*l.*, and the total limit at 150*l.*, but interest might continue to accrue until the amount due to a depositor reached 200*l.* To ensure uniformity and compliance with the law, the rules of all savings banks were directed to be certified by a barrister appointed for the purpose, who also acted as arbitrator in disputes concerning deposits, and whose powers in this respect were to be outside the jurisdiction of the courts of law. This appointment was conferred upon the late Mr. Tidd Pratt, and he held it for forty years, to the great advantage of savings banks generally. The Bill also reduced the interest paid by the National Debt Commissioners from 3*l.* to 2½*l.* per diem, but no attempt was made to deal with the already large deficiency in the savings bank funds held by the Commissioners. It was expected that the reduction of the interest would at least prevent further loss, but the expectation was not realised and the deficiency continued to grow. In 1844 Mr. Goulburn reduced the interest paid by the Commissioners to 3*l.* 5*s.* per cent. per annum, and in 1880 Mr. Gladstone made a further reduction of 5*s.* per cent. At that date the deficiency in the savings bank funds, which amounted to 744,000*l.* in 1828 and to 1,948,000*l.* in 1844, had risen to 3,565,000*l.*, although Sir Stafford Northcote had made an arrangement in 1877 under which an annual vote was granted to defray the excess of interest paid by the National Debt Commissioners. Mr. Gladstone in 1880 not only lowered the interest, but extinguished the deficiency by the creation of a terminable annuity of 83,762*l.*, to run until 1908. In 1888 Mr. Goschen again reduced the interest to 2*l.* 15*s.* per cent. per annum, as a necessary consequence of the alteration in the interest on consols, and it may reasonably be hoped that savings banks will henceforth be conducted without further loss to the nation.

It would not be fair to impute the whole of the loss incurred in the management of the funds held by the National Debt Commissioners on account of savings banks to the trustees and other officers of those institutions; and the loss was more than counterbalanced, in the opinion of Mr. Gladstone, by the use successive Administrations had been able to make of the money. But there were other draw-

* 9 George IV. c. 92.

backs to the savings banks in existence before 1861 which for a long time appeared irremediable. In that year the total number of savings banks in the United Kingdom was 638, and their capital was 41,500,000*l.* There were 498 savings banks in England, 33 in Wales, 51 in Scotland, 54 in Ireland, and 2 in the Channel Islands; but they were very unequally distributed, and in many cases the facilities afforded for depositing and withdrawing money were ridiculously insufficient. In nine Scotch and four Irish counties, and in 150 towns with more than 10,000 inhabitants, there was no savings bank at all. More than half were open only once a week, 54 were open only once a fortnight, and 10 only once a month. The hours for transacting business were in too many instances arranged rather for the convenience of the trustees and managers than for the requirements of the working classes, twenty per cent. of whom were, according to a competent authority, absolutely debarred from saving money by lack of facilities. Notice was necessary for withdrawals, and great delay often occurred when depositors wanted money. We do not think that savings bank deposits should be withdrawable on demand, but a delay of a fortnight, or even of a week, in obtaining an amount, however small, obviously prevented many persons from locking up their money in these institutions. The trustees and managers were generally men of influence and good position, often clergymen and employers, and some cautious people hesitated to use savings banks under the mistaken notion that the fact of their putting away money might be disclosed to their prejudice, while others objected to the patronage of the voluntary officials. Public confidence in savings banks had been greatly shaken by a series of frauds involving great losses to depositors, who discovered, to their surprise, that little or no liability attached to the trustees, and that the promise of Government security for their money was a delusion. It is much to be regretted that this serious blemish was so long allowed to mar the usefulness of savings banks, and that the Act of 1863 did not apply a remedy. As recently as 1886 many thousand pounds were lost by the depositors in the Cardiff Savings Bank through the dishonesty of the actuary and the negligence of the trustees. The loss at Cardiff excited considerable attention, and Mr. Lyulph Stanley, who was appointed a commissioner to investigate and report upon the causes of the disaster, came to the conclusion that the ultimate security of depositors in the older savings banks

was the integrity of the actuary. Parliament has at last been aroused to the necessity of providing a more substantial guarantee, and the Act of 1891 will, it may be hoped, prevent a recurrence of such losses as were experienced at Cardiff and in other places.

From time to time various suggestions were made to improve the efficiency of trustee savings banks, and to afford greater facilities for depositing money. In 1852 Archdeacon Hamilton, then Vicar of Berwick-on-Tweed, proposed a national system of savings banks, to be worked through the agency of the Post Office. Four years later Mr. John Bullar advocated a somewhat similar scheme, but in neither case did the plan receive much support. In 1859 Mr. Charles William Sikes, of Huddersfield, who had for many years taken a keen interest in the subject, and had in 1858 given valuable evidence before a committee of the House of Commons appointed to enquire into the Acts relating to savings banks and the operation thereof, addressed a letter on the subject to Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Palmerston's recently formed Administration. Mr. Sikes proposed that in every town in which there was no savings bank the Post Office should receive deposits of not less than one pound, that the amounts thus received should be remitted to London by means of money orders, and that savings bank notes, bearing interest at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, should be issued to depositors. He had previously ascertained through Mr. Edward Baines, then member for Leeds, that the plan was considered practicable by the authorities of the Post Office, and with Mr. Gladstone's permission his letter was printed and widely circulated. Lord Brougham referred to it in his inaugural address at the meeting of the Social Science Association at Bradford; the Huddersfield Chamber of Commerce unanimously approved their townsman's scheme and communicated it to all the other chambers of commerce in the kingdom; memorials supporting it were sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer from Liverpool, York, and Leeds, from a meeting of the Dublin Statistical Society, presided over by Archbishop Whately, and from other influential bodies. Mr. Gladstone took up the subject and consulted Sir Alexander Spearman, the Comptroller-General of the National Debt Office, and the Secretary of the Post Office, who submitted Mr. Sikes's plan to a thorough but very necessary examination. Several obvious objections were apparent on its face. The proposal to entrust the manage-

ment of the National Savings Bank to a separate commission, only employing the Post Office to collect and repay deposits, involved unnecessary expense and the confusion of divided authority; the cost of money orders and savings bank notes threatened to swallow up too large a portion of the profits, and the restriction of the minimum amount receivable to one pound would prevent many persons availing themselves of the scheme. Much time was spent in endeavouring to overcome these and other difficulties, until in November 1860 Mr. George Chetwynd, of the Post Office, addressed a letter to Lord Stanley of Alderley, the Postmaster-General, explaining how a modification of Mr. Sikes's plan could be worked through the department. It is not necessary to trouble our readers with all the details of Mr. Chetwynd's proposals; the result will appear in the course of this article, and it is sufficient here to record that after improvements by Mr. Scudamore and Sir Alexander Spearman they were accepted by Mr. Gladstone and formed the basis of a Bill he introduced into the House of Commons on February 12, 1861, three days after he had obtained the necessary resolution in committee.

The second reading of the Bill was carried on March 18, not, however, without a show of opposition, led by Mr. Sotheron Estcourt in the interest of the Trustee Savings Banks. In committee Mr. Ayrton objected to most of the details, and expressed a fear that the establishment of a national bank would involve more serious consequences than could be foreseen; an Irish member, a Home Ruler before Home Rule was invented, asked that Dublin should be the centre of operations in Ireland; and Mr. Alderman Sidney prophesied that if the new savings bank were successful it would in time become as gigantic as the Bank of England. The Bill, however, came out of committee with few and slight alterations, was discussed at somewhat unusual length in the House of Lords, and received the royal assent on May 17, 1861, as 'An Act to Grant Additional Facilities for Depositing Small Savings at Interest with the Security of the Government for Due Repayment thereof.' *

The Act, which is still the principal governing statute of Post Office Savings Banks, contains only fifteen clauses. It enables the Postmaster-General to accept and repay deposits of one shilling or some multiple of a shilling, and prescribes how they are to be received; depositors are entitled to re-

payment within ten days at furthest after demand ; absolute secrecy is enjoined upon all officers engaged in the business ; all moneys deposited are to be paid over forthwith to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt ; the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom is made liable for any deficiency in the fund created by the Act ; the interest payable to depositors is fixed at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, and is to be calculated to December 31 in each year and added to the principal ; and provision is made for transferring deposits to and from trustee savings banks, for auditing the accounts and presenting them to Parliament, for applying the statutes then in force relating to savings banks to the Post Office Savings Banks, and for enabling the Postmaster-General to make regulations from time to time for carrying out the Act. No time was lost in preparing to begin operations, but there were many details to settle and many authorities to consult. It was decided to open 300 offices at first for the receipt of deposits, and the postmasters were in many cases personally instructed in their new duties. On September 16 business was actually begun and 435 deposits, amounting to 951*l.*, were received. This was considered a fair start in the infancy of the Post Office Savings Bank. Thirty years later 72,000 deposits and 178,000*l.* were received in one day.

As one person in six is at the present time a depositor in the Post Office Bank, we may presume many of our readers have some knowledge of the way in which accounts are opened and money deposited and withdrawn ; but for the benefit of those who may be without personal experience it may be desirable to describe these operations, which may be performed at any one of the ten thousand post offices in the United Kingdom at which savings bank business is transacted. An intending depositor on going to a post office to open an account is asked to furnish his full name and address, and whether he has already an account in any savings bank, it being illegal for any person to have a direct interest in more than one such account. Having ascertained that the applicant is not already a depositor, the postmaster takes the money to be deposited, prepares a declaration—a necessary legal preliminary common to all savings banks, though the form used by the Post Office is encumbered with a large quantity of printed matter which probably not one person in a hundred ever reads—and obtains the applicant's signature thereto. He also prepares a deposit book, on which are printed the name of the office and a number, and

enters therein the name and address of the depositor and the date and amount of the deposit, and attests the last two entries by his signature and an impression of the dated stamp of the office. He also enters these particulars and the number of the book in his Savings Bank account—a sheet of paper ruled and printed for the purpose—and hands the book to the depositor, after signing his signature therein. The entry of the transaction in the book is for ten days statutory evidence of the depositor's title to repayment; but the Postmaster-General's acknowledgement of the receipt of the money (which is issued from the chief office in London, and should reach the depositor in four days in the case of deposits made in England and Wales, and in six days in Scotland and Ireland) is conclusive evidence of the title; and if the acknowledgement is not received in due course the depositor should apply for it by writing to the Controller of the Post Office Savings Bank, and should, if necessary, renew the application until he gets it. He need not prepay the postage, as all communications to and from the Savings Bank Department pass through the post office free of charge to depositors, though they are carefully counted and the cost of carrying them is charged against the department, which pays about 56,000*l.* a year for postage.

The depositor can make further deposits, using the same book, at any post office open for Savings Bank business, but he may not deposit more than 30*l.* in any year, except to replace an amount previously withdrawn in the same year, and the total sum standing to his credit, inclusive of interest, must not exceed 200*l.* When he wishes to make a withdrawal he must apply on the proper form, which is self-explanatory, and forward it to the Controller. By return of post he receives a warrant for repayment of the amount applied for, an advice being sent to the postmaster, and on presenting the warrant and the deposit book at the office of payment, and signing the receipt to the warrant, the money is handed to him, and the withdrawal is entered in the book. No transaction can take place in a Post Office Savings Bank account without the cognisance of the chief office in London, where the ledgers and other necessary books are kept; and it is a consequence of this centralisation of the accounts that a depositor is not restricted to one post office; he can, if he choose, open an account in London, make his next deposit at Galway and a withdrawal in Scotland. Another consequence is that the deposit book must be sent to London for annual examination, and for the entry of the

interest. For this purpose covers are supplied, free of charge, at post offices transacting Savings Bank business; but, in order to prevent the central office in London being overwhelmed with deposit books immediately after December 31, when the interest is computed, the book should not be forwarded until the anniversary of the first deposit. Thus, if an account is opened on June 1, the book should be posted so as to reach London on that date. It is returned, duly examined and made up, in the course of three or four days. Meanwhile the depositor has the acknowledgements as evidence of his deposits; and he should carefully retain these documents, at all events until the corresponding entries in his book have been examined at the central office.

It would little interest our readers to describe the system of book-keeping by which the accounts are kept at the central office in London. Postmasters who transact Savings Bank business are not allowed to keep any record of deposits or withdrawals, except the daily totals, and are thus effectually prevented from furnishing information respecting depositors. The account sheets, in which they enter the deposits they receive and the withdrawals they pay, are sent daily to London, where they serve as journals or day books. They are of two kinds, one set being used for the entry of transactions in depositors' accounts opened at the postmaster's own office, known as ordinary deposits and withdrawals, and the other set being used for transactions in accounts opened at other offices, technically described as 'cross entries,' whether they are deposits or withdrawals. From these accounts the acknowledgements are prepared, those relating to ordinary deposits being written on forms printed on blue paper, and those relating to cross-entry deposits on forms printed on grey paper. The address portion of the form is used as the cover, and when the document is folded it bears no evidence of its origin, so that an acknowledgement does not disclose, except to the person to whom it is addressed, the fact that he is a depositor. The withdrawal warrants are similar in shape and appearance, and it may be well here to state that proper precautions are taken before these documents are issued for the repayment of deposits. The declarations made by depositors on opening their accounts are kept at the central office, arranged numerically under the name of the post offices transacting Savings Bank business, and when a notice of withdrawal is received the corresponding declaration is

taken from its place in order to ascertain that the notice is signed by the depositor. If there is any difference between the signatures to the two documents, the notice is returned for an explanation, unless it appears—as in the case, for instance, of a child—that the handwriting has improved. In such circumstances the notice would be honoured, and the declaration would be sent to the postmaster, with the advice of the warrant in a printed form, directing him, before paying the money, to satisfy himself that the applicant is the depositor, and to obtain a new signature to the declaration. The warrants of withdrawal and the corresponding advices are prepared simultaneously by means of carbonised paper. The precautions against fraud are not confined to the central office. The warrant must be presented by the depositor in person, or by the bearer of a duly executed order under his hand, with the deposit book, which contains the depositor's signature, and the receipt to the warrant must be signed in the presence of the postmaster. If the signature to the warrant agree with the signature in the book, the postmaster enters the withdrawal therein and in his Savings Bank account, hands the money to the depositor, and returns the book, unless the transaction closes the account, in which case it is retained and sent to the central office. The warrant is, of course, kept by the postmaster, and is sent with his account to the central office, thus serving the twofold purpose of a voucher for the payment by the postmaster and a receipt from the depositor.

Shortly after the establishment of Post Office Savings Banks it was suggested that the system should be utilised to enable depositors to make small investments in Government stock. It was urged that, whereas in France and other countries ample facilities were afforded to the public to buy *rentes*, and, as a consequence, the number of fundholders was very large, there were no such means in the United Kingdom, and the fundholders were comparatively few. The political advantage of increasing the number of persons having, in the common phrase, 'a stake in the country' is obvious; but the Government were apparently unwilling for many years to use the savings banks for the purpose. When, however, Mr. Fawcett became Postmaster-General he took up the suggestion with his usual energy, and, with the approval of Mr. Gladstone, a Bill was carried in 1880 enabling all Savings Bank depositors to buy and sell Government stock through the medium of their

accounts, to the extent, as regards purchases, of 100*l.* stock in one year and 300*l.* stock in all, and to deposit these amounts in addition to the ordinary deposits. A Savings Bank depositor is, therefore, allowed to hold 300*l.* Government stock in addition to 200*l.* ordinary deposits. At first the minimum investment was fixed at 10*l.*, but depositors may now buy stock of the nominal value of one shilling, though, as the commission on the purchase of any amount under 25*l.* is ninepence, there are not many instances of investments in very small amounts of stock. In 1891 there were 725 investments and 1,549 sales of stock by Post Office Savings Bank depositors of amounts under 10*l.*, and 50 of these transactions were amounts of less than 1*l.* In one case a depositor was so foolish as to invest in consols, and afterwards sell out, a sum of four shillings only, at an expense of one shilling and sixpence. There is, we believe, a tradition at the Bank of England of an even more foolish person, who bought, through a broker, one pennyworth of stock. In neither instance, of course, did any dividend accrue on the purchase. Depositors can obtain stock certificates in exchange for their investments, and are also at liberty to transfer their stock to the books of the Bank of England on payment of a small fee. In both these cases the stock ceases to stand to their credit at the Savings Bank, but they are at liberty to make further investments within the prescribed limits.

The Post Office Savings Bank not only affords facilities to persons able to lay by more than 30*l.* a year; it has also provided for those who are unable to save even a shilling at a time. For this also credit must be given to Mr. Fawcett, though the plan authorised by him in 1880 was an adaptation of a practice that had for some time been followed in Belgium. Any person desirous of saving a penny, or even a halfpenny, at a time can obtain at any post office a form to which he can affix postage stamps to the value of one shilling in all, and when this has been done, the form will be accepted as a deposit at any post office where Savings Bank business is transacted. These forms are very simple, and contain full and plain directions for their use. They are issued free of charge, and can be obtained in quantities by clergymen, schoolmasters, and others, interested in the promotion of thrift. They are, we believe, largely used in schools and other places, but no information is forthcoming as to the amount that has been collected by this simple method.

The Post Office Savings Bank also encourages small savings by assisting persons willing to undertake the management of penny banks. Penny banks are said to have originated in Scotland, in 1857, and have proved valuable auxiliaries to savings banks. The Post Office supplies to clergymen, ministers of religion, schoolmasters, and other responsible persons desirous of encouraging thrift specimen rules, which are very simple, and the necessary depositors' books, free of charge, and it also provides cash books and ledgers at cost price, on the understanding that all moneys received by the penny banks are deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank. Facilities are afforded to depositors in the penny banks for opening accounts with the Post Office Savings Bank without personal attendance, and after this has been done the depositor is still at liberty to continue his penny bank account. Considerable impetus has recently been given to the formation of penny banks in elementary schools by the issue of a circular from the Education Department calling the attention of school managers and schoolmasters to the importance of inculcating thrift upon children under their care, and pointing out the desirability of establishing a penny bank in every school. Unfortunately, schoolmasters have so much bookkeeping, and so many returns to prepare, in connexion with their work, that many of them seem unwilling to add the management of a penny bank to their other duties. Now that they have been generally exempted from collecting and accounting for school fees, there is less excuse for failing to give a practical lesson in thrift by assisting the children to save their spare pence; but where schoolmasters are really too busy, managers ought themselves to undertake the duties connected with penny banks. We have still a good deal to learn in this matter, and we are much behind some other countries in insisting upon children learning to save as soon as they have any money of their own, however trifling in amount. The working classes are often unwilling to allow their employers to take charge of their savings, even when very liberal interest is offered; but they do not object to their children saving money in penny banks, conducted by schoolmasters and clergymen; and were a penny bank a positive requirement in every elementary school we might reasonably hope that the next generation would be more thrifty than their fathers. Some astonishing results have been obtained in Belgium from well-conducted school penny banks. We have not been able to obtain recent figures; but some years

ago, out of 15,392 children attending the schools of all descriptions in Ghent, no less than 13,032 were depositors in school banks, and although deposits as small as one centime were received, the average amount to the credit of each child was 35 francs. We know of no reason why equally gratifying results should not be attained in London.

The funds belonging to penny banks can be deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank, without restriction as to amount, and the same privilege is granted to friendly societies and trades unions. This permission has been of great service, and has been largely used by the officers of many of these institutions, who have found that the Post Office affords them all the banking facilities they require free of charge, and pays them a fair rate of interest on their deposits. Charitable and provident societies are allowed to deposit 100*l.* a year and 300*l.* in all, and, as the regulation is very liberally interpreted, there is scarcely any voluntary association for a lawful purpose that is unable to enjoy the facilities offered by the Post Office Savings' Bank. Clothing and shoe clubs, boating and cricket clubs, funds for paying curates and missionaries, choir and school prize funds, church and chapel building funds, and other institutions of a like nature, are all included by the Post Office under the comprehensive expression, charitable and provident societies, and are permitted to use the Post Office Savings Bank. The county courts also deposit moneys paid into court in equitable proceedings, without restriction as to amount, and trust funds, not exceeding 500*l.*, in accordance with the provisions of the County Courts Act of 1867.

It has already been mentioned that Mr. Whitbread, in 1807, proposed to give facilities for the purchase of small Government annuities, and for the insurance of lives. In April 1833 Lord Althorp carried a measure for granting immediate and deferred annuities of not less than 20*l.* through the medium of savings banks. Twenty years later a Bill was passed enabling annuitants to insure their lives, but neither of these measures produced important results. In 1864 Mr. Gladstone decided to utilise the Post Office for annuity and insurance business, and an Act was passed enabling any person to purchase an immediate or a deferred annuity not exceeding 50*l.*, and for insuring approved lives for not less than 20*l.* nor more than 100*l.** For many

* 27 & 28 Vict. cap. 43.

years this business was carried on as an entirely separate branch of the Post Office, but in 1884 it was amalgamated with the Post Office Savings Bank; the system was modified, and some improvements were introduced. Immediate or deferred annuities of not more than 100*l.*, or less than 1*l.*, can now be purchased on the life of any person over five years of age, and insurances are granted for not more than 100*l.* or less than 5*l.* on lives between fourteen and sixty-five years of age. The lives of children between eight and fourteen years of age may also be insured for 5*l.* All premiums are payable through Savings Bank accounts, and the amount for the purpose may be deposited in addition to other deposits; but a depositor who has a sufficient balance to his credit need not make special deposits for the payment of premiums. As long as the balance is unexhausted the Post Office charges the premiums as they become due to the depositor's account, and when the balance is not sufficient a notice to that effect is sent to the depositor. On December 31, 1891, there were in existence 11,388 contracts for immediate annuities of 231,010*l.*, 1,290 contracts for deferred annuities of 24,396*l.*, and 6,935 contracts for insurances of 483,009*l.* These figures are not, it must be confessed, very satisfactory, and the hope of increased business so freely entertained at the time of the amalgamation of the insurance and annuity branch of the Post Office with the Savings Bank has not been realised. The number of immediate annuities is fairly good, but it is evident Savings Bank depositors do not appreciate the system of deferred annuities, or that the cost is too heavy—facts to be borne in mind in connexion with the various proposals now being ventilated on the subject of national pensions. The insurances, too, appear very insignificant by the side of the figures published by the insurance, industrial, and friendly societies, who compete successfully with the Post Office for this class of business. In the opinion of some competent persons the premiums charged by the Post Office might be reduced with safety. At present they are far higher than the premiums of the soundest insurance companies. The Post Office, for instance, requires from a man of thirty an annual payment for life of 2*l.* 7*s.* to insure 100*l.* at death, which is about 15 per cent. more than the average charge of the companies. The security of the Post Office is, of course, absolute, but the public have to pay rather dearly for it. Insurance companies earn, however, over 4 per cent. on their accumulations, while the Post Office, restricted to in-

vestments in Government stock, cannot earn quite 3 per cent.; and although the apparent difference is a little more than 1 per cent., it is large enough to be an important factor in the calculation of premiums. The insurance companies are not the only, and perhaps not the most formidable, rivals of the Post Office in the competition for insurance business. The industrial companies, with a large array of agents and canvassers, have issued an immense number of policies for small amounts, and the Odd Fellows, Foresters, and other kindred societies, not to mention the trades unions, are increasing their membership every year. The financial soundness of some of these societies is perhaps questionable, but many of them are making diligent efforts to improve their position. Moreover, they grant pay during sickness, which is, in many cases, of more importance to a wage-earner than a sum of money payable at his death. It has been suggested that the Post Office should frame tables for securing a weekly payment in the event of illness; but, apart from the want of sufficient data for the purpose, the experiment would be too hazardous for a public department. We do not wish to libel our fellow countrymen and fellow-countrywomen. Where, however, it is a question of getting something out of the State, the common rules of honesty do not always apply. Men otherwise upright make incorrect returns of their income; women are proverbially smugglers; and we fear persons insured by the Government against sickness would malingering.

We do not intend to trouble our readers with a multitude of statistics, but it is necessary to set before them a few figures, in order that they may appreciate the work of the Post Office Savings Bank. In the year 1891, 8,941,431 deposits, amounting to 21,334,903*l.*, were received, and there were 3,126,231 withdrawals, amounting to 19,019,856*l.* Government stock to the value of 1,025,310*l.* was purchased by depositors, and 607,637*l.* stock was sold, the purchases numbering 20,841 and the sales 12,500; 28 stock certificates were obtained for depositors, and there were 258 transfers of stock to the Bank of England. The average amount of each deposit was 2*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.*, and of each withdrawal 6*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*; each purchase of stock averaged 49*l.* 3*s.* 11*d.*, and each sale 48*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.* Interest to the amount of 1,658,148*l.* was credited to depositors during the year, and on December 31 there were 5,118,395 accounts remaining open, with balances amounting in the aggregate to 71,608,002*l.*, which gives an average of 13*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.* for each account. At the

same date 55,085 depositors held stock of the nominal value of 5,087,766*l.*, or on an average 92*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.* each. We have already mentioned that one person in six in England and Wales is a depositor in the Post Office Savings Bank; in Scotland and Ireland the proportion is one in twenty-two, and for the United Kingdom it is one in seven.

This enormous business, which is necessarily centralised in London, absorbs the services of a small army of men, women, and boys, numbering together nearly 1,900 persons, or about twice as many as are employed by the Bank of England in Threadneedle Street, so that Alderman Sidney's prophecy is more than fulfilled. The army includes 572 men clerks of all grades, 546 female clerks, about 420 boy clerks and boy copyists, about 210 sorters, porters, and boy messengers, and 150 female sorters. These figures do not include any persons employed in the actual receipt and payment of deposits, but at many of the more important post offices one clerk at least is required for this business. The total amount provided in the Civil Service estimates of the current year for the Post Office Savings Bank, including every possible expense—as, for instance, 1,450*l.* for loss on light gold—is 365,971*l.* This amount, divided by the probable number of transactions, i.e. of deposits and withdrawals, brings the cost of each transaction to a fraction under sevenpence, the estimated cost at the time of the establishment of Post Office Savings Banks. During the whole period of their existence this estimate has proved substantially correct, and it redounds greatly to the credit of those who were responsible for the arrangements that they were able to forecast the cost so accurately. In 1861 the cost of each transaction in the Trustee Savings Banks averaged one shilling, and many persons of experience doubted whether the Post Office Savings Banks could be managed more economically. At the present time, owing chiefly to the absorption of many of the smaller banks by the Post Office, the average cost of each transaction is a little more than ninepence. In some of the banks it is as much as two shillings and sixpence, but in the large and well-managed savings banks of Liverpool and Glasgow it is as low as fourpence.

According to the latest return there were, on November 20, 1890, only 324 trustee savings banks in the United Kingdom, with 1,535,782 depositors and a capital of 43,614,055*l.*, besides 1,280,069*l.* invested in Government stock. No less than 331 Banks, with a capital of 9,851,532*l.*, had been

closed, and the greater portion of the deposits were transferred to the Post Office. A large number of banks have been closed since the date of the return, and the absorption of the older banks by the Post Office has been accelerated by recent legislation. It is, perhaps, a matter for surprise that the trustee savings banks have been able to maintain their position in face of the rivalry of the Post Office and the closing of more than half the number in existence in 1861. In a few instances the business has more than doubled during the last thirty years, and many of the trustee banks are still in a condition that may be fairly described as prosperous. The Glasgow Savings Bank, with 157,340 depositors and a capital of 4,668,751*l.*; the Liverpool Savings Bank, with 92,578 depositors and a capital of 2,425,861*l.*; and the Manchester Savings Bank, with 85,242 depositors and a capital of 2,383,061*l.*, are certainly flourishing. In these cities, and in other places, the savings bank is looked upon as a valuable local institution. Men of position readily act as trustees; the banks are well managed, and the accounts are properly kept and properly audited. In some of them withdrawals within certain limits are allowed without notice, and though we think the practice is somewhat foreign to the nature of savings banks it probably adds to their popularity. So long as these banks continue efficient their existence is not to be regretted, but the smaller trustee savings banks cannot afford sufficient accommodation to their depositors, the management is too often very indifferent, and unless they can be greatly improved it would be well to close them and to transfer the deposits to the Post Office.

Before we conclude something remains to be said as to the financial position of the Post Office Savings Bank at the present time and in the not very distant future. According to the balance sheet published in the last report of the Postmaster-General, the total value of the securities held by the National Debt Commissioners on account of the Post Office Savings Bank fund, at the current price of the day, was 71,750,902*l.* To this sum must be added 1,109,125*l.* for dividends accrued but not received, cash in hand, and the value of the Central Savings Bank premises, making a grand total of 72,860,027*l.* The total liabilities were 71,618,445*l.*—viz. 71,608,002*l.* due to depositors and 10,443*l.* for expenses remaining unpaid. The surplus of assets over liabilities was, therefore, 1,241,582*l.* We think the actual liability to depositors is overstated, for, if we

may judge from the experience of the older savings banks, there must be a large amount of money nominally due to depositors who have died, or who have forgotten their accounts, which will never be claimed. It would be premature to attempt to ascertain how far our assumption holds good, but at a future date a needy Chancellor of the Exchequer may make the enquiry and discover an unlooked-for windfall. In estimating, however, the present financial position of the Post Office Savings Bank we must bear in mind that since 1876 the excess of interest accrued upon the funds held by the National Debt Commissioners has been paid into the Exchequer, and under this arrangement no less than 1,481,662*l.* has been derived from the profits of the Post Office Savings Bank. The largest annual payment was 147,116*l.* in 1878, and the smallest 36,050*l.* in 1889. This reduction is, of course, accounted for by Mr. Goschen's conversion of the 3 per cent. stocks into 2½ per cent. stock, and, in view of the future reduction to 2½ per cent., it is evident that in a few years the interest allowed to Post Office Savings Bank depositors must be reduced, or the Post Office Savings Bank funds must be chiefly invested in some other securities than consols. The present rate of interest allowed—2½ per cent.—is not extravagant, and has the great advantage of being easily calculated and easily checked. It is, of course, sixpence a year, or a halfpenny a month on every complete pound, and, as the Post Office does not allow interest on amounts less than one pound or for less than a complete calendar month, the calculation is very simple. When, however, consols only yield 2½ per cent., the Post Office will not be able to pay interest at that rate to the Savings Bank depositors, unless Parliament should see fit to enlarge the powers of the National Debt Commissioners as regards their investments. It has been suggested that the Savings Bank funds, or some part of them, should be lent to local authorities, who are always borrowing money, and are generally willing to pay rather more than 3 per cent. by way of interest. At present nearly 9,000,000*l.* of the Post Office Savings Bank funds are invested in the Local Loans 3 per cent. stock, created by Mr. Goschen a few years ago. The suggestion we are considering would be an extension of what has already been done, and would meet the objection that has been urged—without, perhaps, much reason—that the Post Office Savings Bank withdraws money from the provinces and locks it up in London. But the question is too wide and too intricate to be fully discussed at

the end of this article. Happily, it does not press for immediate solution, and it may well be left for the present.

To some persons the liability of the Government to repay the whole of the Post Office Savings Bank deposits in ten days is an element of risk in our financial system. In many countries provision has been made by law that in times of national danger savings bank depositors shall only be entitled to a fixed proportion of their deposits on demand, repayment of the balance being spread over a considerable period. No such arrangement has ever been proposed in this country, and we may hope the need for it may never arise. We presume that in the event of a general panic among depositors in the Post Office Savings Bank the Government would not hesitate to suspend the operation of the law regulating withdrawals, as they have suspended the Bank of England charter on some occasions, and would afterwards ask Parliament to indemnify them. Hitherto commercial panics have not affected the Post Office Savings Bank, although the trustee savings banks felt, to some extent, the disasters of 1826 and 1866. In the latter year large sums of money, withdrawn by timid persons from the trustee savings banks, as well as from ordinary banks, were tendered for deposit in the Post Office Savings Banks, and in some instances, where the amount exceeded the authorised limit, intending depositors expressed a wish to leave their money for safe keeping without interest, and were much disappointed on being told that this could not be done. But a panic affecting depositors in the Post Office Savings Bank seems so improbable, and could only occur at a time of such general confusion as, happily, has been unknown to many generations of Englishmen, that the risk may be prudently neglected. We believe the Post Office Savings Bank is so well managed and so firmly established in the confidence of our fellow-countrymen as to be out of danger in times of the most serious commercial depression or of any other trouble that can be reasonably anticipated. It presents, therefore, a most favourable contrast to the numerous popular banks for small deposits and building societies, several of which have recently failed, and half of which are said to be insolvent. The Post Office Savings Bank alone affords absolute security for investment, and is the best form of provision for old age, due to the thrift of the people, without the intervention of the State.

ART. IX.—Original Letters of the Duke of Argyll to Lord Godolphin relating to the Debates in the Scottish Parliament on the Union with England, 1705–1706.

THERE are some among us even in Scotland who would now repeal the Br^{it}ish Union, in so far that they desire again to see a Scottish Parliament. It may be of interest to take a glance at some unpublished papers of the time of the Union Conferences. These are letters from the young Duke of Argyll, Queen Anne's High Commissioner to the Scots Parliament; and from the old Lord Leven, one of the bravest and most astute of the Melville family. Of this correspondence we see only one side, for the two 'servants of Her Majesty' write to her, or more frequently to her Prime Minister, Lord Godolphin, and we have not the replies sent from the head-quarters in London. 'Head-quarters,' indeed! How could patriotic Scotsmen allow London to become the centre of government for the ancient kingdom in which they gloried? Simply because their best men believed, as it has turned out most correctly, that these same Scots would guide and do much to govern England as well as Scotland, if a legislative union could be accomplished. Their country had had a glorious history, but glory can be worn in wealth as well as in poverty. Scotland had been glorious, and gloriously poor. She was now able to contemplate an increase in fortune, with a greater scope for glory. Did the majority of her people 'grasp the situation'? Certainly not. If the men whose chief desire at the present day is to get measures passed which will not stand the gaze of a wide public opinion, had their desire, the narrower 'patriotism' which made Scotland poor and sparsely populated would have the success now which was denied them in 1707, because power was not then in the hands of the vain and the ignorant. The northern kingdom had statesmen who knew when to take occasion by the hand, and stop the vain outflow of blood and treasure which had signalised the old jealousy and hatred between the two countries—a jealousy unfortunately inherent in separate national, although neighbouring, systems of government. The peoples God had made one in blood from Aberdeen to London were no longer to be kept apart by feudal divisions. These had ripened into separate political existences, honourably maintained against all odds indeed, but most expensive and needless. The weaker and lesser power had fought so well that any

question of derogation to her dignity involved in union with the greater power was impossible. This her leaders felt, and those among them especially who had travelled, who had been able to compare the state of affairs at home with what was seen in other lands, desired to terminate a separation which had become the badge, not of inferiority, but of an inferior ambition. They knew, as leaders, that they and their country could lead a greater force, and could dominate a wider empire. They struck for union, and attained it. It is true that they talked 'over the heads' of most of their countrymen. Nevertheless, they were right. If pure democracies had held power in North and South Britain two centuries ago, we should not have had a united kingdom welded together in the last century. But the democracies of those distant days were not enlightened by 'society' or other modern luminaries of the press, and we, therefore, cannot wonder at their blindness and their loyalty.

The 'Celtic fringe' of the Scottish nation, although shrouded in tartans and mountain and sea mists, was of the same political colour as the Edinburgh mob. It was known, or surmised, that, although some of the Highland chiefs favoured union, the majority of the clans was adverse to anything that would hinder absolute patriarchal sway among themselves, with as much licence to rob their richer neighbours as could be extorted from a weak central government. They did not believe that they might successfully live upon their southern neighbours except through war, and why not have the chance of an occasional raid as of old? Union with the Lowland Sassenachs of Scotland was bad enough. Union with the English Sassenachs was worse. There was a spirit of 'law and order' there which was simply intolerable. What would become of Gaelic? What would become of the Stuart family if beguiled to live in a perpetual Southern Capua? And the feeling among the Lowland Scots was equally contemptuous of change. What had loyal Auld Reekie done to be deprived of her parliament, and to see the shrines of her kings and government left bare? Why should London be preferred to Edinburgh? Perish the thought! What unpatriotic theorists were they who desired such changes! Lord Leven was, indeed, unworthy the name of him who had been the sturdy champion of Scottish rights as ambassador to England in the days of the last Tudor. 'Iain Roy,' the Duke of Argyll, was a young reprobate to undertake the cause of the Union. How different from the conduct of his ancestor, who had led the van and perished on the fatal day

of Flodden, falling for the independence of the North in that ring of heroes who died around King James! All the feeling that makes a local patriotism respectable when fortified by a sustained record of a triumphant, if needy, independence, prompted the Scots, both Highland and Lowland, to keep what they had. A poor thing their independence might be called, but well guarded, in their eyes, a country that was their own. It was very natural that they saw not that they could, by union, not only preserve their country, but make it heir of a greatness to be regarded not by its own local standard, but by European measure.

There is a patriotism that means only the selfish idea of a generation living on a limited area. There is the grander patriotism that may inspire that generation to think of others to come who may, by their own generous action, inherit not only what the living possess, but equal domination over a wider empire. There is the patriotism, in short, of conceit, and the truer patriotism of pride--a pride that is just because the individual is merged in the ambition that makes his country a power, and not a mere geographical name. It is natural that ignorant communities should prefer the narrow to the wider view. They are debarred by their want of experience from finding anything acceptable that does not satisfy the present to the utmost. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die, is the burden of their political existence. Want of opportunity to compare other countries with their own created in past times a belief that the land which had been successfully defended against armed invasion, and had lived on in poverty, could thrive in healthy rivalry with England. The men who had opportunity among them to measure the new forces brought into play by the extending commerce of England, knew that the happy accidents which had given England a Scottish monarch must be followed up by the honourable inclusion of the weaker country in a joint national policy with England. Separate national forms must tend to a separate national policy. Laws and institutions could be preserved, for they were not productive of national aims in discord with those of England. A legislative assembly, seated in a capital apart from London, and representing Scotland only, must point to a prolongation of national differences which had been proved fertile in war and commercial hostility. Scotland might practically annex England's commerce by becoming one with her for all purposes, and yet preserve all that tended to her own

prosperity in her own legal procedure. She had already proved how impossible it was to have a distinct commercial policy without arousing those signs of enmity which foretold exclusion from the markets of the world then opening to the commerce of those countries who could defend their merchandise at sea. Could Scotland do this alone, and braving the rivalry of England? It was plainly impossible. She might continue to defend her comparatively barren territory at home, but she could not, in face of a hostile England, obtain a mastery in the sea-borne commerce. Through union she could have abroad more than the most hopeful of her adventurers had dreamed as possible, and no one threatened her native laws. On the other hand, her merchants were sure to be annoyed while held by the English to be in opposition to them. The possible harm arising from Scotland's abandonment of her practical free-trade or low tariff in favour of the adoption of the higher English duties could be, and would be, equalised for the present by money equivalents, and afterwards by full participation in a united mercantile enterprise. The tragedy of the failure of the Darien colony, the incidents that led to actual conflicts on the high seas between vessels of the two countries trading to foreign countries in the interest of rival companies, all told the same tale. Union was necessary, even if the people could not be made at once to see the necessity. 'Her Majesty's servants' must, therefore, work for union, and the following correspondence shows how part of the game was played.

Mr. Hill Burton, in his history of the transactions which led to the Scottish Union, barely adverts to the part taken in them by the young Duke of Argyll. But it was in fact very considerable, as will be shown by the letters from himself which we are about to quote. Before we proceed to these details we are tempted to refer to a letter from the Duke to Lord Leven, which will be found in the 'Melville and Leven Correspondence,' printed by Sir Wm. Fraser, vol. ii. p. 184. This document shows that from an early period the Duke of Argyll had the confidence of the Queen, and was one of the leaders of the Unionist party, and it explains his true position.

'London, February 20, 1704.

'MY DEAR LORD,—Till Sunday last I knew no more of our affairs than the man in the moone, & this day only have learnt what I shall tell you, but if you don't hear it from others, which I believe you will, take no notice of it. I am told Lord Seefeld is to be chancellor,

Lord Tuedal presedent of the council, Lord Anandel secreterry, that you are to have the ordinance, and that I am to be commissioner. I have advised that the four gentlemen that were last added to the Tresurey should be turned out to make place for sum of our friends, & the Whigs here are positive that Mr Jonson must be out, so that will be five vacaneys. Pray take no notice of this for I have told it no mortal, but the Duke of ^{Orkness} & Lord Annandel. The Tre'surer tells me the Queen is resolv'd to be much advised by you, my Lord Annandel and myselfe; so I wish you would give him your opinion as to this. I have desir'd my Lord Anandel to doe the same. I have writt, my Lord, my opinion as to the filling them, which he'll tell you. Pray, my dear lord, lett me hear fully from you, and pray command me as you would your best friend and servant and whoc^r will ever be so.'

As we have dipped into the Leven papers, we are tempted to add an extract from a letter from Mr. Harley, then Secretary of State, to Lord Leven, in which the Minister speaks in emphatic terms of his admiration of the Unionist leaders of that day in the Scottish Parliament—terms which are singularly applicable to the eminent men who have fought the same battle in our own day in defence of the Union with another kingdom.

'Whitchall, November 21, 1706.

' . . . I need not tell your lordship the opinion that all whose opinion is valuable have of your lordship's conduct, the true sence your lordship has shewn for the interest of your country, your firmness not to be shaken by popular insults, nor influence'd by those who are professed enemies to the liberty and interest of Britain. I say all this is abundantly celebrated by common fame. And I must confess that your lordship and the rest of you, tho' you have had a very hard game to play, yet it is a glorious one, and I think I can defy all the historys you have left to shew a parcell instance of valour, of fierceness, of the excesses of courage, of the excesses of rage, but this, my lord, is an example of true, sedate, cool, determin'd steadiness, such as neither the whirlwind of the mob, the continual dropping within the house, the allurements from the other side of the water, nor the mistaken zeale and ill inforind heat of the ecclesiastics have, tho' united, been able to remove from the true interest of their country both as to religious and secular concerns.' *

We now return to the letters of the Duke of Argyll to Godolphin.

Godolphin was in power in London, and as Lord Treasurer had the agreeable task to keep his relative, the Duke of Marlborough, in funds, while he was fighting great campaigns with Prince Eugène against the French. In the

* 'Leven and Melville Papers,' vol. ii. p. 186.

intervals of war, the Duke paid visits to England, and had many matters to settle, for much was referred to him by Godolphin, not only as affecting the army, but in domestic politics. Godolphin's work in directing the efforts that were to end in the Scottish Union was almost as arduous. Lord Leven was one of his trustiest allies in the North. As the old soldier writes to Godolphin:—

'The Queen was pleased, my Lord, to allow me the honour to kiss her hands, as Governor of the Castle of Edinburg, and as Master of her Ordnance when I was last at London, but at the same time her Majesty told me she would not declare her pleasour therein till after the Parliament. . . . I was constrained to be silent, but now I have presumed to write to her Majesty to put her in mind of what her Majesty was pleased to put me in *hop off*.'

Cockburn, another of the great minister's correspondents, writes to him that he

'had discoursed with several members of Parliament and found them not so positive for a previous treaty with England before the Succession (to the Crown) should be settled, provided there were conditions granted. But a rumour came abroad that the Duke of Hamilton was immediately to be employed in the post of greatest trust under her Majesty. Things standing thus, we had advice of her Majesty's having named the Duke of Argyll Commissioner to the Parliament. . . . I went to the country for a few days, and at my return understood there was a great flame raised against the Duke of Argyll. The occasion for it was taken from a letter he wrote to the Chancellor by her Majesty's order about a reprieve to Captain Green and his crew. I cannot think occasion should be taken to expose his Grace in an affair so popular as this is, as altogether tends to ruin his interest, especially while he stood under the character of her Majesty's commissioner. Informations are hearkened to that the Duke of Argyll will not be satisfied till he has a thorough change in the ministry.'

The allusion in this letter to the affair of Captain Green brings out forcibly the commercial enmity between the two countries, which the Union was soon to happily allay. Scotland's adventures in the Indian and African trades were disliked by the English privileged companies. Thus the East India Company of London had seized in the Thames the *Ammandale*, a Scottish vessel that had put into the river for repairs. The northern craft was forfeited, and the capture and forfeiture were very naturally regarded as a national insult. Then, as if to give the Scots the very chance they would have prayed for, the English ship the 'Worcester,' belonging to another southern trading company sending their ships to the Indies, took refuge in the Firth of Forth. The Edinburgh company's officers concocted a plot

to seize her. A number of gentlemen went aboard her as guests, and then made prisoners the captain and crew. A Scottish vessel had been taken by an English cruiser somewhere off the Malabar coast, the crew being put to death. The populace of Edinburgh hastily took up the idea that the 'Worcester' was the pirate, and demanded the trial of the 'Worcester's' officers and men. Strangely enough, Captain Green's men confessed to some acts of piracy. They were found guilty and condemned to death. The Queen wanted them to be respited, and 'her servants,' the Commissioner and his friends, did their best to carry out her wishes. But the popular anger was too great, and the execution of the leading officers of the 'Worcester' took place, amid the rejoicings of the mob, on the sands of Leith. The queen was well within her right when she expressed in her speech, at the opening of Parliament in London, her hopes for the Union in the words:—

'You have now an opportunity before you of putting the last hand to a happy union of the two kingdoms which I trust will be a lasting blessing to the whole island—a great addition to its wealth and power. The advantages that will accrue to us all from a union are so apparent that I will add no more, but I shall look upon it as a particular happiness if this great work, which has been so often attempted without success, can be brought to perfection in my reign.'

The composition of the assembly at Edinburgh, whose members must be first persuaded to vote as the Queen desired before the new Constitution could come into existence, was described by Lord Leven in a long letter to Minister Harley:—

'Our Parliament has been considered as of three parties—one called the Court, another the Cavalier or Jacobite party, and a third commonly called the Marquis of Tweeddale's party, or the "Flying Squadron." This last party was always small, never exceeding fifteen or sixteen. However, in former sessions of parliaments the other two parties were for the most part so near equal that this party pretended to make the majority incline to that side they pleased.'

The art of 'obstruction' was already in favour. 'Notwithstanding our majority,' he complains, 'we are not able to make any great progress or despatch in business, for the opposing party, by continual speaking one after another, do take up the whole day, so that frequently the House is forced to adjourn the debate till next day, and so whole days are spent without being able to come to one vote.'

When the young Commissioner arrived he had need of more patience than was compatible with his fiery nature.

He saw the opponents of the Union in many places of trust, and at once told Godolphin :—

‘I have obeyed the Queen’s commands in consulting with such of her Majesty’s servants whom I could trust about her affairs in this kingdom, and I find them perfectly of the opinion I always entertained that this Government would never recover its strength but be ever feeble so long as it was not of a piece. We were agreed that it was impossible the Queen’s service could be carried on by any other method than by her Majesty being pleased to lay aside the New Party, as they are pleased to call themselves, and put their places in the hands of such as have always been firm to a Revolution, and have ten times the interest and fifty times the inclination to serve her Majesty. . . . An unfaithful friend is much abler to undo a man than an open professed enemy. For some months past they have barefacedly been laying up stores for opposition, their whole behaviour having tended to put the nation in a flame, and make the Queen’s business as impractical as possible; their unmerciful violence in the unlucky affair of Captain Green and his crew, from first to last, may be of a consequence to the two nations greatly to be regretted. . . . We now propose to make vacant the places of the Marquis of Tweedall, the Earl of Roxburgh, the Earl of Rothisy, the Lord Belhaven (this was the Earl who made so striking a speech against the Union), the Lord Selkirk. We hope we shall agree as well in the persons to be employed as we have done in the removing the others. We have just now had a council, and have carried a reprieve for the rest of Captain Green’s crew. My Lord Tweedall, upon a proposition to print the trial (of the crew of the ‘Worcester’) for the satisfaction of such as were not well acquainted with the matter, told us he did not think we were obliged to justify our proceedings, and Gerviswode spoke twice in order to suppress information the council had received that Hayes (one of the crew) had 200*l.* offered him to confess the piracy, and to prevent the prisoners having a shilling a day allowed them to keep them from starving.’

The confession of piracy by some of Green’s crew was inexplicable, for they were only accused of attacking a ship they had never seen, and they went out of their way to confess to another crime of which they were not even charged. The Queen’s anger at the violence of the people was only allayed by full reports of the trial, after which it was evident that they were little but pirates.

In May the Duke becomes very impatient that the persons he had designated for removal were not dismissed :—

‘The encouragement those gentlemen have received from the Queen’s unwillingness to part with them, which I can assure your Lordship has occasioned its being said in all public places about this town, that though the Queen should for some reason lay the new party aside during the Parliament, it was plain they were her favourites, this,

to proceed in that method, we should change the Proposal into a Resolve of the Parliament that we consider the succession, and remit the state of the nation in relation to Trade and Coin to a committee. It was agreed to, and Lord Annandale offered the Proposal, and my Lord Marshall offered the Resolve of the opposing party. I must say my Lord Annandale managed the affair most abominably, for he never added the clause at the end till the moment before the vote, so that a great many had not time to comprehend it and the rest did not so much as hear it, by which mismanagement it proved of no effect, whereas otherwise it might have gone a great way towards taking away the force of the popular resolve. At last the House determined that Lord Marshall's resolve should be turned into a proposal, and that there should be two votes—first, which of the proposals should be received, which was put to the vote, and Lord Marshall's was carried; next, if that proposal should be gone into only by way of overture excluding no other business, or if it should be by way of resolve, excluding all other business, till it was definitely finished. We carried it should be by way of overture only. . . . I dare not venture to offer my opinion further than to warn your Lordship not to have great regard to what advice may be offered by my Lord Annandale. I know perfectly well he has no other aim than to promote the mis-carrying of her Majesty's affairs, hoping that if this Parliament should rise in confusion, he might find his own account in it. I have taken no notice to him that I have found him out, but so soon as we meet before your Lordship I shall let him know what I have to say against him.

On August 1 he has further troubles to speak of. He introduced an Act for a Treaty of Union, following advice from London. On the last day of July they

'pressed a first reading to the Act for a treaty [of union], and the opposing Party pressed the Parliament's going upon the limitations. At last the question was put—proceed to the Treaty, or to limitations, which last was carried by three votes. Now, my Lord, I think it my duty to say, in the first place, the New Party, as they are pleased to call themselves, joined violently in with the opposing party, and Sir John Hume, who is a Lord of the Treasury, the Earl of Marchmont, who has a pension of 400*l.* a year, the Lord Terfichen, who has a company in the army, all voted against the Queen, and my Lord Lauderdale, who has a post in the Mint of 600*l.* a year, besides his post in the session, and the Earl of Glencairn, who is a lieutenant-colonel, would not come to the House, and Mr. Bennet, Muster Master, which is a very profitable post, notwithstanding that I spoke to him three or four times in relation to this measure, thought fit not to vote towards the end of the debate in answer to some of the New Party who were bawling for the Limitations. The Earl of Glasgow asked what the limitations were. If the design were only to enact them without settling the succession, that then he hoped they would rather proceed to a treaty. Did they desire to name the successor? To which the Duke of Hamilton answered with a loud "No." In short, yesterday's

vote showed who were for supporting her Majesty's government and maintaining the peace of the nation, and who aim at nothing but confusion. Though the Earl of Cromartie did himself vote for the treaty, three or four of those who do as much depend upon him as any servant of his family, all voted against it. The night before the treaty was brought in he gave assurances in the most solemn manner, not only for himself but for his 'pendants, so that if her Majesty be pleased to make an example of him to frighten others from acting so knavish a part for the future, I am confident will be a great discouragement to those who serve her Majesty honestly and firmly. I called her Majesty's servants together and they did agree unanimously to allow the Parliament to sit some time that we might try if we could retrieve the treaty, and endeavour to procure a maintenance for the forces. Both Lord Justice Clerk's son and son-in-law voted against the Queen, though I believe he undertook for their behaviour to your Lordship.'

The 'Limitations' of which so much was heard at this time were 'Acts' passed at the Duke of Hamilton's instance. These provided that the Scottish Estates of Parliament should retain the power of appointing the officers of state, privy councillors, and lords of session (judges) after the Queen's death. Another Act provided triennial Parliaments, to commence in 1708. Then, again, Scottish ambassadors were to be appointed to be present when the Sovereign was in treaty with foreign princes. These were the principal provisions, but none received the royal assent.

In August the Duke inquires what her Majesty's wishes are in case the treaty be rejected altogether:—

'Most part of people here are stark mad and do not themselves know what they would be at. Some proposed t'other day in Parliament to limit the successor (to the Crown) by a claim of right, which they pretended a vote of Parliament was sufficient to finish without the Royal assent. This the Dukes of Hamilton and Athole went violently into, and said we could have no other security for our limitations, for that though we had ever so many Acts of Parliament, English influence and English bribery would take them off; and when they found the House did not go into so absurd a proposal, they proposed the limitations should take place in the Queen's own time.'

Four weeks later the treaty was brought in, and the Opposition made delay:—

'Being divided, some were against treating on any terms, and others for not treating until the English Act should be rescinded, and came to no vote. The opposing party depend mostly upon shifting of business, knowing that the funds of the army being run out a delay is equal with a refusal. The Duke of Hamilton asked a question some time ago, talking of the clause in the English Act declaring the Scotch aliens, he desired to know that if we were to be no more naturally

born subjects of England after December 25 next, to whom then he owed his allegiance? He was answered "To the Queen." This I thought it would be convenient her Majesty should know.'

The Duke's side managed with great difficulty to carry 'six months' cess,' and so got revenue to maintain the army and two frigates, and a seventh months' cess for an additional forty-gun ship and two small vessels on the west coast, to hinder the importation of prohibited goods. In September he was able to report:—

'There are two Acts passed since the Treaty—one for encouraging the exportation of beef and pork, and another declaring linnen and wool manufactures free of duty at exportation. He hoped also to get one passed for hindering the importation of foreign leather, and the other appointing this nation having an ambassador at all general Treaties. As for the Leather Act, I must own I think it very necessary for the nation. As for the ambassador, since the Parliament says they will provide a fund for his maintenance, I believe her Majesty will incline to pass it. Will your Lordship let me have her Majesty's commands as to when the Parliament shall adjourn, for it is dangerous to continue sitting when there is nothing to do.'

He renewed his protest against Annandale, recommending that Lord Mar should be preferred, saying, 'This will make her Ministry intirely of a Piece,' and then adds in a postscript, 'General Ramsey is dead. I hope her Majesty will not dispose of his posts till such time as my Lord Duke of Marlboro' comes over.' He then adjourns the Parliament until December. 'It ended with all the decency imaginable.'

But 1706 was still to see all parties fighting as vigorously as ever; but the popular and anti-English party were losing ground. The old soldier, Lord Leven, had been made Master of the Ordnance in Scotland, and Governor of Edinburgh Castle, and he writes

'how there arose a great debate. The opposing party pressed hard for a delay. This at last came to a question, or, as we now call it, to a votte, and we carried to proceed immediately by a majority of sixty-six. This was certainly a Party votte, and so gives us great encouragement to hop for a good success. They are betaking themselves to other methods by endeavouring all they can to give a bad impression of the Union to the people, both in country and city. There has been for several days great inclination to a mob in the streets, and particularly by several hundreds crowding around the Duke of Hamilton in his going to and coming from the House. For some days past there were a great many, and as they went along the streets there were repeated huzzas and acclamations of praise to his Grace, by those his noble attendants. This on Wednesday last came yet to a greater height,

for they not only attended the Duke of Hamilton in his coming to the House, but gave such loud huzzas when he entered the House as were heard by all the members when sitting on their benches, and all the time the Parliament sat the most part of this rabble continued about the entry, and the sitting that day lasted till candles were brought in; the mob began to turn uneasy, and, it seems, believing we were going to some important vote, they attempted to break open one of the doors, and beat two or three sentinels from it of my Lord Constable's guard. What was acting outdoors being surmised to some of the members, there was an overture made to adjourn the debate, which was agreed to and prevented further disorder. When the Duke of Hamilton came out they got round about his chair to the number of four or five hundred, and accompanied him first to the Duke of Athole's Lodgings and, waiting till he came out, attended him till he came near his own Lodgings in the Abbey, where I had ordered them to be stopped by the guards. From this they went up and down the city, and got a drum or two and beat to arms, and some of them went to Sir Patrick Johnstone's house and attempted to break open his door, threatening to murder him for his betraying his country by being for the Union. They committed a great number of other insolencies in the street by upbraiding them as villains and rascals who they judged were for the Union. The President of the Council, the Duke of Argyll, and the two secretaries were so treated by them as they passed through the streets. The magistrates of Edinburgh did what they could to suppress this tumult, but neither their authority nor their guards were sufficient to do it, which obliged his Grace to command me to send immediately some of her Majesty's forces into the city, which accordingly was done, and I had no sooner secured the gate that leads into the city, but they began to disperse.'

Next day in Parliament the Opposition blamed the bringing the Queen's forces into the city, as not only against its liberties but as being also against the privileges of Parliament.

'This after-debate was brought to a question to approve or not of what the council had done, which carried in the affirmative by fifty-six votes. They are now endeavouring all they can to get addresses from all places of the country to be presented to the Parliament by great numbers of the gentry and commons against the Union. These men's actions do look as if they meant to stick at nothing. It is likewise surmised as if there were a design in drawing men together both in the highlands and in places of the low country. I wish those reports may prove false. It would be of great advantage to have some forces in the North of England, and near the Border, for the troops here are few in number, and if a new disorder should fall out a great part of them would be necessary to protect the Government, and keep the peace of this place.'

Ten days later, on November 5, Leven writes again to Godolphin in London:—

'I cannot say that the ferment doth abate, but rather the contrary,

and this is certain, that there are a great many people coming during Day to Town who have no business in it, and who we know are disaffected to the Queen and Government, and who declare themselves enemies to the Union. This makes me take all the precautions possible. I am glad forces are ordered to the Borders and North of Ireland, for nothing discourages men more to undertake desperate courses than the hope of small opposition.'

These 'hops' became much like a modern revolving light on the Scottish coast, alternately so bright that men were dazzled, and then again plunged into darkness. One French squadron two years afterwards was only prevented from entering the Forth by an accident, but that accident was the satisfactory previous arrival of a British squadron, warned in time, and causing the Pretender's fleet to put to sea and return to Dunkirk. Lord Leven was made commander of the forces in Scotland. In spite of popular obloquy the cause of the Union prospered. Money had something to do with it, true patriotism more. But is not a great deal of true patriotism the power to see how money can be best made a common commodity among the people to whom your affections are pledged? The limit of the common use of the proper investment of money in a government is the limit, under favourable geographical conditions, of the existence of a nation. As roads become better, as sea-transport becomes easier, so is it more easy to include in the benefits of money a greater number of people around the organising centre. The smaller and older centres disappear, to be absorbed in one that is convenient to a larger number. With good roads and good foreign commerce making communication easy, it became not only convenient, but imperative, that this little island should become politically united. But just as neighbouring towns in Europe long maintained that it was for their separate good that they should war against each other, so did many an honest heart look back regretfully to the reputation gained by English exclusiveness and Scottish isolation. How dear to the child is a good bout of the 'sulks'! How dignified seems sometimes the conduct that makes us think it for a time below our dignity to speak to our neighbour—a conduct we may call 'self-respect,' and another a 'state of huff.' The true pride that makes a nation is not the feeling that prompts a man either to dare all the world to tread on his coat-tails, or that in the dealer bids him to put all his wares in the window for show. Small minds make race distinctions a ground for 'national' division, and would, while taking their place with

the most reactionary, demand that the progress of all connected with them be crippled by taking the pace from the slowest. Such politicians may 'kick' a race 'upstairs,' but cannot raise it to a place among nations. They who are content to be insignificant in isolation are too apt to become the tools of foreigners, who will raise them to temporary importance for the sake of possessing their territory as vantage ground for their own wars. The truest independence is not, therefore, to be found in a selfish isolation, but in bearing manful part in the larger life of the nearest Power. It depends on the vigour of the smaller country if the union it makes be one giving it that potent influence we see exercised by Scots over British affairs.

The Sir Patrick Johnstone mentioned in Lord Leven's letter as having only just escaped massacre was Lord Provost of the city. It was owing solely to the pluck and determination shown by him, by the Dukes of Queensberry and Argyll, by Lords Seafield, Stairs, and the small number of the 'Queen's servants,' that the Union was carried. Are we to see in our days the worst policy of the unenlightened crowds of 1706 and 1707 revived for the amusement of Europe? Such an attempt has been partially successful in Ireland. Will Scotland also, for the sake of a little 'plunder,' 'disintegrate' the Union that her people may do in the dusk of disunion that which the enlightened common sense of the Imperial Parliament would condemn? For the sake of having a few local busybodies satisfied, will she throw over the place won by her old leaders in the van of nations? We shall see. All things are possible to him that believeth in —the new divinities!

- ART. X.—1. *Maurice de Saxe et le Marquis d'Argenson.*
Par le DUC DE BROGLIE. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1891.
2. *La Paix d'Aix-la-Chapelle.* Par le DUC DE BROGLIE.
8vo. Paris: 1892.
3. *Elizabeth Farnese, 'the Termagant of Spain.'* By EDWARD
ARMSTRONG, M.A. 8vo. London: 1892.

IF some critics have described the Duke de Broglie's 'History of the War of the Austrian Succession' as tedious in minute detail and slow progress, it is that they have permitted themselves to think of it as simply a history of the war; a misconception which the author, on his part, has carefully guarded against by a special title for each fresh instalment of the work, and still more by the comprehensive title, 'Études Diplomatiques,' under which the several chapters first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is, in fact, as diplomatic studies that they are chiefly interesting, even when the course of the narrative winds among military operations. Of the battles there was little new to be said; they were fought in the light of day, under the eyes of all Europe, and the accounts of them now given, fresh and vivid as they are, have no claim to originality or to technical precision. The strategy of the war, on the other hand, was not always evident; it was not always guided by military principles, and the directing motives have had to be sought in the official or private correspondence of the actors—soldiers, ministers, and ambassadors—often, too, in very unmilitary quarters, in the gossip of the Court, or in the intrigues of the boudoir. But the greater part of all this has hitherto remained in the privacy of the original manuscript, and the exceptional value of the Duc de Broglie's work is due to the elucidation of different problems by the aid of documents now first given to the public. In this respect the present three volumes are in no degree inferior to their predecessors; they show the exacting care, the industry, and the artistic skill with which we have been so long familiar, and have, so far as we are concerned, the additional advantage of dealing with some points of interest, more especially English. We are, however, compelled to offer one adverse criticism. The printing leaves much to be desired on the score of correctness; it is crowded with typographical errors. We have, for instance, 'Étoiles' for 'Étioles' (i. 316); 'con-jectures' for 'conjonctures' (ii. 89); 'pulsillanime' (iii. 78);

'1746' (ii. 95) and '1741' (ii. 198), both for '1747;' '1710' for '1718' (iii. 308); and a hundred more, sometimes puzzling, and always irritating.

Mr. Armstrong's *Life of Elizabeth*, the 'Termagant' Queen of Philip V., comes opportunely as, to some extent, the complement of the larger work. Much of it is, indeed, overlapped by these and the previous volumes of the '*Études Diplomatiques*;' but, though gleaning after a writer such as the Duc de Broglie is a thankless task, the author's period having been longer, and his aim different, he has succeeded in presenting an important contribution to a history so little known in this country as that of Spain.

The Duc de Broglie's volumes open with the account of a proposed invasion of England or Scotland, in the beginning of 1746. Of this scheme, as it never came to a head, English history, as such, knows but little, and that vaguely. It is, however, none the less certain that, in January 1746, some 11,000 men, detached from the army of Flanders, and collected along the coast of the Channel, under the orders of the Duc de Richelieu, were in readiness to embark to attempt a landing in Scotland, and to support the Pretender. The Marquis d'Argenson, the then French Minister for Foreign Affairs, asserts in his '*Mémoires*' that he incurred much ill will by opposing the project; but the Duc de Broglie shows conclusively that this is altogether an afterthought, for that, at the time, he unquestionably favoured it, pushed it forward, and drew out—or rather outlined for Voltaire, who drew out—a manifesto, addressed 'to the English people,' which was to be published by Richelieu as soon as he landed on British soil. In this it was stated that the King of France thought it his duty to assist a prince worthy of the throne of his ancestors, and now recalled by the most rational part of a noble-minded nation; he was sending his troops solely because their support had been applied for by the best of the English; the number was exactly what had been asked for, and he would withdraw them as soon as they should require him to do so. It insists throughout on this reference to the will of the English people, as to which the Duc de Broglie aptly says: 'This respect for the rights of a nation, at a time when it was not usual to speak of any rights but those of kings, expressed, too, in the name of a sovereign who acknowledged no limits to his own power, is equivalent to the signature of the philosophical minister;' and he thinks that, among

those who were called on for an opinion on the subject, Marshal Saxe was the only one who admitted any fear or doubt as to the issue. It is very probable that the detaching men from his command just as he wanted them to ensure the success of his own schemes had something to do with Saxe's dislike of the proposed expedition; but, independently of any selfish motive, his objections are based on a good sense which seems to have been curiously wanting in the other advisers of the king. To Marshal Noailles, with whom he corresponded on terms of affectionate deference, he wrote on December 25, 1745:—

'Are you not afraid that this embarkation at Dunkirk may engage us in a new adventure of no short duration? The Protestant party in England must always be strong, for the great nobles, having got possession of the Church property, dread any change. You will perhaps say, What business is this of mine? But I love the king and his kingdom, and the truth must out, even if I ought to ask for nothing better than the war.'

It may be doubted whether under any of the actual circumstances during that year the French project could possibly have met with success; but at this time the conditions were distinctly adverse. Not only had the Pretender's army outlived its short burst of success and attendant popularity, but some points on the coast of Scotland, which had been favourable to the insurgents, had been recovered by the Government, notably Montrose, which the Duc de Broglie describes as 'the place most clearly designed by nature for the landing of an invading corps.' That this estimate of the strategic value of Montrose, and of the support which the invaders might count on there, is not excessive, appears from the facts that Lord John Drummond, with the 'Royal Scots' regiment, did actually land there, and that, during December, the fishing-boats of the neighbourhood were employed to look out for French transports and pilot them in. Some of these men boarded the 'Ludlow Castle,' an English frigate, commanded by Captain Rodney, when she hoisted French colours, and had afterwards the assurance to petition for redress on the score of their boats having been destroyed.*

But it was not only that in January, 1746, the tide of insurrection was ebbing; it was also that, through the vanity of Richelieu and his officers, no secrecy had been observed. The staff had publicly boasted that their chief

* Rodney to the Secretary of the Admiralty, May 6, 1746.

would bring back a marshal's bâton from England; besides which—

'to secure the means of transport, it had been necessary to requisition almost all the merchant shipping of the Channel ports. This stoppage of the ordinary traffic was, to the English Government, equivalent to an open warning 'be on the look-out. It did not neglect it; and as, notwithstanding its domestic trouble, it retained the full power of disposing of its naval forces, when Richelieu arrived at Boulogne, the Strait was guarded by a fleet of some thirty-five ships ranging along the French coast.'

It did not now take long to convince Richelieu that the undertaking could lead to nothing but disaster. On December 29 he wrote to D'Argenson: 'Yesterday the wind was favourable, and if my artillery had been here, I could have crossed over to England with the greatest ease imaginable;' but on December 31, though still hopeful, he had begun to wish that he had not let his tongue run quite so fast.

'I think,' he wrote, 'that if the business had been kept as secret as it ought to have been, it would have been possible to cross over unobserved, with no further risk than that of a chance meeting with some of the English cruisers, for their large ships do not keep the sea during the night on account of the danger they would run in the dark.'

And on January 5 he wrote:—

'I don't know what to do, if the wind does not change, or some miracle is not worked in our behalf, as you may see by the detailed account of our condition. . . . I think men of great military talents are no more secure from ridicule than those of less. . . . If I knew any bold warrior of this sort, I should beg you to send him to me; for, happen what may, we must meet our fortune with a stout heart.'

After this he commenced a series of proposals, all differing from the original, all quite vague, all apparently in the mere intention of putting off the attempt which he had undertaken to make. The Brest fleet, under the Duke d'Anville, was to throw some battalions—now on the coast of Wales, now on the coast of Cornwall, now on the coast of Ireland. Then he wished to clear himself of all responsibility for the failure which he saw to be inevitable. He wrote to D'Argenson:—

'The idea of leading these reinforcements into England was none of mine, so that I have no passionate resolve to take them there, nor am I burning with Jacobite zeal. But having been appointed to command the forces which were to be carried across to England, I have deemed it my duty to lay before you the several ways which might

possibly lead to success. . . . The Duke of York and his friends will thus have nothing to reproach us with.'

And at last, after delays innumerable, he wrote that he was sick, and asked for permission to leave the command to his lieutenant, Lord Clare. So, amid the hootings of the mob, he returned to Paris, to be the butt of street-ballads, as a rule, says the Duke de Broglie, '*assez peu décentes.*' As a sample of one '*qu'il n'est pas impossible de citer,*' he gives:—

'Ce pilote ignore les vents
De l'Angleterre :
Ile ne sait qu'embarquer les gens
Pour l'île de Cythère.'

The idea of the expedition was not officially given up, but it was very well understood that no further attempt would be made to carry it out. Failure as it was, however, the Duke de Broglie thinks that it was not useless; that it increased the anxiety of the English Government, compelled them to keep troops in London and the south, which they could ill spare from the north, in consequence of which they were defeated at Falkirk; and caused the ministerial crisis which, though it ended in smoke, did for some days increase the difficulty of the position and the alarm of the people. To some extent this was so, but it is easy to exaggerate the effect. The Duke of Cumberland, with some of his troops, was indeed recalled to the south from Carlisle; but the check at Falkirk may be attributed to the incapacity of Hawley, certainly not to any inferiority of numbers, and the ministerial crisis sprang out of personal rivalries and the likes or dislikes of the king, with which the action of the French had but little to do.

But, meanwhile, a real success was gained in Flanders, where Saxe, complaining of his men being taken away and of his wretched health, which prevented his going to Paris, appeared to give himself up to making the best of the situation. His sister, the Princess of Holstein, came to Ghent to do the honours of his house; he had cocks brought over from England, and, '*suiuant la mode britannique,*' seemed to take the greatest pleasure in watching them fight. To all appearance he was so taken up with the quest for amusement that, far from being supposed to be hatching any secret design, he might very well have been accused of neglecting his duties for pleasures becoming neither his high position nor the care which his health demanded. In

reality, he was meditating the capture of Brussels, which, though it could not be taken in regular course, might, he thought, yield to a surprise. And this was exactly what happened. The marshal had hoped to offer it to the king as a New Year's gift; but a spell of soft wet weather made all transport impossible. It was not till the middle of January that the frost set in again. On January 27 everything was ready, and on the 29th-30th Brussels was unexpectedly invested; the trenches were opened on February 8.

The governor, Count Kaunitz, more favourably known afterwards as a diplomatist, had little experience as a soldier, and no confidence in the Dutch troops which formed his garrison. On February 11 he proposed to surrender the place conditionally on the garrison marching out free and with the honours of war. Saxe felt that he had the game in his own hands, and, in a letter that might be called comic, pointed out to Kaunitz that Brussels was not defensible, that it was impossible to bring together an army to relieve it, while he, for his part, had an adequate siege-train and everything that was necessary. A little time and care, and the town would be compelled to surrender on conditions 'honnêtes, quoique un peu dures.' What he mainly feared, he added, was that he might not be able to restrain his own troops. French soldiers were such devils of fellows: they found out ways of getting into places, which nobody suspected; they swarmed in like ants, setting at defiance alike the fortifications of the enemy and the orders of their own officers. With the prospect of pillage before them, it would be more difficult than ever to keep them out. Once in, he should be obliged to support them. It would be a never-ending regret to him if his career should be marked by the destruction of such a city as Brussels.

In all this the marshal was merely trying to 'bounce' his antagonist; for he was quite alive to the possibility of the Prince de Waldeck, the commander-in-chief of the Dutch army, advancing to relieve the city, and placing him in a dangerous position. He probably, however, knew his men: knew that Waldeck was not likely to hurry himself, knew also that Kaunitz had nerves to be worked on. The result was that on February 20 the garrison hoisted the white flag, and to the number of 15,000 surrendered at discretion, the only condition granted being that the arms should be stored and given back at the peace. In which, again, Saxe showed that intimate knowledge of detail which so often surprises us in a man of his presumed

carelessness; for, on its being remarked to him that the prisoners were insufficiently guarded and might escape without difficulty, he answered, 'Don't trouble yourselves about that; a Dutch soldier's arms are his own property; if he ran away, he would be giving us the right to keep them, and he will not expose himself to the loss.'

Among other results of the capture, one, which must have been most gratifying, was the recovery of the oriflamme of Francis I., with the standards of the gendarmes and the gardes du corps, which had been lost at Pavia. These trophies the king desired Saxe to bring himself, as soon as he could leave Brussels. There was now no question of health, but only of providing for the security of the army and its prize, and on March 11 Saxe started for Paris. His journey through France was one triumphal progress: at each post-house a bevy of young girls, dressed in white, presented him with bouquets; at the gates of Paris the excisemen were going to search the carriage, as usual, when their officer stopped them with 'What are you doing, you rascals? Laurels are not contraband!' At Versailles, as he was announced, the king rose, advanced to meet him, and kissed him on each cheek; but the public enthusiasm culminated at the opera, where, on his arrival on March 18, the whole house rose to shout 'Vive le Maréchal de Saxe!' and 'La Gloire,' in the prologue of 'Armida,' written originally in honour of Louis XIV., came forward with a laurel crown, and singing,

'Tout doit céder dans l'univers
A l'auguste héros que j'aime,'

presented it to the marshal, amid the rapturous applause of the whole house. The story is quoted at length from the journal of Barbier, with the addition of a qualifying sentence from that of the Duke de Luynes, to the effect that La Gloire, personified by Mlle. Demetz, was not quite disinterested in the matter, and that the next day the marshal sent her a pair of diamond earrings, worth 10,000 livres. The whole thing must have been intensely gratifying to his vanity, though even he must have thought it exaggerated; for no one knew better than he that the capture of Brussels, though a highly creditable piece of work, was not a military achievement of remarkable brilliance. Politically, it might have been of great importance; but its value was frittered away and ultimately lost by the incapacity of the Marquis d'Argenson.

The Duke de Broglie thinks that after the advantages

gained by the French in the Low Countries, after the reduction of the barrier towns and now of Brussels itself, Holland lay at the mercy of the conqueror. Ever since the English revolution of 1688 and the accession of William III. Holland had been—in the words of the King of Prussia—attached to England as a little boat is to the stern of a large ship. She had followed in her wake, participating in her wars and in her policy, and giving her at all times an undisputed access to the Continent. Diplomats spoke of the two as ‘the maritime powers’—in reality there was only one. Though there may be a little exaggeration, this view of the position is, no doubt, substantially correct. The alliance was, unquestionably, a very close one; and a violent breach of it would have been a severe blow to England, and still more so to Austria. English troops would no longer have been able to go backwards and forwards at their pleasure; they would have had no port of disembarkation; for the French already held all the ports of the Austrian Netherlands. The Duke de Broglie considers that at this time France had it in her power to compel Holland to a separate treaty, to sever her connexion with England and to enforce on her a strict neutrality; and that, in not doing this, D’Argenson was guilty of a woful blunder.

Some weeks earlier Count Wassenaer had been appointed as a special envoy to offer the good offices of Holland in laying down the bases of a general peace and in proposing them to England. Wassenaer, however, did not reach Paris till after the fall of Brussels; and the general opinion was that he came prepared to lay the submission of the republic at the feet of the French king. The Venetian ambassador at Paris wrote to his government:—‘The Dutch will have to submit to whatever terms this Court may choose to dictate. M. de Wassenaer will be received with the same haughtiness and the same air of superiority as the French plenipotentiaries had to submit to at Gertruydenburg during the misfortunes of Louis XIV.’ And this, in the opinion of the Duke de Broglie, might, could, and should have been done. The terms of a special and separate peace should have been prescribed to the Dutch envoy. On no account should he have been permitted to entangle his affairs with those of his allies. But, instead of doing this, the king’s advisers began to discuss among themselves the bases of a general peace, which had nothing to do with the matter in hand; and in the warmth of the discussion lost sight of the actual business before them. The Marquis d’Argenson had long held the

opinion that increase of territory would be to France a source of weakness, not of strength; what he wished was to see the King of France in the position of 'arbiter and 'paternal protector of all Europe.' On these grounds, he argued that, in a general pacification, France wanted nothing for herself; that she was fully compensated for the cost of the war by the confirmation of Silesia to Prussia, and the consequent weakening of Austria. In this contention he was supported by Marshal de Belle-Isle, who referred to former pledges of disinterestedness, and to the jealousy all Germany would feel at any encroachment of France on the Low Countries, to which, as a rampart of the western frontier, it attached as much value as Holland itself.

Noailles, on the other hand, argued, reasonably enough, that the pledges to which Belle-Isle referred had been given on the understanding that the 'imperial dignity' was to be taken from the house of Austria: as that had not been done, the circumstances were so materially altered, that the pledges were not only valueless, but contrary to the requirements of the position; and in full agreement with him, Saxe, as the actual conqueror of the Netherlands, was naturally opposed to their being restored, even in part. The Marquis de Valori, too, wrote from Berlin that the King of Prussia ridiculed the moderation of France in offering to restore all her conquests in return for Cape Breton; and though we know that Frederic laid down a standing rule to 'cajole Valori,' it appears from numerous passages in his correspondence that this was his opinion at that time.* Of this support Noailles was ignorant; but without it he felt sufficiently strong to demand that the negotiation about to begin should not be conducted by the minister alone, but by the whole council; drawing from D'Argenson the reply that neither Noailles's mistrust nor eloquence should convert France into a republic.

In the midst of these disputes and discussions Wassenaer arrived. A man with many relations and friends in Paris, a favourite in the best society, who had travelled much in France and spoke French perfectly, it was a very short time before he was cognisant of what was going on, and was ready to derive his own advantage from it. Before leaving the Hague, indeed, he was acquainted with the views of D'Argenson, who had not made any secret of them, and had

* Cf. *Politische Correspondenz*, v. 21, 34, 58; though no doubt what Frederic wrote was not always what Frederic thought.

repeatedly spoken of them to Van Hoey, the Dutch resident at Paris. He now turned D'Argenson's want of tact to further account, and allowed him to believe that he was not only the envoy of Holland, but was indirectly empowered to represent also England and Austria. He thus, from the first, took a very different position from that to which he was entitled as the representative of a small State trembling for its very existence. We are not sure that the Duke de Broglie does not take too low a view of the position of Holland at this time, and exaggerate the likelihood of her being driven to form a separate treaty. It seems to us that her utter weakness with respect to France is too much taken for granted; for, in attacking her, it was not Holland only that France had to overcome, but England and Austria and a possible German coalition. It appears at least probable that the first object of the negotiation was not, as the Duke de Broglie conceives, a full surrender and the ignominious reversion of her past policy and system of alliances, but—under whatever pretext—to gain such a delay as might give the English Government time to regulate its own affairs, and to be able again to place an effective force on the Continent.

Ready to take advantage of any opening, D'Argenson's blundering honesty—even if we accept it as such—was, of course, the very tool for Wassenauer's purpose; but if Holland had been in the despairing condition which the Duke de Broglie suggests, he would scarcely have used it in the way he did. To propose the settlement of the Treaty of Utrecht as the base of negotiations; to propose that France should evacuate the whole of the Austrian Netherlands, and should restore the fortresses she had captured in the condition they were in at the time of their capture; that the fortifications of Dunkirk should be demolished; that the Stuart family should be prohibited residing in France, and that Prince Charles-Edward should be abandoned to his fate—all this does surely not tell of utter prostration. But the original paper in which Wassenauer formulated these proposals is in the French archives, noted in D'Argenson's hand, 'I have reported this to the Council, and been ordered to say that these are not offers.' That, says the Duke de Broglie, is not astonishing. What is astonishing is that Wassenauer was not ordered to leave Versailles at once, and, on his return to Holland, to announce to his Government that he was being closely followed by Marshal Saxe. Possibly the answer to the enigma is to be looked for

in Italy, where a very curious negotiation was leading to very curious results.

The disasters of the summer and autumn of 1745, culminating in the signal defeat at Bassignana on September 27, and the reduction of Alessandria on October 12, had profoundly affected Charles Emanuel, the King of Sardinia. His prejudice against the too close proximity of a Bourbon was as vivid as it had been previous to the Treaty of Worms; but he felt obliged to consider whether, if a Bourbon there must be, it would not be better to have him a friend than an enemy. It was just at this same time that D'Argenson resolved to open negotiations with him, in the hope of detaching him from the Austrian alliance.

'This proposal to change from one alliance to its opposite, in time of active war, would have been an awkward one to make to any other than the son of Victor-Amadeus, and it would certainly have been rejected; but to the heir of the prince who owed his title of king to more than one transaction and transition of that kind, the offer might be made with a fair chance of its being, if not at once accepted, at least listened to without repugnance.'

The traditions and necessities of Piedmontese policy taught him to maintain the balance between Austria and the Bourbons, always for the benefit of himself; and D'Argenson conceived that at this juncture he might easily be induced to see that his interest was opposed to the Austrians. Many months before this the French minister had formulated to himself a scheme for the regeneration of Italy, which he shortly defined as 'a project for forming a republic and a lasting association of the Italian powers, similar to the German, Dutch, and Swiss.' The essential point in this was 'the driving back for ever, beyond the Alps, all foreign rule, in order to establish a federal bond among the sovereigns of Italian nationality.' 'It was a generous idea,' says the Duke de Broglie, 'which time has shown to be conformable to the wish of the people of Italy;' and to the generosity, the nobility, the purity, the single-mindedness of D'Argenson in making this proposition, as well as to the selfishness, under different names, of Charles Emanuel in rejecting it, he frequently recurs through many pages. We feel it difficult entirely to concur in this estimate. The King of Sardinia's motives were twofold; the one legal and avowed, the other political and not avowed, though probably of the greater real weight; but both of them were sound, statesmanlike reasons, affecting the welfare of the house of Savoy and the whole of Italy.

From the very first the legal objection was clearly stated in a memoir remitted through the Count di Mongardino, the Sardinian agent in Paris, on November 1, 1745 :—

‘The principle of expelling the Germans from Italy, and depriving them of all authority there, would be so offensive to the whole of Germany without exception, that it would be more likely to cause war in Italy than to secure peace; for the Empire, which must, sooner or later, be again united, would not be willing to suffer such a diminution of its power. But, above all, the proposed declaration of independence would abolish all the ancient and primitive titles of the reigning house of Sardinia, and would overthrow the fundamental laws of the country; and would be criminal, for it would give the emperor a never-ending and legitimate pretext for despoiling the king and his successors.’

From the reason so alleged the Sardinian Government never drew back, but repeated it at Turin, on December 26, in essentially the same words.* It is surely in itself sufficient to absolve Charles Emanuel and his advisers from the charge of undue selfishness in refusing to entertain the French proposal. But, though the alleged and avowed and sufficient reason, it was probably not the real one. This the Duke de Broglie has stated very clearly, though without, we think, attaching to it its full importance. He says :—

‘Even if D’Argenson’s plan had embodied the idea of driving *all* foreign influence out of Italy, Charles Emanuel would have probably regretted the disappearance of a rivalry from which his ancestors had so largely profited. But the proposal had not that character of impartiality, for two things were equally impossible to the French minister: the one, to make Don Carlos, in the south, abdicate the throne of Naples, where he was reigning peacefully; the other, not to claim for Don Felipe, in the north, some share, however small, of the spoil of Austria—for Don Felipe, the son-in-law of Louis XV., in whose cause the French armies had been fighting and conquering. So that in the Federal Council, which Charles Emanuel was invited to join, he would find himself sitting side by side with two princes of the House of Bourbon, supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be vassals of France, whether by reason of their origin or their near relationship. The idea of giving up absolute independence in exchange for a seat on a council so constituted would have scared even a sovereign less noted for the greedy and selfish pursuit of his own interests. It was certain beforehand that the scheme would not be even seriously discussed, and the Piedmontese historians of our own time have pointed this out, when their new compatriots have expressed their wonder that the Emanuel of the eighteenth century should have been less ready than the Emanuel of the nineteenth to accede to a plan for the independence of Italy.’

* Rendu, ‘*L’Italie et l’Empire d’Allemagne*,’ p. 157.

The Duke de Broglie appears to think that the objection so stated would not have been a difficulty in the way of a more liberal-minded statesman ; but surely that must have depended a good deal on the estimate that was formed, not only of D'Argenson's plan, but of D'Argenson's motives. The Duke de Broglie accepts D'Argenson the minister as essentially the same man as D'Argenson the philosopher, and holds that the minister's official despatches are to be read by the light of the philosopher's lucubrations. He assumes, therefore, that the proposal made to the King of Sardinia was intended in the sense explained in the '*Mémoires*'—that it was purely a scheme for freeing Italy from the foreign yoke.

The Duke de Broglie has made such an exhaustive study of D'Argenson's character as revealed in his memoirs, his memoranda, his despatches, and his private correspondence, the greater part of which still exists only in manuscript, that it would be rash for anyone necessarily less familiar with the subject to controvert or even to question seriously the view which he has deliberately adopted ; but it is permitted us to conceive that those who, like Charles Emanuel and his advisers, were compelled to judge of the French minister's intentions by their outward manifestations, may have formed the conclusions regarding them which even now seem most natural, and that they were firmly persuaded that what D'Argenson had in view was not so much the freedom of Italy as the aggrandisement of France ; that with Austria driven out, and at least two branches of the Bourbon family reigning unbalanced, the independence of the rest of Italy—even of Piedmont itself—would be scarcely nominal. That Charles Emanuel argued in this way appears certain, and we know that Mr. Villettes, the English minister at his Court, so interpreted the French proposals. He had not, indeed, an exact knowledge of what was going on, though he was given a good general idea of it, and his report to the Duke of Newcastle was that the scheme was drawn up personally by the King of France, who, furious at the idea of Francis of Lorraine, once his vassal, being now, as emperor, his superior, had formed the idea of constituting himself the head of a new empire—a nominal federation of the Italian States. Of the more important share in the business which the Duke de Broglie attributes to D'Argenson, Villettes shows no suspicion.

That the Duke de Broglie should consider the conduct of Sardinia from a French point of view was perhaps natural,

but he has taught us to expect from him the award of a judge rather than the invective of an advocate. And yet it is surely as an advocate that he so harshly criticises the Sardinian diplomacy at this period. The facts, as they appear, are that, after certain unofficial conferences held in Paris, a French agent, Champeaux, disguised as an abbé, was sent to Turin, where he arrived on December 20, 1745, and where, after a negotiation of five days, a document was signed on December 26, setting forth the conditions to which Sardinia and France could mutually agree. 'It was not a convention, properly so called, nor even a preliminary of peace, but simply a memorandum signed by Gorzegno,* the Sardinian minister for foreign affairs, and by Champeaux.' According to Villettes, who knew only what he was told by Gorzegno, Champeaux conducted the negotiations with extreme arrogance and insolence, dictating rather than offering terms. The Duke de Broglie, on the other hand, whose sole evidence is Champeaux himself, speaks of him as roaring, as it were, 'as gently as any sucking dove.' In any case, it is clear that he did not carry all before him: the Sardinians resolutely and positively refused the scheme for the federation of Italy, while Champeaux, for his part, had no authority to grant the suspension of arms, which was what they principally wanted. On his return to Paris, he was closely followed by a Sardinian courier bringing to Mongardino the powers to conclude an armistice and instructions to insist that it should be notified to the armies in Italy without delay. But this France could not do without the consent of Spain, and as the Queen of Spain had shown herself a rigid stickler for her own claims, it was very doubtful whether that consent was to be had at all: it was certain that it was not to be had without a much fuller explanation than was just then convenient.

D'Argenson now showed himself extremely desirous that Mongardino should discuss the terms of peace, in the view of converting the informal act of December 26 into a definitive treaty. Mongardino refused to do anything of the sort, having, indeed, no powers beyond the signing of an armistice; so that, at last, it was determined to send Champeaux back to Turin, this time in the disguise of a Dutch merchant; and, in place of an armistice, to write to Marshal de Maillebois, telling him that negotiations were

* This name Gorzegno—or in French, Gorzègne—is, by an uncorrected error of the press, printed throughout Gorzegue.

on foot; that at present they were secret; not even his brother, the minister of war, knew of them—which was not true—so that no orders could be sent; but meantime, he recommended him not to undertake any operation against the Sardinians, or even against the Austrians, to avoid awakening mistrust. Champeaux was instructed to inform the King of Sardinia of this extraordinary substitute for the armistice—a substitute which paralysed the French arms, while leaving the Sardinian at full liberty.

Though he does not say so in so many words, the Duke de Broglie appears to consider this astounding blunder of the French minister as an indication of the treachery or double-dealing of the Sardinian king. In this we cannot agree with him. We would not, of course, represent the conduct of the Sardinian Government as ideally chivalrous; but it almost becomes so in comparison with that of D'Argenson; of D'Argenson deliberately plotting, on the one hand, to upset the conditions of the French alliance with Spain, to act counter to the dearest wishes of the Spanish queen; and, on the other, ready, if opportunity offered, to throw over the Sardinians. Charles Emanuel, on his part, kept his allies, or rather the English, very exactly informed of what was going on. And, for the rest, notwithstanding the evident advantage to them of the one-sided suspension of arms to which D'Argenson had committed himself, the Sardinian ministers continued to urge the conclusion of a formal armistice; the more so, perhaps, as the draft of the preliminaries which Champeaux brought to Turin, on January 29, embodied the scheme for the expulsion of the Austrians and the federation of Italy which they had already positively rejected. And, according to Villettes, whose information seems fully corroborated, in their first interview Gorzegno gave Champeaux

'very plainly to understand that the king, his master, had been extremely concerned to find the French ministers, in the drawing of the preliminary articles which they had sent hither before him, had inserted several points that had from the beginning been objected to by this Court, and were not comprehended in the convention signed with him on December 26 last, and that they had, on the other hand, omitted to mention several other points which had been insisted on by this Court, and were part of the same. It was impossible they could accept and sign these preliminary articles in the shape they had been transmitted by France.' *

* Villettes to the Duke of Newcastle, February 13, 1746, N.S..

There is no question that the Sardinians were now negotiating on a very different footing from that on which they were on December 26. On January 4. they had received news of the Treaty of Dresden, and on January 13 had been directly informed by the Austrian minister that 30,000 troops, thus released from Germany, were on the march to their assistance. Their own men, too, were no longer in a state of extreme depression, and they could fairly hope, by prolonging the negotiations for a few weeks, to meet the enemy on at least equal terms. By referring the preliminaries back to Paris, and at the same time insisting on a suspension of arms, they secured these weeks, which they limited to the end of February: by that time it would be necessary for them to take definite action. That they were guided by the wisdom of the serpent may be conceded: in overreaching the French Government—which has never plumed itself on its artlessness—they gained a diplomatic victory; but their conduct, fully considered, does not seem to merit the very bitter condemnation which the Duke de Broglie lavishes on it.

'Charles Emanuel,' he says, 'thus secured a month in which to decide, according to circumstances, whether he would remain faithful to Austria or would throw in his lot with France. He held the two cards in his hand, with the power, up to the very last, of playing the one which seemed most likely to win. . . . It was the old, double-faced, two-edged policy, with which the House of Savoy has been so often reproached, but never had it been adopted under such remarkable circumstances. It was not this time a case of merely withdrawing from a war and entering upon a new engagement to take effect in the distant future. The decision had to be come to, the battles had to be fought, within a few days; and in the very presence of the opposing armies, the Cabinet of Charles Emanuel was quietly discussing whether it would be most advantageous to take the money or to shed the blood of the one or the other of the two nations. History has recorded many more loyal transactions; I do not think it mentions one at the same time more bold and more skillful.'

In point of fact, as Villettes and, by Villettes, the English Government were perfectly well informed of the negotiations from the very first, and do not seem to have suspected any evil intention on the part of the Sardinians, it may be doubted whether their ambiguous policy went to anything like the extreme just described; and for the rest, never did diplomatist deliver himself bound into the hands of the enemy as D'Argenson did on this occasion. He was, it would seem, so intent on his scheme of Italian federation, so convinced, too, of the necessity the Sardinians were under of

coming to terms with France, that he had persuaded*himself they must agree to his propositions ; he took for granted that a lengthy despatch from Champeaux, which reached him on February 17, must signify their assent, and glancing hastily at it, clearly comprehending only that an armistice was insisted on, 'he sent for Mongardino and signed, off-hand, 'the famous armistice, the object of all the wishes of the 'Court of Turin, without making a single condition or reservation, and allowing the insertion of a special stipulation 'for the immediate raising of the blockade of Alessandria.' So confused, indeed, or preoccupied was he that he does not seem to have ever known exactly what it was he did sign ; and in his journal added to the text of the armistice a postscript headed :—'Separate Article : a clause stipulating that the 'armistice shall not be published until the definitive treaty 'of peace shall be concluded.' But this article is not in the official document preserved at the *Affaires Étrangères* ; and, besides, the course of events proved that nothing of the kind had been settled. That it was spoken about is possible ; that D'Argenson meant it would appear certain ; for the great difficulty in his way was the extraordinary fact that he was attempting to conclude this treaty, in the first instance without the knowledge, and afterwards without the consent, of France's ally, the King of Spain.

The story of the special negotiations to win over Spain to D'Argenson's way of thinking, the pictures of the Queen of Spain as sketched, from opposite points of view, by Vauréal, bishop of Rennes and ambassador at Madrid, and by Marshal Noailles—her obstinacy, her determination, her self-assertion—are given in a most interesting, amusing, and artistic manner, the great length of which renders it impossible to reproduce them here. That Spain would not consent to the proposed, or to any possible, agreement with Sardinia was currently reported ; and Gorzegno, in consequence, required that equal publicity should be given to the resolution of France, privily conveyed to him, to withdraw her troops, and leave Spain to fight it out by herself. The King of France now quailed. 'I threatened to do so,' he said to D'Argenson, 'and I meant Spain to believe it ; but 'I never intended it to be carried into effect.' So far as D'Argenson was concerned, the whole thing was in an inextricable tangle, and, though somewhat late, he took counsel of his brother, the minister of war, whose views were, at least, more practical :—

'The marquis insisted that the publication of the armistice, far from being injurious, would have the advantage of compromising the King

of Sardinia, and of launching the business by showing him in the very act of deserting his allies. To which the count answered that, as the King of Sardinia could not now help betraying somebody, it was impossible to say beforehand whether he would break with his old allies or with his new; that it would, therefore, be safest to be prepared for either event, so as not to be the dupe of his artifices; and he pointed out the evident danger to which a rash suspension of arms would expose the French army. "We should answer for it with our heads," he cried.

The result of the discussion was that the Count de Maillebois, son of the marshal and son-in-law of D'Argenson, appointed plenipotentiary at Turin, was authorised to publish the armistice, only under certain conditions, all of them controvertible, and among them the renewing the convention of December 26, so as to give it 'a public and irrevocable character.' Maillebois left Paris and travelled through France with all the state of a recognised ambassador; but when he arrived at Briançon, on February 28, the Sardinian passport which awaited him there was accompanied by a letter from Gorzegno, couched in most polite and even effusive terms, but putting, none the less, the very direct question, Was or was not the count prepared to publish the armistice on his arrival at Turin?—if he was, then let him come on as speedily as possible; if not, he must be good enough to wait on French territory, because his presence in the capital could not be concealed from the English and Austrian cabinets, already alarmed by the rumours in circulation, and would place the king in a very false position with respect to his allies. The meaning of which was that the time-calculation of the Sardinian ministry had proved very exact; it was the eve of March 1, and they were ready to resume hostilities. But the Count de Maillebois, not being in the secret, wrote a short reply to the effect that the modifications he was instructed to propose were unimportant, and forthwith continued his journey. At Rivoli, on March 3, he was met by another letter from Gorzegno, desiring him, in positive terms, to come no nearer before he had communicated his instructions; and the next day he was waited on by Count Bogino, the minister of war, who declined all discussion, and said plainly that no new condition of any kind would be admitted; the stipulated time had long since expired; their troops were ready to march to the relief of Alessandria, if the French plenipotentiary was not able to give a satisfactory answer without any further delay. It was with difficulty that the Count de Maillebois could realise that the menace was made in earnest, and when, in the

course of the 5th, he signified his assent, he was told that it was then too late; that the troops had marched the previous afternoon, and had gone too far to be recalled. He was accordingly requested to withdraw into French territory, and await the course of events.

The marshal, his father, was meantime in perfect ignorance of what was going on. He had D'Argenson's letter advising quietude; he knew that negotiations were on foot—knew that his son was on his way to Turin as plenipotentiary—and fully believed that his next news would be that the preliminaries had been signed, and a formal suspension of arms proclaimed. Instead of that, the news was that Asti had fallen. The Count de Montal, who commanded there, had sent him word of threatening movements of the enemy's troops. The marshal knew better; the movements were merely a blind to lull the suspicions of the Austrians; and he contented himself with recommending some insignificant precautions. Even these recommendations did not reach their address, for on March 7, before the courier could arrive, Asti was invested. Completely bewildered, Montal sent a flag of truce, to ask what it meant. 'Everybody knows,' he said, 'that peace is concluded.' 'I know nothing about it,' was the answer of Leutrum, the Piedmontese general; 'my orders are to take Asti.' Before this surprise and totally unexpected attack, Montal lost his head, and proposed to capitulate. Leutrum refused to grant any terms, and eleven French battalions, over 5,000 men, laid down their arms, and were made prisoners of war.

'There is no more shameful action,' says the Piedmontese historian Carutti, 'recorded in the military history of France. The judgement,' adds the Duke de Broglie, 'is perhaps not too severe, but he does not say whether no success more glorious than this—considering the circumstances under which it was gained—is recorded in the military annals of Piedmont. I venture to affirm an honest reader will admire in it rather the skill of a well-planned intrigue than the brilliance of a noble feat of arms.'

However that may be, the result was decisive. Maillebois was almost as bewildered as Montal had been; and Count de Laschi, who commanded the Spaniards before Alessandria, hastily raised the siege, and retired to Tortona. The marshal protested against being left alone to withstand the enemy. 'You will not make me believe,' was the answer, 'that you need any support against the Piedmontese; you have much too good an understanding with them.' The Spaniards, in fact, believed, and made no secret of their

belief, that the capture of Asti had been arranged beforehand, in much the same way that the capture of Neiss, in 1742, had been arranged. Rumour had already alleged that negotiations between France and Sardinia were going on, and it was at once concluded that this was the first fruit. Don Philip wrote to Maillebois, 'I cannot persuade myself that a general of your experience could have committed such a fault, unless he had some motive which I fear I understand;' and the Count de Gages, with still greater frankness, wrote, 'The Infant has in his hands a copy of the treaty between the Most Christian King and the King of Sardinia, in which it is stated that free communication with Alessandria is to be permitted, and he does not doubt but that you have acted in consequence,' with more to the same effect.

'It would be impossible,' says the Duke de Broglie, 'to describe the trouble and disorder which these mutual suspicions caused in the two armies. Never, in the memory of man, was there such a confusion of tongues. Couriers carried insulting messages from the one staff to the other; the most outrageous imputations were exchanged; no rumour was too wild for belief. The marshal was told that if he ventured into the camp of the Infant, he would be arrested and sent to Madrid as a traitor to the common cause. Spanish officers went so far as to search the commissariat wagons for proofs of the cowardly intrigues of which they were the victims. It was even said that when the Austrians arrived, the Spaniards, by way of reprisals, would receive them with open arms; and that when the Piedmontese cut our communications with the Mediterranean, the French army would be surrounded and forced to lay down their arms. Everything seemed to be possible; everything to be feared. In a word, according to a contemporary historian, one supposed perfidy gave birth to a thousand real ones.'

Of course, when the story of what had taken place came to be known in France, the blame was universally attributed to D'Argenson. It was not to be supposed that Maillebois would take such a burden on himself, even for the sake of a friend and a near connexion; and there were many, neither friends nor connexions, who were longing for his overthrow. His ministry was not to end yet; but the news from Italy gave it, at this time, a very rude shock. The Duc de Broglie, consistent in his idea of the minister, says:—

'It is not a little curious, though by no means unprecedented, that the one act of D'Argenson as a Minister which, in the opinion of the present generation, reflects most honour on his memory, was the one which ruined him in the judgement of his contemporaries, and paved the way for his downfall. This tardy rehabilitation of a design long

misunderstood is not unjust, and the name of D'Argenson is, by good right, identified with the plan for the emancipation of Italy; for to none of his works did he devote himself with more ardour and disinterestedness.'

We must repeat that neither his scheme nor his conduct at this time commends itself to us in the same manner. Whatever his intention, the effect of the first, had it been carried out, would have been to render the Bourbons paramount in Italy, to reduce Italy to a province of France; while, as to the second, his conduct during the negotiations, whether towards the Spaniards, the Sardinians, or Marshal de Maillebois, can scarcely be classed as that of a man of honour, ability, or even common sense.

After the fall of Asti, the raising the siege of Alessandria, and the consequent ill-feeling between the French and Spanish troops, the war, not unnaturally, took a turn altogether unfavourable to the 'Gallispanns.' Milan, Parma, and the other fortified places held by them were evacuated in quick succession, and by the beginning of May the Spanish army, under the immediate command of Don Philip himself and the Count de Gages, was shut up in Piacenza, where it was closely besieged by the Austrians. The danger he was in compelled the Infant to turn for assistance to Maillebois, who had lately obtained some successes over the Piedmontese, unimportant in themselves, but sufficient to revive the drooping spirits of his soldiers. On June 14 he joined the Infant at Piacenza, and pointed out to him the necessity of at once giving battle, if he would avoid being made prisoner, with his whole army. Gages had already given the same advice, but had been overruled. It was now accepted, and in the night they attacked the Austrians with their whole joint strength. The Austrian position, however, was impregnable, and the Gallispanns, with very heavy loss, fell back under the walls of Piacenza. But they could not maintain themselves there, for they had no provisions. They ought to have been compelled to lay down their arms, and would have been, had not the dissensions between the Piedmontese and Austrians permitted them to withdraw. The death of the King of Spain, the succession of his son Ferdinand, passed almost without notice. The Gallispanns were closely followed, but succeeded in effecting their retreat by Genoa and into France.

It was then the end of August, and the immediate question was what the Piedmontese and their allies were to do now that the Bourbons had been swept out of the north of

Italy. Austria wished to complete the business, and clear them out of the south as well; she did not forget that Naples had been forcibly taken from her in the war of the Polish Succession. It would seem that this was also the true policy of England; for to have the coast and roadsteads of the Two Sicilies in Bourbe hands was a manifest inconvenience, and might be a danger; and, in any case, the change had been effected in defiance of England, and contrary to both the letter and the spirit of the Treaty of Utrecht. This has, indeed, been so evident that it has been frequently assumed that, in pursuing a different policy, England was deferring to the wishes of Austria or of Piedmont. It is, however, quite certain that England decided, if she did not actually dictate, the course of the campaign. This is the view which the Duc de Broglie has taken of the matter. He says: 'The persistence of England forced Austria, in spite of herself, into an attack on Provence, while it would have preferred to keep her whole force in Italy, to secure, and, perhaps, by the conquest of Naples, to complete the splendid position which she had regained there.' And if there was any doubt as to the perfect accuracy of this, it would be quite dispelled by the instructions sent by the Duke of Newcastle to the English minister at Turin, desiring him to congratulate the King of Sardinia on his success, and to acquaint him that

'the king [sc. of England] was extremely glad to find by your letters, as well as by the assurances the Chevalier Ossorio has given, that his Sardinian Majesty was disposed, with the combined army, to march into France. His Majesty hopes that, after the late great victory, nothing will prevent the making this attempt; and it is therefore his Majesty's pleasure that you should in the strongest manner represent to the King of Sardinia and to the Imperial general (in which you will desire the concurrence and assistance of Mr. Richécourt [the Austrian minister at Turin]) the great advantage of this measure preferably to all other operations.' *

The explanation of this is to be found in the state of affairs in the Low Countries, where the successes of Marshal Saxe were pressing hard on the interests of the allies, causing the keenest alarm to the Dutch, and rendering a diversion of the greatest importance. It was not, however, till the middle of November that the Austrians advanced into Provence, and then, by the ability of Marshal Belle-Isle, who had succeeded to the command of the French army,

* Duke of Newcastle to Villettes, August 22, 1746, O.S.

by the misconduct and rapacity of the Marquis de Botta, the Austrian commander-in-chief, and by the ill feeling between the Austrians and Piedmontese, the invasion proved futile, and the allies were obliged to retreat. The hope of a diversion in that quarter was at an end. Some weeks earlier, a purely English attempt proved a still more ignominious failure. A joint naval and military expedition for the reduction of L'Orient sailed from Portsmouth under the command of Admiral Lestock and General St. Clair. The troops were landed and marched up to the town; there was nothing that appeared able to offer any resistance, and St. Clair haughtily refused the capitulation that was offered. Of defence there could be none; but the local militia, very imperfectly armed, and some peasants with pitchforks, made such a respectable show, that St. Clair prepared to attack the place in a formal manner. But the weather set in wet and stormy, the soldiers were sickly, and Lestock proposed to take the ships to a more secure anchorage. A council of war resolved to spike the guns and embark. But just at the same time the new levies who seemed to garrison the town, having realised some of the discomforts and dangers of a state of siege, were clamouring to surrender, and enforced their will on the commandant. It was thus a question as to which resolve would first have effect, and the English officers carried off the palm for promptness. The evacuation of the camp had been in great part carried out, when, on the other side, the French drummers, being ordered to beat the parley (*chamade*), in mistake or ignorance beat the alarm (*générale*). A panic seized the few besiegers who still remained; they bolted in headlong flight, and when the deputation of the inhabitants came out with the keys of the town, they found but spiked guns and empty huts to receive them.*

All this was bad enough, but the reality of the failure both in Brittany and in Provence was that no effective diversion had been made, that the French army in Flanders had not been weakened, and that Marshal Saxe was still at liberty to pursue his victorious career. The battle of Rocoux had been fought nearly a month before, and though from the military point of view the advantage was far from decisive, politically the gain proved to be considerable. One of the most direct consequences of it, however, was the increase of Saxe's reputation and of Saxe's influence, which

* Vie privée de Louis XV., tom. ii. p. 290.

was already making itself felt in the proposals afoot for the marriage of the dauphin, whose wife—the daughter of Philip V. and Elizabeth Farnese—had died in the previous July.

There were many who thought that the interests of diplomacy and the family indicated the Infanta Antonia, the dead princess's sister, as her proper successor. The Court of Spain readily acquiesced: all the French ministers who supported the Spanish alliance were eager for the match; the dauphin agreed to it, so also did the Queen of France. Everything seemed settled, when a totally unexpected difficulty came in the way—the religious scruples of Louis XV. 'This prince,' says the Duke de Broglie, 'had a very capricious conscience. He had no scruple about daily violating those precepts which the Gospel puts before all others, but he stopped, trembling, before the canonical rules and the disciplinary laws of the Church.' There is, indeed, an absurdity in the mere idea of such scruples in Louis, but the Duke de Broglie's explanation suggests that, after all, religion had very little to do with the matter. The proposed marriage was within a degree of affinity forbidden by ecclesiastical law; and, though there would be no difficulty about a papal dispensation, Louis was bound to recollect that the validity of papal dispensations, or of any decrees of the Roman Court, was by no means fully admitted by the French episcopacy and magistracy. 'As there were many Frenchmen to whom the legality of the proposed marriage seemed doubtful, it might happen in the future that the legitimacy of its offspring might be questioned. On the other hand, Ferdinand, brought up in a very different school of theology, could not understand that a papal decree did not satisfy every conscience;' and the result was a certain coolness which may be supposed to have had its effect even on the political situation.

D'Argenson's first idea was to keep aloof. 'It is no business of ours,' he said; 'it is for the king alone to choose.' But as soon as the king had expressed his will, D'Argenson plunged into the thick of the fight against the numerous and powerful party which favoured the Spanish marriage. As a friend of Voltaire, he found it difficult to explain his objections; and the attempts at doing so, which he made in his correspondence and in his journal, seem to leave the confusion more confounded. The real explanation would have been a political one. He had been reminded, apparently by Voltaire, that the King of Sardinia had three

daughters, the eldest of whom was eighteen. It might be thought that, after the terrible consequences of his last negotiation with Sardinia, he would have been unwilling to meddle with any new one. On the contrary, however, he looked on the failure with regret and longing, and eagerly caught at the opportunity. Sardinia was willing to negotiate, but was determined not to lose the substance in grasping at the shadow; and the reduction of Genoa, followed by the invasion of Provence, convinced the king, if not D'Argenson himself, that the continuance of the negotiation was inopportune.

The only remaining princess who, by birth and religion, could be deemed suitable was the daughter of the Elector of Saxony, and against her the objections were manifold. Her father had conquered the crown of Poland from the king's father-in-law; her mother was an Austrian archduchess, and the King of Prussia might object to such an alliance for a neighbour whom he did not hate only because he despised him. Much to D'Argenson's surprise, however, when he had to point out to the king that the Saxon alliance seemed the only course open, all the difficulties vanished. The Duke de Broglie thinks it impossible for him not to have seen that negotiations had been carried on without his knowledge, though he has himself said nothing about it. But, in fact, while he was aiming at the Piedmontese alliance, Marshal Saxe had conceived the idea of putting the crown on his niece's head. His letters from Paris told him that, in the numerous discussions about the Dauphin's marriage, the name of the Saxon princess had been mentioned, and suggested that, even on a family matter, a word from the victorious commander of a hundred thousand men would have a chance of being listened to.

Both politically and personally Maurice was desirous of forming a close alliance between Saxony and France, and the notion of his niece attaining this high position, and through his agency, was especially flattering to him. His letters to his brother during the month of September had paved the way to future success; and after the victory at Rocoux—when he was familiarly spoken of as 'le tapissier de Notre Dame'—when he was addressed from Paris as 'one sent from heaven for our temporal and spiritual salvation, for, since you have the sword and the bâton in your hands, you are always putting the praises of God in our mouths in never-ending *Te Deums*'—when, in fine, he was overwhelmed with flattery and praise from low and from

high—his slightest wishes assumed the force of a law. On October 24, the French ambassador at Dresden received instructions to make an official demand for the Princess of Saxony, and Louis, with his own hand, wrote to the marshal, telling him 'in confidence' what trouble he had had to overcome the resistance of the queen. D'Argenson, however, was and remained convinced that he was the author of the idea so happily realised. He then and ever afterwards believed that the success of the negotiations was entirely his; that it was his skill, his care, which had smoothed away all difficulties and had even won the cordial assent of the King of Prussia. He did not understand, he never understood, that 'the marriage which he was so proud of as his handiwork, and in which he had been the official go-between, was, in reality, the pledge of a secret coalition between Dresden and Versailles, for his ruin; a coalition of whose plans the king himself was cognisant, even if he was not guided by them.'

He had, in fact, many foes and no friends. Everywhere his policy had run counter to the ideas or the interests of his colleagues or his allies, and, joined to his want of tact, had converted them into bitter and even spiteful enemies. His Spanish policy had, of course, deeply offended all the friends of Spain; and Vauréal at Madrid, Chavigny at Lisbon, and Noailles at Versailles, lost no opportunity of illustrating his misdeeds. To these were added the Prince de Conti, Marshal Saxe, and, perhaps the most formidable of all, Madame de Pompadour. Conti, already aiming at the throne of Poland, was taking the preliminary steps towards the establishment of that extraordinary correspondence whose history the Duke de Broglie described some years ago under the title of the 'Secret du Roi.'* The Marquis des Issarts, the French ambassador at Dresden, had been appointed at the prince's request, and was entirely devoted to his interest. It was some little time before D'Argenson understood the game, but as soon as he did he sent Des Issarts a formal order to 'abstain from everything which might give the least offence to the Elector of Saxony,' who, it was well known, had set his heart on his son's succeeding him on the throne of Poland. Count d'Argenson, who was better acquainted with the secret springs of court intrigues, advised his brother to be cautious lest he should be running counter to the king's wishes. The marquis refused the

* *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1879.

warning, and, though it does not appear that the king was taking any active part in the business, Conti was duly informed that his intrigue had been checked by D'Argenson, and entered enthusiastically into the scheme which offered him the chance of revenge. Considered as between man and man, D'Argenson's conduct towards the Elector of Saxony would undoubtedly commend itself as straightforward and honest; but as a politician it showed him unequal to the navigation of the treacherous seas of eighteenth-century diplomacy. A more skilful minister might probably have arrived at the same end by some less abrupt method, without adding the Prince de Conti to the already formidable list of his enemies.

He was still more unfortunate in his relations with Marshal Saxe, whom he had prevented from carrying the war into Dutch territory. This, in itself, had excited the marshal's indignation, but what piqued him still more was the appointment of the Prince de Conti to be generalissimo. He protested that he had not and could not have any objection to the king's making every prince of the blood a generalissimo, if it so pleased him, but he did decidedly object to anyone being made generalissimo over his head on the pretence of military services. The more he thought about it the more angry he grew, and, though the Marquis d'Argenson was guiltless in the matter, the promotion being really the doing of the Count d'Argenson at the desire of Madame de Pompadour, the name of D'Argenson became hateful to him, and the very friendly terms he was on with Noailles enlisted him as a member of the coalition.

Another formidable member of it was the Count de Brühl, to whom D'Argenson's blind admiration for and devotion to the King of Prussia was a noxious thing. Brühl wished that the new alliance between France and Saxony should lead to peace with Austria.

The first condition for this was the removal of the obstacle which had stood in the way of the former attempt, and the name of this obstacle was D'Argenson. The two ministers were, in fact, pulling in opposite directions, one towards Prussia, the other towards Austria. Agreement was impossible: one or the other must be sacrificed; and Brühl, past-master in intrigue, and more firm in his seat than D'Argenson, was determined it should not be he.

The different influences were thus all united in the same direction. From hour to hour the tempest gathered; D'Argenson himself was the only one who did not hear the growling. 'It was no longer a conspiracy: the king was

'besieged openly and in regular form. Ministers, mistress, marshals, princes, courtiers, foreign ambassadors—all were unanimous in accusing D'Argenson of being the one only obstacle to peace.' The king, however, hesitated. It was at all times exceedingly painful to him to dismiss one of his ministers; the necessity of taking such a step completely upset him; and so far from becoming easier by use, the exercise of his authority seemed more distasteful to him as he got older. To overcome this reluctance, the conspirators felt that they must give him the opportunity of sheltering himself behind the prestige and reputation of the oldest and most illustrious of his councillors. And thus, on December 15, 1746, as Brühl's 'incriminating' despatches, Puisieulx's 'sarcastic' descriptions of the entanglement at Breda, and Chavigny's 'perfidious' insinuations from Lisbon were read and commented on by Madame de Pompadour, happy in being able to please at once both Saxe and Conti, a memoir drawn up by Marshal de Noailles was put into the king's hands.

In this, the political situation was sketched in the blackest colours; but the whole evil was due to the faults of one man. After the death of the Emperor Charles VII. there had been an opportunity of winning the attachment and the gratitude of Maria Theresa by supporting her husband's claim to the imperial dignity. One man alone had prevented this, instigated by a false system and unreasoning antipathy. It was he who had ruined their hopes in Italy by a secret negotiation which had offended Spain, inspired Sardinia, and stained the honour of France; and, referring to the letter which D'Argenson had written to Maillebois, as the sole cause of the humiliation the French arms had suffered at Asti, 'It was more than a mere imprudence,' said Noailles, 'but I do not dare to characterise the conduct by the name it deserves.' To repair this fault he had now thrown himself unreservedly into the arms of the Dutch, careless of their being in servile dependence on England.

'Everyone commits faults sometimes; it is the common lot of humanity. When he who commits them sees them, and is conscious of them, they may lead him to correct and reform himself; but the continuous repetition of them tells of a character radically bad, and the evil has no remedy.'

And after a violent attack on the minister's 'ignorance, presumption, indiscretion, and gross neglect,' the memoir went on:—

'The illusion in which he lives causes him to see everything as he imagines or desires it. It is dangerous not to see things at all; it is still more so to see them different from what they really are. Nothing is more to be dreaded than false gleams; darkness itself is preferable.'

All which leads to the conclusion that the king,

'in his own interest, should no longer leave a Minister, as a laughing stock to the Court, the town, and the whole of Europe, in an office which he had degraded by his want of ability, his blunders, and the ridicule he has drawn on himself.'

Some rumours of the set which was being made against him at last reached D'Argenson's ears; and though he did not think it a thing of very much consequence, he thought that it might be advantageous to bring the King of Prussia forward as a sponsor. For several months a negotiation had been going on between Prussia and Sweden, tending to a defensive alliance against the threatening neighbourhood of Russia. This had been to a great extent conducted and brought to a satisfactory issue by the French ambassador at Stockholm, who had been permitted to win over the Swedish Diet by the promise of an increased subsidy; and had latterly put forward the proposal that France should be included in the treaty as a principal; that it should, in fact, be a 'triple alliance.' The Duke de Broglie seems to imply that D'Argenson urged this mainly in order to prove to his king that France was not left, as his enemies alleged, in a position of dangerous isolation. It appears, however, that the proposal, on D'Argenson's part, was first made at Stockholm before October 18, and must have left Paris at least a fortnight earlier.* But at that time D'Argenson had certainly no inkling of the conspiracy forming against him; and his actual motive probably was, as it seemed to Frederic, a desire to strengthen the position of France if Russia should be won over to take part against her, as she was a year later, or in any case to flaunt the 'triple alliance' as a threat before England and Holland.†

From the very first, however, Frederic positively refused to make one of such an alliance; if France insisted, he

* Frederic to Finckenstein, October 30; *Politische Correspondenz*, v. 200.

† 'L'honnêteté du Marquis de Valory m'a découvert tout le dessein du Ministère de France, qui n'en est autre que de faire une alliance avec la Suède et moi pour en faire parade en Hollande et en Angleterre.' Frederic to Chambrier, December 13, in answer to Chambrier's of December 2. *Ibid.* v. 262.

wrote, he would withdraw, as it would be apt to lead him farther than he had any intention of going. And some three weeks after D'Argenson had ceased to be minister, he wrote to Chambrier that, if the new minister should renew the proposal, he was to answer with a positive refusal. 'You may be assured,' he said, 'that I shall never depart from the resolution I have taken in this matter, being determined to let my alliance with Sweden drop, rather than make it on the footing first proposed by the Marquis d'Argenson.'* It is, however, quite clear that D'Argenson, in his distress, did hope to win Frederic's consent, as a personal favour, and spoke very bitterly to Chambrier about his refusal. 'If he [D'Argenson] should be disgraced,' he said, 'it would be entirely the King of Prussia's doing.' His enemies attributed the refusal to Frederic's contempt for the King of France and the French alliance; and persuaded Louis 'that the assurance which he [D'Argenson] had always given of the contrary was due to his want of discernment, and to the illusion he had always lain under, as to the King of Prussia's sentiments towards France.'† In answering this, on January 13, Frederic wrote:—

'If M. d'Argenson would but recollect the manner in which, for some years, France has behaved towards her allies, he would not mistake the disinclination to enter on new engagements with her for contempt. It is an illusion to suppose that without France I am not able to breathe, and that therefore, for love of her, I ought to pledge myself everywhere. The friendship of the King of France will always be the cherished object of my desire, but all that I expect to gain from it is the guarantee of the contracting powers when a general peace is concluded. For the rest, I see no reason to mix myself up in all the affairs of France, at the risk, too, of entangling myself again in very great difficulties.'‡

D'Argenson probably never knew of this letter; for, some days before it reached Paris, he had ceased to be minister. On January 10 he had his last official interview with Chambrier,§ and assured him of the lasting nature of his sentiments towards Prussia. 'The alliance of France and

* February 3, 1747. *Politische Correspondenz*, v. 309.

† Chambrier to Frederic, January 2, 1747.

‡ *Ibid.* v. 291.

§ The Duke de Broglie says, 'Le jour même où cette dure épître [that just quoted] partait de Berlin.' But the letter is dated January 13. The mistake has apparently arisen from the date of Chambrier's letter, which is also January 13. (*Ibid.* v. 301.)

'Prussia,' he said, 'is a system, whose foundations ought to be immovable. That is mine. I know that all Paris is saying that I am on the point of being disgraced; but I do not think so.' 'I had not power to answer him,' added Chambrier, in reporting the incident, 'for I knew that his dismissal was determined on.' The next day he received it. At the same time, his brother, Count d'Argenson, who had made his peace with Marshal Saxe, by promoting him to the extraordinary rank of *maréchal général*, was confirmed in his office of minister of war; and the better to show that he was not affected by the downfall of the marquis, he was given the privilege *des grandes entrées*. Frederic's comment on the affair is noteworthy:—

'I do not think [he wrote to Chambrier on January 31] that France has lost much in the Marquis d'Argenson. I have always taken him to be a man below mediocrity, who would never do much good or much evil. His was one of those weak minds which form prejudices, stick to them at all hazards, and are so uncertain in their resolutions that they make a great mess of public business.'

'What an elogy [ejaculates the Duke de Broglie] to be pronounced before a ministerial tomb which closed—as we have seen—on words of fidelity and devotion! Truth, too, was no less wounded than gratitude, for *médiocrite* D'Argenson certainly was not. Neither his merits nor his faults were "average," or on the mean level; and as to his prejudices, was it for one who profited by them to complain of them?'

It should, however, be borne in mind that Frederic was expressing a business-like view of the situation to one of his own agents; was, in fact, writing as a statesman, not as a sentimentalist. And we are at liberty to suppose that the 'fidelity and devotion' which D'Argenson had shown to a foreign prince, a self-seeking and unscrupulous ally, a probable enemy even, helped him to form his estimate. We prefer the Duke de Broglie's own judgement to his criticism on Frederic's:—

'D'Argenson's incontestable superiority [he says] lay in an intelligence wide enough to seize on grand general ideas; but unfortunately it was of little use in politics for want of other, less elevated qualities: practical common sense, power of gauging possibilities, knowledge of men.'

In which connexion we may appropriately quote Mr. Armstrong:—

'D'Argenson was eminently an idealist. He was a political prophet rather than a statesman, and hence the extreme interest of his memoirs to posterity. A minister who was at once free-trader and

republican, and who believed in doctrines of nationality and federative union, flew over the heads of the careful work-a-day diplomats and ministers of the first half of the eighteenth century.'

It is, however, clear that, with the fall of D'Argenson, one great obstacle to the peace of Europe was removed. Not, indeed, that peace immediately followed, but that there was now a possibility of negotiating when opportunity should arrive, which had not been the case under the rule of 'pre-judice' and 'illusion.' The proposed conference at Breda, in the autumn of 1746, had proved abortive from the outset, and during 1747 the war continued with varying success. In Italy, the French, under Marshal Belle-Isle, obtained some advantages over the Austrians and Piedmontese, and still more in the Low Countries, under Saxe and Lowendahl, against the allied armies of Austria, England, and Holland. But at sea the advantage was all the other way. There, England obtained a complete mastery, won two crushing victories, and completed the ruin of the French navy. With their navy, their commerce also was ruined. In June, Commodore Fox fell in among their homeward-bound West Indian fleet, and brought in prizes to the value of upwards of a million sterling. Presently insurance became impossible; and by the spring of 1748 the French flag had practically disappeared from the sea. 'It gives me great concern,' wrote Sir Peter Warren to the Secretary of the Admiralty, on May 16, 1748, 'to have had so little success since I have been out, which is likewise Sir Edward Hawke's case; and 'I really think it is owing to the enemy having very few ships on the sea.'

The French treasury was empty, the resources of the country were exhausted, and no one seemed to know what they were fighting for. The French Government had openly professed to desire no increase of territory; and though Marshal Saxe was positive in his contention that, having conquered the Austrian Netherlands, they were bound to keep them, it was felt that they were not in a position to go back from their public declaration. And it was understood that there would be no difficulty with England on this score. She—or Wassenaer, in her name—had already proposed a general restoration of conquests as one of the bases of negotiation, and the return of Cape Breton would be, to some extent, an equivalent for that of the Low Countries. The war had begun in support of the Pretender to the throne of England. But, for the present at least, the Pretender's cause was dead; there was no proposal to revive it, and as

between England and France there seemed no longer any quarrel.

When their allies were to be considered there was very little enthusiasm in France for the cause or demands of Spain; and though this coolness had been initiated by D'Argenson, his successor had, to a great extent, accepted it; the more readily, perhaps, as after the death of Philip V. the 'Termagant' was no longer a power in the land. On the other hand, the relations between England and Austria, sympathetic in the beginning, were now very far from cordial. England had agreed to pay, and had paid, large subsidies to enable Austria to keep up an effective army in Flanders. Austria took the money, but applied it to the maintenance of her army in Italy, trusting the defence of Flanders to England's known jealousy of French supremacy there. England was thus supporting the whole burden of the war, and was not inclined to submit to further sacrifices. Austria, on her part, had never quite recovered the soreness she had felt at having been compelled to accept the Treaty of Worms, and attributed to England some part of her loss in the Treaty of Dresden. She considered England as an ally lukewarm in her cause, ready to sacrifice her to the interests of Sardinia. In this conceit she was confirmed by the recollection of Sardinia's ambiguous negotiation with France in the beginning of 1746; an implied treason, of which—while England had been aware—Austria had been studiously kept ignorant.

Maria Theresa was an angry and passionate woman; Silesia had been stolen from her, and she looked on Europe as combining to plunder her in other directions. She learned that England—disgusted with the refusal of the Dutch to bear their share of the expense of the Russian contingent of 30,000 men actually on the march to the seat of war—had made overtures of peace; and through the intermediary of Count Loss, the Saxon ambassador at Versailles, she had already approached the French minister, when, in April 1748, the Conference, which had been talked of for some months, finally met at Aix-la-Chapelle. Austria was represented by Kaunitz, now taking refuge in diplomacy, after a military career of no particular brilliance, and directed to communicate confidentially with the French plenipotentiary, Saint-Séverin, a Neapolitan by origin, if not by birth, with the Italian talent for diplomacy, and as unscrupulous as even the Macchiavelli of fable. The English representative was the Earl of Sandwich, the ambassador at

the Hague and at this time thirty years of age. In England, he was described as a young man without experience, and, therefore, to be depended upon to follow the text of his instructions; in France, he was a *blanc-bec*, who might be moulded, as soft wax, in skilful hands. There are, however, men who are born old; and Sandwich, at thirty, was already an accomplished intriguer, al— in the matter of chicanery—to give points to Saint-Séverin, or Macchiavelli, or Macchiavelli's older namesake. He, too, was instructed to communicate privately with Saint-Séverin; and it is not uninteresting to note that the younger diplomatist baffled his senior, who complained that, whilst the French terms were fairly stated, those of England were altogether vague and nebulous. With Kaunitz the parts were reversed: the Austrian, at any rate, was sufficiently explicit. According to the Duc de Broglie:—

‘Notwithstanding some reserve which told of the embarrassment caused by the unexpected evolution, his proposals amounted to a complete change of front. Apprised of the pacific disposition of the English Cabinet, and convinced that it was at her expense that her allies were trying to settle matters, Maria Theresa resolved to anticipate them in what she already called their “defection,” and would not hesitate to call their “treason.” Every courier who came in, every fresh piece of intelligence that reached her, increased her anger and her mistrust. . . . To her restless spirit, everything seemed to indicate a concerted plan for compelling her to accept a peace, the conditions of which—arranged beforehand without her knowledge—would be for her nothing less than a capitulation. So situated, a special and direct agreement with France seemed her only and legitimate defence.’

What she asked for was the opportunity of recovering from ‘her perfidious allies’ especially from the King of Sardinia—the large cessions of territory to which, at the instance of England, she had consented in the Treaty of Worms; and, secondly, that France should not repeat her guarantee of the Prussian conquest of Sillesia. The Duke de Broglie thinks that there was nothing in these demands prejudicial to French interests. As to the Treaty of Worms, France had nothing to do with it: it was the private business of those who had been her enemies but a few days before: if they now chose to quarrel among themselves, it need not cause her any regret. The guarantee of Sillesia was a more delicate matter. Frederic had never ceased to require it, and, in a vague sort of way, it had been promised to him. To withdraw it now would be to offend him most deeply. But at the Court of Versailles there were many who did not hold

offending Frederic to be much of an evil; many who did not hesitate to say that the Prussian alliance cost a great deal more than it was worth. Personally, this was Saint-Séverin's opinion: and he gave Kaunitz to understand that the Austrian proposals were acceptable and would be accepted. Suddenly, and without a word of warning, he closed with the English proposals.

The story as related by the Duke de Broglie is that, calling unceremoniously on Sandwich, he told him, with a total disregard for truth, that he had reason to know that Kaunitz had come to a private understanding with the Spanish plenipotentiary, and that the two were on the very point of concluding a special treaty; that the only way to baffle this abominable piece of treachery was by forestalling them, and at once settling the conditions of peace as between England and France: whereupon Sandwich, gulled and alarmed, came to terms, and the preliminaries were there and then drawn up and signed.

There is no doubt whatever that Saint-Séverin acted in the manner described, and that he afterwards pacified Kaunitz by the counter-statement that he had discovered a private negotiation between Sandwich and the Spaniard. That Sandwich's action is rightly explained is not quite so certain. Where falsehood was about, Sandwich was scarcely the man to be taken at a disadvantage; and it is at least probable that he came to terms, because he judged Saint-Séverin to be really in earnest. For when all is said, the terms to which Saint-Séverin now acceded were, with little or no modification, those which Wassenauer had roughly sketched out in the spring of 1746, which D'Argenson had curtly refused even to consider; and we are permitted to think that France was under a more stringent necessity for peace than the Duke de Broglie would seem to imply. Unwittingly, it may be, he has given the explanation of this. 'England,' he says, 'even though abandoned by Austria, could continue the war with her fleets. Austria, deprived of the Piedmontese contingents in Italy, of the Dutch and English in Flanders, could not carry it on for a single day.' For this weakness Austria now had to suffer; she was compelled to accept such terms as she could get from the charity of England and France. The former considered her a disloyal ally, and allowed her to be sacrificed for the advantage of Sardinia, who, without, perhaps, being more loyal, had, at least, been more prudent. She protested and remonstrated; but, though she could effect a delay of six

months, she could not effect any modification of the preliminaries—not even as to the guarantee of Silesia—and the definitive treaty was signed on October 18. The full text is conveniently given by the Duke de Broglie in an appendix.

To Englishmen one of the most interesting clauses in it is that relating to the Stuarts who by this, as by the treaty of the Quadruple Alliance directly referred to, were forbidden to reside in France. It is familiarly known that Prince Charles Edward, living at the time in Paris, refused to quit it, refused alike the official orders and the friendly warnings, till he was finally arrested at the door of the Opera, disarmed, bound, put into a coach, and conveyed to Vincennes; whence, when quiet and solitude restored him to something like reason, he was conveyed to Avignon. The account which the Duke de Broglie now gives, with many interesting details, corrects that commonly accepted from the prince's own relation, in some points not altogether without value: the statement, for instance, that at Vincennes he 'was thrust into a dungeon seven feet wide and eight long,' is modified to one that 'un appartement très convenable lui était réservé.' Even so corrected, however, the story is a sad one; a sad termination to the brilliant episode of 1745-6; a sad augury of the miserable future.

But of greater historical interest than even these cruel details is the admirable summary of the position of Europe and of the reversion of alliances in 1756, already foreshadowed in the negotiations of 1745 and 1748. It is not true, the Duke de Broglie again asserts, that this reversion was effected by the caprice of the king's mistress, or by the king's superstitious devotion, anxious to make amends for the immorality of his daily life by giving assistance to a Catholic power. It was effected by the inexorable march of events; and the fault lay, not in accepting it, but in not accepting it many years earlier. Four years ago the Duke de Broglie expressed the opinion that it would have been well for France had she accepted the change when offered by Austria in 1745. This opinion he now repeats in measured terms, which worthily conclude this most interesting series of histories.

ART. XI.—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.* August 1892.

'THE future Government,' declared Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons on August 9, whilst still leading the Opposition, 'must be judged upon its acts and words when it comes into existence, and cannot possibly be judged while it remains a nebulous hypothesis.' The 'nebulous hypothesis' has come to pass, and a wondering people is awaiting, not without anxiety, the 'acts and words' of Mr. Gladstone's third administration.

Six months ago, on the supposition that Mr. Gladstone would obtain a majority at the then impending General Election, we ventured to suggest for the consideration of our readers the not unimportant question of 'what he would do with it.' To that question the experience of the next few months is to give an answer. Mr. Gladstone, whilst in alliance with the Irish Home Rulers, at last finds himself supported by a majority of the House of Commons. He has already carried in that House a vote of no confidence in the Ministry of Lord Salisbury. He has formed his Cabinet. In February next he will meet Parliament prepared to lay before the country in detail that policy for the reconstruction of the British constitution which, till he had been voted into office, he was determined to keep concealed from the British people.

To the very last moment the policy of secrecy, based upon the double distrust of their own plans and of their own supporters, has been maintained by Mr. Gladstone and his friends. The recent conduct of Home Rule statesmen in the debate, which ended by placing them in office, would surely have moved to laughter all in whom the sense of the ridiculous is not dead were it not, alas! that there are issues at stake which make the advent to power of Mr. Gladstone no laughing matter for his country.

Never in our previous history has there been so singular a Parliamentary crisis! In the House of Lords Lord Kimberley, as leader of the Gladstonian Peers, declared himself in agreement with the speech from the throne. He abstained from all criticism of the policy or action of the Ministry and from any suggestion that a change of Government would benefit the people! So much for the Peers!

In the House of Commons Mr. Asquith was put up to move an amendment of no confidence to the Address—that is to say, an amendment which declared that the Government

ought to possess, but did not possess, the confidence of that House and of the country. Surely on such an occasion the representatives of the people would debate the policy of the Government they were invited to condemn, and would hear some announcement of policy from statesmen to whom they were asked to entrust the destinies of the State. But no! It did not suit the Home Rule party that politics should be discussed in the face of the enemy. They might wax eloquent on party platforms, but on those occasions their opponents were not present, and most of those who cheered their speeches might be trusted never to hear the other side. The Home Rule party would be false to its whole history of the last six years were its leaders to fall into argument with its Unionist opponents. It is not Mr. Asquith's fault that nature and training have made him a lawyer rather than a statesman; but surely on such an occasion even he might have remembered that the House of Commons is the arena upon which the great political differences between parties have to be fought out, and that it is impossible to narrow a Parliamentary discussion, on a vote of confidence, to the mere terms of an amendment in the way he would himself confine an argument *in banco* to the construction of a particular document or keep a jury to the single issue with which they have to deal. There is something positively refreshing in the *naïveté* of his contention. 'The amendment contained an expression of opinion and a statement of fact. The opinion that the Government of her Majesty ought to possess the confidence of the House and of the country, no one would, he imagined, be prepared to controvert. The amendment must, therefore, be opposed upon the statement of fact. *No other topic was relevant to the issue.*' Therefore, to discuss Home Rule in a debate which was intended to end in the placing in power of a Home Rule administration would be 'irrelevant;' to refer to the wrongs done or to mistakes made by the Government which it was intended to turn out would be 'irrelevant'—in short, to debate in any way the great issue between the Unionists and the Gladstonians, between the Government and the Opposition, in a debate the very object of which was to make the Government and Opposition change places, would be 'irrelevant.' This ingenious contention found favour with Mr. Gladstone, yet Mr. Asquith himself, in dire necessity, trespassed a little beyond the limits he had prescribed. In the eyes of this singular Liberal 'the 'Tory party' was much to blame, for it had actually abandoned its old Toryism and even 'compromised its traditions.'

'It had gone in for a mass of peddling and hysterical legislation' in order to gain the support of a wretched band of Liberal Unionists, gentlemen who had shown in their support of the Government 'a perverted fidelity which was rare in the annals of political apostasy.' 'More matter with less art,' next time, Mr. Asquith, and beware of being led by an 'expression of opinion' into making what is the very reverse of a 'statement of fact'!

It seems hardly credible that no Liberal statesman, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone himself, should have spoken in support of the no-confidence amendment. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Henry James, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Jesse Collings, Mr. T. W. Russell, and many other able men of varied eminence and of many shades of opinion, put forward their views. Irish members pressed for an answer to questions which they had a right to ask. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Fowler, and the whole front bench of the Opposition remained silent. Seldom have men been more severely scourged in debate than were those luckless lieutenants of Mr. Gladstone during the hour that they sat listening to the withering scorn and unanswerable reasoning of Mr. Chamberlain. To questions, as to arguments, they were deaf—

'Not theirs to make reply,
Not theirs to reason why.'

Their business was to vote out of office the Government, and to vote into office themselves; and the less reasoning and discussing of the why and the wherefore the better for them! Oh! gallant three hundred!

The debate was a one-sided one, as the Opposition refrained persistently from attempting to make out any case either for the condemnation of the late Ministry or for their own claim to the confidence of the public. This was the very characteristic closing scene of the strange drama of the last six years. The debate of last August was but the finishing touch, so to speak, to that discreditable and deliberate policy of mystery and concealment which Mr. Gladstone has pursued since the country rejected his famous Home Rule Bill in 1886. The game of silence was a difficult one to play, but Mr. Gladstone has played it with complete success. He has brought himself into office, and his party for the moment into line, but it is by force only of having excluded from that party, or suppressed within it, every appearance of political individuality, every sense of personal

responsibility at a time when the country has great need of both in its public men.

The curtain will shortly lift for the last act of the Home Rule play. Home Rule has many supporters in the Cabinet, in Parliament, in the country, who will remain Home Rulers without flinching so long as the Home Rule Bill itself remains but a blank sheet of paper. Some of Mr. Gladstone's followers ardently desire that for yet a little longer it should so remain. They rest happy in possession of the information vouchsafed to them before the General Election by Sir William Harcourt that their policy is 'justice to Ireland in the form of Home Rule.' They are at the present time more free than ever from doubts and difficulties, for has not Mr. Gladstone himself in the late debate just assured them that 'his Home Rule principles are 'limited on the one hand by the full and effectual maintenance of the imperial supremacy which pervades the whole of the Empire, and on the other hand by an equally full and effectual transfer to Ireland of the management of her local concerns'? These sanguine dreamers will have a rough awakening. The Cabinet will meet a few weeks hence with the aforesaid sheet of paper before them. For a few weeks more it will still be possible to shroud their meetings in all the mystery of those dark *séances* so dear to the spiritualistic medium. Light, however, must be admitted at last, and then the British public will judge by the result whether the men they have put in power and the methods these men have pursued have been the right men and the right methods to bring about changes in our constitution of a more fundamental and far-reaching character than the last two centuries of British history have witnessed.

We wish to consider the immediate political future of the country; both the work that Mr. Gladstone has undertaken to do, and the qualifications of those who are to do it. It is only by appreciating clearly the nature of the work that we can estimate beforehand the qualifications of the workmen. Again, we do not ask our readers to contemplate individual Ministers merely as the chiefs of the departments to which they have been appointed. It may be that Sir William Harcourt is a heaven-born Chancellor of the Exchequer, that in the natural fitness of things Mr. Arnold Morley is the right man to direct the Post Office, Mr. Bryce to perform the mysterious functions of the Chancellor of the Duchy, and Mr. Herbert Gardner to superintend the interests of British agriculture. True, the British public does

not know this, but then how can it? It is the collective wisdom of the Cabinet, their collective character, their collective capacity to govern the country, which is all-important at the present time. How much weight should be attached to the wisdom, political character, and capacity, of the most prominent amongst the present advisers of the Queen, the British public has had before it ample material for judging. It is two years and more since Sir George Trevelyan loudly rejoiced that after a quarter of a century of Parliamentary life he was 'now sitting in the front of a party which was 'truly Liberal.' The expression was admirably chosen. No one who remembers the late House of Commons could suppose that Sir George Trevelyan was one of the leaders of the Liberal party, but he and his present colleagues indubitably 'sat in front of' those who sat behind them. Of the members then sitting on the Speaker's left hand, there were, however, more than 150 who did not profess allegiance to the Gladstonian Front Bench at all, and of the remainder there was a large number who most assuredly were in the habit of looking for guidance elsewhere. The Opposition was one of groups, and the only group which could be said with any truth to be really led by the Front Bench was not a very large one. Without the Irish Separatists, and without the followers of Mr. Labouchere, the Opposition during the whole of the late Parliament was, in point of numbers, contemptible. And, let it be observed, no one knew this better than the Front Bench itself. Yet it is from the official section alone of the late Opposition that Cabinet Ministers have been chosen.

The first duty of the Government is to maintain the law and to preserve the peace in every part of the United Kingdom. They must provide, out of the taxes which they impose, for the necessary requirements of the public service. They have to protect the dignity and the interests of Great Britain against any slight or injury they may receive from the other nations of the world. These duties claim their attention as a Government, even before those which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have taken upon themselves with regard to future legislation.

Now it happens that it is the performance of these elementary duties of government which has been the main subject of censure by the late Opposition. To denounce the policy of passing the Crimes Act was one thing; to denounce the conduct and character of every judge, magistrate, policeman, or other official engaged in carrying out the law which

Parliament had passed was another thing. Up to recent years the latter method of attacking the Government of the day was left to men of the stamp of Mr. Healy and Mr. O'Brien. Unfortunately Gladstonian leaders humbled themselves before the followers of Mr. Parnell. Having accepted a Parnellite policy they did not abstain, as they ought to have done, from aiding and abetting Parnellite methods of political warfare. Their action was dictated by the supposed interest of the political party which is now in power; and consequently a doubt has arisen in the public mind, a doubt which hitherto, thank Heaven! has never in all our political controversy seriously troubled the British people.

Can the present Government be trusted to enforce the law? Irish methods have been imitated occasionally, even in English matters, and a reckless Opposition has endeavoured to make party capital out of matters which have hitherto been entirely outside the limits of party. Even the exercise by the Home Secretary of the Royal Prerogative of Mercy after a conviction for murder, has been treated by English politicians as a fit subject out of which to manufacture party capital. Will not similar incidents again occur? Is no Irish head ever again to be broken by the staff of an Irish policeman? Is no Irishman ever again to be evicted for non-payment of rent? Is it intended that in murder convictions the law should never again take its course? Is it certain that there will be no more rioting in Trafalgar Square, or at Eastbourne? Will no policeman in the future misconstrue the intentions with which a young woman may be parading Regent Street? If accidents of this kind should recur, and the House of Commons be invited on a motion for its adjournment, in the manner approved by the 'Liberal leaders,' practically to condemn the Government, on whom will unhappy Cabinet Ministers rely for their majority? Can they trust the fidelity of the Irish Party in a question affecting the broken heads of their countrymen; or the group in which Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Stuart are eminent, in the case of a riot in Trafalgar Square? Should there be a second Miss Cass, could Mr. Asquith rely on the party fidelity of Mr. Atherley Jones? These difficulties arise out of the daily work of administration, and it is in such matters, as well as in matters of State policy, that the Government will feel the entire absence of solidarity amongst those whom it accounts its supporters. In Opposition it is very possible for groups occasionally to combine together, which are yet totally incapable of that

hearty and steadfast alliance necessary to maintain the authority of a Government.

Again, how will the Government, with the present House of Commons, get through its ordinary business of Supply? It is quite certain that next year's estimates will contain a very large number of items against which the majority of the supporters of the Government have voted, and against which many members of the Ministry and its principal allies have spoken again and again. Will Mr. Gladstone in such cases be able to rely on the party fidelity of the Radical group? With regard to foreign politics, if an amendment should be moved to the Address from the Government side of the House in favour of the immediate evacuation of Egypt, on whom will Mr. Gladstone rely to defeat it? To all appearances the new Government, with its boasted majority of forty, will not be able to carry on even the routine work of an administration without seeking the assistance of its Unionist opponents to vote down its own Home Rule supporters!

Mr. Gladstone, in framing his Cabinet, has acted upon the supposition (which is opposed to the facts of the time) that he leads 'a party' numbering a majority of the House of Commons. We must repeat, it is not as a party, but only as a combination of groups, that Home Rulers possess a majority at all. And a very small experience of office will convince Mr. Gladstone that this is the case. Though his administration has not yet met Parliament, he has probably in its very formation found out how much more difficult it is now than formerly to make appointments generally acceptable to 'those who sit behind him.' It was never easy to satisfy personal claims, and in the selection of a Ministry it is always impossible to avoid giving offence to individuals who consider themselves passed over. But with a majority composed of groups the offence given is more than a personal one—it is a slight inflicted upon the group, which the group is almost bound in self-respect to take note of. The Welsh party has its own organisation and its own Whips. The organisation exists for the purpose of securing 'justice to 'Wales.' The followers of Mr. Labouchere are in the same position. They are banded together to secure the influence of the extreme Radicals. Their separate organisation avowedly exists in order to guard their influence from the overweening weight of half-hearted Whigs. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, where in former days he would have

offended individual self-esteem, now wounds the sensibilities—the radical or the patriotic sensibilities—of a party.

All who are interested in the working of our parliamentary system will watch closely the first experiment of an administration based upon the support of distinctly organised political groups—*an* experiment from which it must be admitted Continental experience does not lead us to expect great results. The late Government, it is true, not only existed for six years, but accomplished splendid work, though it was unable to command a majority unless supported by the separately organised force of Liberal Unionists. That state of things was, however, most peculiar, and certainly affords no basis for thinking that in a normal condition of affairs an alliance between groups will work as well as a homogeneous party. The Liberal Unionist party followed a leader who had given a grand example of disinterestedness to his followers. The party believed thoroughly, even vehemently, in the principles which they and their former associates had always professed. They were willing to make sacrifices for these principles, and the course of six years has proved that there were few subjects upon which they and the Conservative party could not, without any yielding of principle, make common cause. Liberal Unionists did not expect office, and were not offended at not getting it. Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Justin McCarthy and their respective followers can hardly play the same part towards Mr. Gladstone's Ministry that was enacted with results so beneficial to the country by Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain.

There is, therefore, much reason to doubt the competence of the new Ministry efficiently to carry on for any length of time the ordinary work of government. It is hardly possible that it should for many sessions enjoy the hearty support of a majority of the House of Commons. And if this is the position of the Government with regard to ordinary administration, what prospect has it of being able to carry through the sweeping legislative changes for which it is an article of Gladstonian faith to believe that the nation is ardently praying? As the late Opposition could find little to condemn in the administration of the financial or foreign relations of the country, and as regards home legislation could only complain with Mr. Asquith that the Government had outgrown 'old Toryism,' they were of necessity compelled to lay before the country the promise of a brilliant future. Let us inquire then into the ability of the Government to

perform that work which it has been pre-eminently called into existence to do—i.e. into the competence of the Home Rule Government to carry a safe, satisfactory, and beneficial measure of Home Rule for Ireland, and, secondly, into its ability to give legislative effect to the principal political changes embraced in the Newcastle programme.

It must be remembered, with regard to establishing a new constitution for Great Britain and Ireland, that the Cabinet which is shortly to undertake the task is, for the most part, a Cabinet of Failure. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley, Lord Spencer and Lord Herschel, Mr. Mundella and Lord Ripon have, in the business of constitution-making, made the grandest *fiasco* of modern times. Witness the Separation Bill of 1886. With these statesmen are now associated Mr. Arnold Morley, Mr. Arthur Acland, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. Bryce, Sir George Trevelyan, and Mr. Henry Fowler, seven gentlemen who, no doubt, jointly and severally, enjoy the respect of a British public, which never in its wildest dreams imagined it would have to seek at their hands a new constitution.

The establishment of Home Rule *does* involve the making of a new constitution. It *does* affect the most fundamental principles of our constitutional and parliamentary system. Its adoption does not concern Ireland alone. It affects the composition of the Parliament at Westminster in its relation not only to Ireland, but also to Great Britain. That Parliament is, in theory, the absolute sovereign over all countries where the British flag flies; it is, in fact as well as in theory, the absolute sovereign of the British Islands. It dictates the policy of the Empire towards other nations, and, in order to give effect to its policy, it chooses the Executive that is to carry out its will.

Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure of 1886, which bore the strange title of 'A Bill to amend the Provision for the 'future Government of Ireland,' abolished the Parliament of the United Kingdom altogether, and substituted for it a British Parliament which neither in theory nor in fact would have been a sovereign legislature, as regards one of the British Islands.* The exclusion of the Irish members

* The effect of clauses 37 and 39 of the Home Rule Bill of 1886 was to make the Home Rule Act unalterable by future British Parliaments. Provision was made for the summoning of an Imperial Parliament

from Westminster would have greatly affected—we do not now inquire whether beneficially or otherwise—the British legislation of future Parliaments, the political complexion of the future Governments of Great Britain and of the Empire. Yet the Bill struck its authors apparently as a mere attempt to improve the government of Ireland. Curiously enough, the Home Rule Prime Minister, whilst regarding his proposal in this light, did not six years ago take into his counsels a single Irishman! It is still more strange that next year the attempt to improve the government of Ireland is to be repeated without the assistance which surely Irishmen could best give. Why should Mr. Arnold Morley and Mr. Acland, for example, be better able to frame a Home Rule Bill to satisfy Irish aspirations than the so-called leaders of the Irish people? Some public interest has been stirred up by Mr. Labouchere as to why he (Mr. Labouchere) is not a member of the Cabinet. Surely the question which with reasonable minds is much more in need of an answer, is, why are not Mr. Dillou and Mr. Healy, or whoever may be considered best able to speak for the Irish Home Rule party, members of the Home Rule Cabinet? The position is certainly a curious one. A purely English Cabinet is formed for the express purpose of producing and passing a measure, the great object of which, the Cabinet tells us, is to satisfy Irish aspirations. The reason cannot be that the English Cabinet suspects the aims and objects of Irish Home Rulers; for where in that case would be the union of hearts? If the better government of Scotland were the question, and a Cabinet were installed in office for the express purpose of preparing and passing a measure satisfactory to the Scottish people, what would be thought if the Cabinet did not contain a single Scotchman or Scotch member, and if an Englishman, and an English member, who, perhaps, had not spent six weeks in Scotland in the course of his life, were made Scottish Secretary for the express purpose of carrying through the Bill? Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, we may presume, would be willing frankly to co-operate in the Cabinet with their leading Irish sup-

pecially constituted *ad hoc*, which alone was to be capable of amending the Home Rule Act. It would be interesting to know whether it was intended that the Imperial Parliament, when it assembled, should supersede the ordinary British Parliament as regards its general functions, such, for instance, as the practical choosing of the Executive Government at Westminster.

porters. The objection, therefore, to working together must come from the latter. The reason is, probably, that no Irish Home Rule member of Parliament could take office without acknowledging the authority of the Government and the Parliament of the United Kingdom to define the limits of Irish nationality. Irish Nationalists have not waived their claim to separate and independent national existence as a matter of right. They will take, therefore, what Great Britain will give them in that direction as an instalment of their rights. They will not be responsible for putting forward a measure of a limited character, as one that ought to satisfy the Irish people. But does not this look a little as if the union of hearts between Gladstonian and Irish Home Rulers was for practical purposes very much like the Irishman's reciprocity—all on one side?

Surely it is high time that Ministers should make clear to the British people the true nature of an undertaking as to which it is evident that two very different views are held. Is a system to be established which owes its moral force, as well as its legal validity, to its being the work of the Parliament of the United Kingdom legislating for Ireland with authority equal to that which it possesses over England and Scotland?—with power to revise, nay, with power, if it chooses, to undo the work that it has done? Or are Great Britain and Ireland about to enter into an informal treaty as between the two 'nations'? That the latter view is held in Ireland may reasonably be inferred from the conduct of Irish Home Rule leaders. Whilst then a British Government binds Great Britain to the terms of the bargain, there is no authority similarly engaging the good faith of the Irish people to the observance of the treaty. In short, whilst Great Britain would be debarred from revising the arrangement without the consent of the other party, the Irish nation, in the very year after its enactment, might insist on its right to further concessions. Mr. Parnell gave fair warning when he said that he could not 'fix any limits to the aspirations of the Irish people.' From the Separatist point of view, the 'leaders of the Irish people' are entirely justified in not making themselves in any way responsible for a measure which it will suit them to regard, after it is passed, as a necessary instalment of their just rights, and not a settlement in full of their 'national claims.'

Now we want our readers to consider with fair minds the work which the Cabinet is about to undertake; to look for once the Home Rule problem 'fairly and squarely' in the

face. It would, of course, be perfectly easy to prove by quotations from their speeches that almost every Cabinet Minister of whom the country knows anything was up to 1886 a convinced Unionist. It would not be difficult to prove in a similar fashion, by quotations from speeches made long since that year, that the claims of Lord Rosebery, Sir George Trevelyan, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Fowler, to be reckoned Home Rulers in the Irish sense are extremely questionable. We will say nothing of the past. We will consider only what work it is that the seventeen gentlemen who next month will be sitting round the table in Downing Street have to do. They will not, we trust, ask Parliament to support any scheme which they do not themselves believe to be a just scheme, and a final settlement of the difficulties arising from Irish discontent and disaffection.

The Home Rule Bill is to be just, to be workable, to be final, or otherwise the Home Rule Cabinet must itself admit that it is the duty of the House of Commons to reject it.

They undertake to establish an Irish Parliament based upon household suffrage; and to do this in order to satisfy the sentiment of Irish nationality. The Irish Parliament is to have the choice and control of the Irish 'National' Executive; it is to have the right of taxation and of legislation. Indeed, the Irish assembly would not fulfil the modern English conception of a Parliament at all, unless it possessed full power over its Executive, in addition to the right of taxation and legislation. No establishment of a national debating society, no establishment of a glorified town council in Dublin, will meet the case. It is true that some English Home Rule candidates have treated the subject as if the establishment of a representative assembly in Dublin to deal with private-bill legislation was all that is required. Trifling such as this deserves no serious consideration. The Home Rule demand is for a *Parliament which is to govern Ireland*.

What then will be the constitution of this Parliament, what will be its functions, what will be its power? Mr. Gladstone proposed in 1886 * to constitute the Irish Parliament of a single Chamber composed of 'two orders,' which, though deliberating together, were 'in any question relating to legislation' to vote separately. The first order was to consist of twenty-eight peers and seventy-five other members, each possessing a property qualification of 200*l.* a year, elected for

* See clauses 9 and 10, Home Rule Bill, 1886.

ten years by 25l. householders. Since then, however, the Gladstonian party, led by Mr. Labouchere, has declared by its vote in the House of Commons that 'it is desirable to 'put an end' to the hereditary principle in the constitution of the House of Lords; and it has formally accepted in the Newcastle programme the principle of 'one man one vote.' It is therefore extremely improbable that any provisions similar to those of the Bill of 1886, detracting so seriously from the frank acceptance of democratic principles, will find their way into the new Bill. It is equally improbable that any effort will be made by means of minority representation or otherwise to make the new Parliament truly representative of the various sections of the Irish people. It is in 'the masses' only, undiluted with 'class' prejudice, that the followers of Mr. Gladstone now put their trust. We can, therefore, hardly be mistaken in anticipating that the Irish Parliament will consist of a single Chamber of representatives elected on the existing franchise.

Whilst, as regards the constitution of the Irish Parliament, it is therefore probable that the Bill of 1893 will differ widely from the Bill of 1886, it is no less probable that there will be found in the new Bill great changes as regards the functions and scope of authority with which that Parliament is to be entrusted. Mr. Gladstone's scheme offered to every landlord in Ireland, who was willing to sell, a sum equal to twenty times the net annual rental of his estate. It provided that existing judges of the Supreme Court and the County Court judges should be removable only by address of both Houses of the Imperial Parliament (meaning the British Parliament at Westminster). It provided that for two years the Dublin Metropolitan Police should be subject to the Lord Lieutenant, and that any future changes that might subsequently be made 'should 'provide for the proper saving of all then existing interests 'as regards pay, pensions, superannuation allowances or 'otherwise,' and it provided 'that the Royal Irish Constabulary should, whilst that force subsisted, remain subject to 'the control of the Lord Lieutenant as representing her 'Majesty.' Since 1886 the Gladstonian party has declared against the policy of granting State assistance to the purchasing out of landlords. Indeed, members of the present Cabinet have denounced landlords who have sold under the Purchase Acts as plunderers of the public treasury, as having made off 'with the swag.' Again and again since 1886 have English Home Rulers declared their readiness to hand

over to the Irish Government and Parliament full control of the Irish judiciary and police; whilst Irish members have not been slow to indicate their intention to employ their anticipated power in punishing those who have fearlessly maintained the law as it now exists. We have, therefore, great difficulty in believing that Mr. Gladstone's new measure will protect the interests of Irish landlords, will limit the power of the Irish Parliament over Irish land, or will control its authority over judiciary, constabulary, or police.

We have, indeed, never been able to understand upon what principle, if the Irish people are to be treated politically as a nation, it is proposed to limit their privileges. It is certain, however, that some of the limitations of national rights contained in the Bill of 1886 will be again found in the Bill of 1893.

The Irish Parliament will, we assume, be forbidden to make laws 'relating to the army, navy, militia, volunteers, or 'other military or naval forces, or the defence of the realm,' or 'respecting the establishment or endowment of religion,' or 'relating to customs or duties of excise'*—privileges, we need not say, which not only seem inseparable from 'nationhood,' but which are enjoyed without let or hindrance by every self-governing colony of the British Empire. The haziness of vision, however, which affects English Home Rulers on the subject of 'nationality' is as nothing compared to the density of fog in which are enveloped their ideas of 'empire.' We gather that they are determined to impose specific limitations on the power of the Irish Parliament. How is the Irish Parliament to be restrained from stepping beyond the limitations? English Home Rulers, however, by no means intend to confine themselves to exercising restriction of this kind, for the great majority of them assert, unless we are much mistaken, that even within the list of matters specially assigned to the Irish Parliament, the latter authority should be entirely subordinate to the Parliament at Westminster. This is a very important point, and it is as well, therefore, to be precise. Sir William Harcourt has declared that 'the principle for which the Liberal party had contended was 'the right of the Irish people to manage their own affairs, 'subject—always subject—to the control of the Imperial Parliament.' The present Home Secretary, 'after much reflection,' stated three years ago, in a very carefully written

* Home Rule Bill, 1886, clause 3.

letter to his constituents, the general lines 'upon which the constitutional questions raised by the Home Rule controversy must ultimately be settled.' Upon one point he is very precise and absolutely determined, viz., to retain 'an Imperial Parliament whose unquestioned and unquestionable sovereignty over all persons, and in all matters, local or imperial, will remain intact and unimpaired.' Mr. Gladstone himself declared at Nottingham in 1887 that 'in a system of Home Rule for Ireland the Crown would appoint the Lord Lieutenant, and that the appointment of the Lord Lieutenant, who must be the head of the Irish Executive, would effectually reserve to the British Crown, and through the British Crown to the British Ministers, and through the British Ministers to the British Parliament, the power of interfering.'

Now there are three different ways in which the call for 'interference' from Westminster may come about.

1. The Irish Parliament may desire to legislate upon a matter excluded from its jurisdiction and specifically retained under the control of the Imperial Parliament.

2. It may wish to legislate on those local affairs which have been specially assigned to it, in a manner considered unjust and unwise by the Imperial Parliament.

3. The Irish Executive, with the approval of the Irish Parliament, may take some action and persevere in some line of conduct condemned by the British Ministers and the Imperial Parliament.

How in each of these three cases is effect to be given to the 'Imperial' cravings of English Home Rulers?

Let us suppose that the Irish Parliament by a great majority wished to establish and arm a National Irish Volunteer Force, that the Irish Government entirely agreed with the Irish Parliament, and that the Irish Parliament had at its back the majority of the Irish people. There is nothing monstrous or improbable in such a supposition. If the Lord Lieutenant refused his assent to such a Bill, he would not be acting towards Ireland the part either of a constitutional Sovereign or Minister; and the head of the Executive in Ireland would find himself retained in power by English influence in direct opposition to the will of the Irish Parliament and people. The shallowness of the pretence that Ireland had been granted constitutional parliamentary government would be exposed once for all, by the determination of British Ministers to disregard the most fundamental maxim of national parliamentary government.

The real question evidently amounts to this. Is the Lord Lieutenant, who is the creature of the British Ministry and Parliament, or the Irish Minister, who is the chosen leader of the Irish nation according to Parliamentary forms and the voice of the Irish people, to be the actual head of the Irish Executive? If the grant to Ireland is of national privileges, or even of colonial privileges, what possible claim can be set up to retain at Westminster control of the Irish Executive? What possibility is there, as a matter of fact, of exercising control over an Executive in a country endowed with democratic institutions?—over an Executive enthusiastically supported by a democratic Parliament?

In such a case as we have supposed, even the assent of the Lord Lieutenant on the advice of the British Ministry would not give validity to the action of the Irish legislature. The act of the local legislature would be in direct conflict with the act of the Imperial Parliament to which it owed its own existence. It would be *ultra vires*. Very possibly the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council or some other Imperial Court of Law might so declare it. Yes! but for practical purposes the question would be what will the Irish judges say? Will Irish judges, themselves the servants of the Irish Parliament, venture to limit the authority of their master? Would not the Irish police force take its orders entirely from the Irish Parliamentary Government; from the men trusted by the Irish people? Truly, the belief of men who have denounced a 'paper union' in the strength of a constitution which would be paper and nothing else, is astounding! These men are willing, it seems, to give to a democratic Irish Parliament the power of making laws, to Irish judges the power of interpreting these laws, to an Irish executive and police the power of enforcing these laws; and then they tell us that, because it is so written in an English statute, everything in Ireland is to be subject—always subject—to that Imperial supremacy which is to find its outward expression in the performance of Court functions by Lord Houghton.

The second case we have supposed is where 'interference,' to use Mr. Gladstone's expression, is called for to override the action of the Irish Parliament in a local matter within its own province. This is a necessity which, as we have seen, is contemplated by Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Asquith. It is presumed that our British Home Rulers, who account themselves Radicals and democrats, intend to invoke the Royal veto to overrule the wishes of the

Irish people. If the Irish Parliament is even in purely Irish matters to be a subordinate Parliament, in fact as in theory, its subordination is to be assured, so far as we can gather, either by the refurbishing of that antiquated instrument, the Royal veto, or by the direct action in Ireland of an 'alien' Government and Parliament. In either case, Ireland, having been in the first place endowed in the name of Irish nationality with national institutions, is in the second place to be absolutely subjected, in the name of Imperial supremacy, to the overruling authority of another nation.

Let us consider the third case, where the action of the Irish Executive, fully approved by the Irish Parliament, is disapproved by the Government at Westminster. Let us suppose that some Irish dynamiting friend of Mr. Ford evades the vigilance of the police in London, and escapes to Ireland, and that the Irish Government declines to order his arrest in Ireland and transmission to London for trial. How is the Government at Westminster to enforce its right to arrest the criminal? The whole police force of Ireland is to be under the control of the Irish, not of the English Home Secretary. Is it intended that there should be an Imperial police force in Ireland not subject to the Irish Government? Nothing of the sort is in contemplation. Of course, were a *bonâ-fide* attempt to be made to federalise the institutions of the United Kingdom, there would be spread throughout Ireland a great system of federal courts, federal tax-gatherers, federal police, of greater authority than the local courts and officials; but, again, nothing of the kind has been suggested by English Home Rulers. The mere mention of such a possibility shows that it would be inconsistent with the grant of Irish 'nationality.' If our readers will endeavour to think the matter out for themselves—to consider *how*, in any particular case, 'Imperial supremacy' is to be exercised in Ireland, after a National Executive and National Parliament have been established in Dublin, they will see that the only power which is reserved, not on paper, but in fact, to 'Imperial' authority, is the power of the sword. The British army and navy, in fact as well as in theory, will be under the command of the British Government, itself controlled only by the supreme Parliament at Westminster. We are all of us familiar with the use which occasion necessitates of the military power of the Crown. It is called in to aid the 'civil arm.' But how if it is called in to act against the 'civil arm,' against the Irish Home Secretary, against the Irish Parliament, against the Irish police? This would be

an exercise of military authority of which our constitutional precedents naturally fail to give any example. It would of course be the suppression of constitutionalism in Ireland, and the substitution of a rule of force by those accountable for its exercise only to an 'alien' nation.

It is strange that the democratic party in the State should not have learned the lesson which British experience at home and in the colonies might have taught them—viz. that the establishment of a democratic Parliament which is to control the Executive Government, means the establishment of local sovereignty. In these days, Parliaments in democratic countries are virtually absolute monarchs, and to attempt to restrain them by such an expedient as a Royal veto, is like trying to bind a giant with packthread. On the other hand, to set up an Irish Parliament in the name of Irish nationality, and then to make it subject to the British Parliament in the name of Imperial supremacy, is to establish within the United Kingdom two nations, for the purpose, or, at all events, with the inevitable result, of setting them both by the ears.

We have been considering the Irish Parliament and Government in their relation to the Parliament and Government at Westminster. How would the Irish Government stand with regard to Irishmen in Ireland? Would it be likely to govern Ireland wisely and justly? Would it have the power to do so?

'I believe' [wrote Mr. John Bright *] 'that the United Parliament can be and will be *more just* to all classes in Ireland than any parliament that can meet in Dublin under the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's Bill. . . . I am asked why I cannot trust the Irish leaders. I do trust them most entirely. I have seen their course for seven years past, and have heard and read their speeches. I believe in those speeches, and see in them only hatred to England and disloyalty to the Crown, and I am unwilling to entrust to their tender mercies any portion of the population now under the government of the Imperial Parliament.'

There can be no doubt as to the persons who would constitute the greater part of an Irish Government, the persons to whom an Irish democratic Chamber, based upon household suffrage, would give its confidence. Most of them have long been members of the House of Commons, where they have now been joined by their old associate, Mr. Davitt, formerly a member of the Fenian organisation. By the deliberate judgement of three impartial English judges, a judgement, more-

* May 31, 1886.

over, which was received by Irish Home Rulers with rapturous approval, these gentlemen were found to have 'established' and joined the Land League organisation, with the intention by its means to bring about *the absolute independence of Ireland as a separate nation.*' The judges found that they conspired 'by a system of coercion and intimidation to promote an agrarian agitation against the payment of agricultural rents, for the purpose of impoverishing and expelling from the country the Irish landlords who were styled 'the English garrison;' that they disseminated 'the *Irish World* and other newspapers tending to incite to sedition and the commission of other crime;' that though some of them, including Mr. Davitt, did express *bonâ-fide* disapproval of crime and outrage, they 'did not denounce the system of intimidation which led to crime and outrage, *but persisted in it with knowledge of its effect.*' That 'they invited the assistance and co-operation of, and accepted subscriptions of money from, Patrick Ford, a known advocate of crime and the use of dynamite.' In short, according to the three judges, the great end and object of the Irish leaders was the entire separation and absolute independence of the Irish nation; the means employed were conspiracy, lawlessness, crime, and outrage.

There are in Ireland hundreds of thousands of Irishmen as proud of their British citizenship as are Englishmen or Scotchmen. As good subjects, these men hate and detest the treasonable objects of Irish Nationalists; and, as honest men, they loathe the means to which that party has had recourse.

The law-breakers, the enemies of the United Kingdom, the recipients of the pay of Patrick Ford, are to form the Government of Ireland! Is it strange that loyal men in and out of Ulster should declare their determination at all cost to continue to share the privileges of British citizenship, which Englishmen and Scotchmen enjoy? Will it be strange if they refuse to recognise the authority over them of men whom Englishmen and Scotchmen would scorn to obey?

Whether strange or not, the problem of how to govern Ulster will at once present itself to the Nationalist Government. What force will it have at its back competent to deal with a great emergency? In Great Britain the army is, in fact, under the same authority which wields the civil power of the State. In Ireland the Nationalist Government will not lawfully have at its disposal a single soldier; and in the

matter of police Ulster may well prove itself stronger to resist, than the Dublin Government to put down resistance. Whether a British army is to be sent to Ulster will be a question beyond the control of the Irish Cabinet and Parliament, as also the question on which side it is to act. These things will depend upon the ~~law~~ taken of the subject by the people of Great Britain. The best that the Nationalist Government can hope for is that their authority will be supported by British bayonets! Truly an Irish solution of the problem of giving to Ireland the management of Irish affairs!

The policy of Home Rule, therefore, means the setting up a Government in Ireland virtually independent of control by the Government and Parliament at Westminster. It means the setting up of a Government which will be composed of men hostile to the national unity of the British Islands, of men whose political objects and political methods have been proved to be utterly inconsistent with good citizenship. It means the establishment of a Government in Ireland which will be without power to rule in the most thriving province of that island, where popular determination has been shown in overwhelming strength never to submit to Dublin dictation. It means, as is fully recognised in Ulster, and by nine out of every ten men throughout Ireland who have anything to lose, something approaching to anarchy—until the only power impartial enough and strong enough to rule justly and firmly a country torn by political and religious faction is restored, that power which rules England and Scotland, the power residing in the whole people of the United Kingdom.

Something must be said as to the means by which the country is to be induced to give effect to this strange policy. It seems that there are Home Rulers in the country who believe that Mr. Gladstone's tactics of secrecy can be continued indefinitely. He has obtained a Home Rule majority by deliberately concealing from the country the principles of his Home Rule policy. He has carried a vote of no confidence against Lord Salisbury, and has installed in office a Home Rule Ministry, after debates in which he found it absolutely necessary, in order to secure a victory in the lobby, to impose strict silence on his followers. All that he need now do is to present *any* Home Rule Bill to Parliament! Parliament is at once to register his decrees! According to Mr. Frederic Harrison,* for instance, Home

* 'Fortnightly Review' for September 1892.

Rule is a revolutionary measure. It would, therefore, apparently be a waste of time to discuss it. It must be carried by revolutionary methods, and he kindly points out to us 'how to drive Home Rule home.' Well, we agree that Home Rule means a revolution in the system of government of the United Kingdom, and is likely to produce in Ireland such an upturn of the existing condition of society as to merit the term 'revolution.' The people of the United Kingdom do not, however, wish to have a revolution either in Ireland or in Great Britain. There is nothing which English Gladstonians resent more than being described as 'repealers,' yet O'Connell's repeal was mildness itself as compared with Parnell's Home Rule. It is because the British people have been deceived into thinking that Home Rule means no more than some slight extension of local government, that they have given Mr. Gladstone so large a following in the House of Commons. Mr. Frederic Harrison has yet to learn that in quiet times there is nothing so supremely ridiculous as to propose a revolutionary measure and to try to carry it by revolutionary means. In England at the present time, to nine men out of ten, the mere fact that a Bill is revolutionary appears to make it *more* desirable, not *less* desirable, that every part of it should be thoroughly discussed. Englishmen do not see what there is in the state of the nation at the present time to prevent them from following their old habit of weighing, sifting, discussing, with the utmost care, far-reaching proposals affecting their own constitution. Hysterical screaming appears to them to be out of place. What is needed, and what Englishmen most assuredly intend to have, is a full and thorough discussion of the Home Rule plan. It is enough, apparently, for Mr. Harrison to know that the Bill is revolutionary. He professes to know nothing else about it. For that reason alone Mr. Gladstone's followers are to vote for it 'solid.' Mr. Harrison's language is, perhaps, as is natural, fiercer against the House of Lords than against the House of Commons, but he is quite as much opposed to the free action of the latter as of the former. The Bill is at present, no doubt, a blank sheet of paper; why should it not remain so till it has passed *both* Houses? Let Parliament pass a Bill declaring that the Irish are to manage their own affairs, and giving to Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet power to make rules to carry out their precious 'principle.' Parliament would escape the Committee stage altogether. Home Rule statesmen

would declare their absolute confidence in Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Asquith would hold that to touch on any other question would be 'irrelevant,' and the thing would be done! It is all so easy!

What does Mr. Harrison want? These are his words:—

'Ireland must have self-government as complete as Canada or Victoria—subject only to any Act of the Imperial Parliament to check or redress mischief. It will not do to burden the Bill with prolixities about a House of Peers, land purchase, Ulster, customs clauses, and the like. Protestants, Orangemen, landlords and their creatures, must make their own terms with the Irish people. They will have to do it some day, and they had better begin at once. Special protection for Ulster is sheer nonsense. Half Ulster is fiercely Nationalist, and the other half must shake down with the rest. Ireland is a nation. Ulster is not a nation; it is only a group of two or three counties with a population divided in religion and politics. For the descendants of the adventurers and buccaneers who confiscated the north corner of Ireland to call out for a separate constitution is impudent bluster. We shall soon have Birmingham and "the sphere of influence" of the Chamberlain tribe roaring for a separate constitution to protect them from the natural consequences of their own misdeeds. Birmingham and its province is quite as real an entity in England as Ulster is in Ireland. . . .'

We have complained that the utterances of Home Rulers about Home Rule are rare, and we have, therefore, thought it but fair to give a somewhat lengthy quotation from the full and recent deliverance of a distinguished Home Rule *littérateur*. He is to be congratulated on having packed into these dozen lines more nonsense, more bad taste, and more mischievous muddle-headedness than most men could have squeezed into a dozen pages. If this is the way in which London County Councillors treat political questions of deep importance, no wonder that in that admirable assembly the closure comes 'down on them like a knife ten times in an 'afternoon.' We begin at last to understand why it is that discussion appears to be such a useless form to the complacent gentlemen who are always telling the House of Commons to take *them* for an example! Debate necessarily ends when screaming begins. The men who have made Ulster the most flourishing part of Ireland are reviled as 'the 'descendants of buccaneers,' and told to 'shake down' with the rest of that province. The men of Birmingham, we trust, will survive the taunt that they, quite as much as the North of Ireland, deserve separate institutions, as their town and its province are even worse than Ulster. 'It is far 'more united and homogeneous, and even more unpopular

'with the rest of the nation, and Brummagem loyalists are 'quite as uproarious as Ulster loyalists.' With what 'nation' does Mr. Harrison mean to assert that Birmingham is unpopular? He must surely know that Birmingham is at the present time leading the majority of the English people. By virtue of their hard-headedness, their liberalism which is founded on principle, their power to see through claptrap, their honest contempt for the surrender of political conviction at the command of a dictator, the Liberals of the English Midlands have done their country a service which will live in the pages of history.

As a spokesman of his party let us take Mr. Harrison to pieces. 'Self-government as complete as Canada.' This means that the Irish 'nation' is to be independent in all but its foreign relations; even in its commercial relations with other countries as well as with Great Britain, it is to be free from Imperial control. It would be merely a useless 'prolixity' to discuss any question as to a second Chamber, as to land, as to religion, as to Ulster. Such questions can be best answered by being dismissed from consideration. 'Ireland is a nation.' Yet to our astonishment we find that the Irish nation is to be subject to *any* Act of the Parliament at Westminster which the latter assembly considers requisite to 'check or redress mischief.' Thus Ireland is to be at the same time an independent and a completely subject nation. Under Mr. Harrison's able treatment Home Rule assumes its true character. What was considered even by many Gladstonians a difficult political problem is now shown to be a conundrum incapable of solution! If there is to be Imperial control, is it not worth while for Home Rulers to ask when and how that control is to be exercised? Surely Imperial control, if it is to exist, must necessarily limit 'national' independence. Complete and absolute Imperial control must be incompatible with Irish political nationhood. Those who insist upon the first are necessarily driven into admitting that Ireland is but a part of a nation, a province, a state, a colony, if you will, but not in itself a 'nation' in any political sense at all.

The article we have been referring to is a capital example of the thoughtlessness with which the 'national' principle is invoked in the cause of Home Rule. The application of this principle is strictly limited to Ireland. It never crosses the mind, apparently, of many Home Rulers that if, in obedience to their teaching, we give up the national unity of the three kingdoms, we are face to face not only with an

Irish, but also with a British nation, or, perhaps, with an English and a Scotch nation also. Have not the English people a claim to be heard as to the terms of union between England and Ireland? Great Britain declares, England declares, in favour of national unity for the three kingdoms—for one Parliament and for one Executive Government throughout the British Islands. Should the House of Lords reject the Home Rule Bill, that Chamber will give expression to the wish of the majority of the British people in favour of the maintenance of the Union, as shown by their representatives in the House of Commons. The House of Lords will thus express a great deal more than the political opinions of 400 peers. London and Liverpool, Birmingham and Brighton, and many of our largest towns and counties, have spoken with a heartiness only less than that of Belfast itself. They are not likely to remain silent in the struggle that is coming. Addresses and petitions to the House of Lords will pour in from every part of Great Britain, imploring them to let the voice of the people be heard before the unity of the nation is destroyed. The 'bluster' of Mr. Harrison and others imposes on no one. The threat of the abolition of the House of Lords has no meaning, for who can wish for that Chamber continued existence, except for the sake of fulfilling the functions for which it exists?

The Home Rule Bill is still a very long way from the House of Lords. It has first to face the criticism of the British public. It has to be discussed in the House of Commons, where the silence of Home Rulers will no longer be possible, and where it is quite certain that many of Mr. Gladstone's own followers will view it with the deepest disapproval. For our part we do not believe that a Home Rule Bill can pass the present House of Commons; we feel certain that it cannot pass the present Parliament. A moderate measure—a Bill, that is, which does less than establish a National Parliament and Government, a 'gas and water' Bill, to use the cant phrase of the day—would amply satisfy the Home Rule desires of probably the majority of English Gladstonian members above the gangway. But Mr. Gladstone is certainly unable, and probably does not wish, to introduce a measure of that kind. In that sense the Bill cannot be a moderate Bill. It must grant the gist of Mr. Parnell's old demand for a separate National Parliament and Government. If this is granted, any accompanying moderation in its provisions is only make-believe; it

may make it easier for Gladstonian consciences to accept Home Rule, but in reality it will mean nothing, as Parnellites and anti-Parnellites are well aware. From the latter no serious opposition on the ground that the Bill is not 'thorough' will proceed. For them it is all important that a Home Rule Bill of almost any kind should pass quickly. The lack of funds does not allow that party to take any but short views of the future. Their leaders see before them the 'sweets of office,' and they will certainly not prove irreconcilably hostile to any sham checks and limitations of Irish independence which Mr. Gladstone will introduce into his Bill. Mr. Redmond's followers will not carry their hostility to these same checks so far as to cause the loss of the Bill itself. Our expectation that the Bill will not pass does not rest on anticipations of dissension between Irish Home Rulers, but on the belief in the strong common sense of the British public.

There is, it is true, but little independent spirit left amongst those who still adhere to Mr. Gladstone. It is hardly possible that there should be none. Public opinion weighs heavily with members of Parliament, notwithstanding the party pressure which the caucus can exert. Party feeling was strong in the Liberal Party in January 1886. Never were members of Parliament exposed to greater temptations to desert their principles than in the spring of that year. There was hardly anything that Mr. Gladstone's Whips were not ready to offer to get Liberals into the Aye lobby on the fateful 8th of June. Persuasion and pressure brought many to support Mr. Gladstone, but nevertheless nearly one hundred Liberals voted against him, and for the Union. There is little parallel, it is true, between the situation which will exist next year and that of six and a half years ago, and no one looks for a similar outburst of independence. We believe, nevertheless, that the conditions make it vain to expect from English Home Rulers a substantially unanimous support, and without such support the Bill will be doomed.

One consequence that will certainly follow the announcement by the Government of their Home Rule Bill, is the discrediting of the existing House of Commons for all purposes other than the passing of that Bill. After the Government have decided that some dozen representatives from Ireland (more or less) constitute a sufficient quota for Ireland to contribute to the Parliament at Westminster, they can hardly invite a House of Commons in which there

are 103 Irish members to legislate on such purely British matters as the payment of English representatives, the disestablishment of Scotch, or Welsh, or English churches, the abolition of the property qualification in England—in short, to carry out the policy of the Newcastle programme. The Government is the Government because it is supposed to have the confidence of the House of Commons as it now exists. If the Government is right in changing greatly the constitution of the House of Commons, it is to the new House, not to the one which its own action discredits, that it must at the earliest moment appeal for support. The Opposition will have an irresistible argument against the passing for Great Britain of measures against the majority of British representatives. The passing of the Bill, no less than its rejection, will, of course, necessitate immediate dissolution. But the mere presentment of the Bill to Parliament will indirectly operate most effectually to destroy its authority for purposes of British legislation.

The Government have probably hardly yet realised the strength of public feeling which will be evolved in Great Britain by the proposal to retain Irish members at Westminster, after a separate Parliament has been established in Dublin. Whether there are to be a dozen of them or only one does not affect the principle. It is in truth utterly preposterous and intolerable that the Irish should choose their Executive and make their laws independently of the British, but that the British are not to be allowed similar freedom from Irish interference. The proposal is absurd on the face of it. Yet to this absurdity Mr. Gladstone is driven. Irish members must either be excluded entirely from Westminster, or retained there entirely or partially. Six years ago Unionist statesmen pointed out to Mr. Gladstone the dilemma in which Home Rulers found themselves. At that time he was impaled upon the one horn of the dilemma; next spring he will be wriggling on the other. There is no way out of the difficulty. We must either maintain the Union, or we must 'federate' various portions of the kingdom or the Empire; and the latter alternative will remain no more than a dream till the various portions of the Empire, including the British nation, show themselves willing to become States of a great federation, to the supreme government of which each of them will be subordinate.

Lord Rosebery has suggested the creation of a Supreme Court, superior in authority to Parliament itself. Surely this is a proposal which, if made, will require the most

thorough investigation in Parliament. The question of the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland is also surely worthy of careful consideration. Whether the Irish Parliament is to have full power to legislate on the subject of Irish land, including authority to revise and repeal existing statutes, whether there should be a second chamber or a second 'order' in the Irish Parliament, whether separate treatment for Ulster is desirable, what are to be the precise relations between the Executive Governments at Westminster and Dublin—are all matters of difficulty which cannot be left unsettled. Many other questions of equal importance, which must inevitably arise, might be suggested. They will have to be answered in Parliament, and by Parliament. An airy dismissal of 'prolixities' will not suffice. To the House of Commons the country has a right to look for the practical consideration of questions of vital importance. The difficulties of Home Rule have hitherto been intentionally shirked by Home Rule statesmen. At last they have to be faced. For six years Mr. Gladstone has cried out for 'Home Rule,' without defining it. Now he has six months of undisturbed repose to put his policy into shape. Next spring Home Rule itself will be on its trial, and the Home Rule Ministry as well!

The country is to be congratulated that at last the period of mystery—of deliberate mystification—is almost at an end. Those who profess to lead one of the great parties of the nation will be forced, however much against the grain, to 'show their hands.' Independently of the merits of Mr. Gladstone's policy, the methods by which he and his colleagues have sought power deserve the severest condemnation. They have done much to lower the standard of political controversy in this country. They have cared only to win votes; they have abandoned the attempt to guide opinion; they have done their best to stifle discussion; they have treated politics as a mere party game, in which the tactics of wire-pullers are of much greater importance than the maintenance of political principle. They have their reward. Mr. Gladstone is in power. His colleagues are in office. There is hardly another name that is worth mentioning. Ministers have been appointed solely because they were deemed fit instruments to carry out his behests. Those who accepted the Bill of 1886 as a work of almost superhuman wisdom—of almost inspired statesmanship—will probably accept anything capable of being drafted. Of the new members of the Cabinet there is not one who has given

as yet the slightest evidence of the possession of individual strength of character. Amongst the old and the new ministers there are undoubtedly clever men. But in a Cabinet of Constitution-builders the people require something 'more than talent—namely, the power to make their 'talent trusted.'* They are doubtless fervid in their 'Gladstonianism,' and what else as politicians they have to boast is hidden from the outer world. As we have seen, there are Home Rulers who vaunt their indifference as to what Home Rule is to be, if only violent means are taken to pass it into law! As a party their great hope is that Home Rule may be lost sight of in the turmoil of a contest with the House of Lords. It is not with the House of Lords, but with the national spirit of the British people, that Home Rulers will ultimately have to deal.

Of the final issue of the great controversy of Home Rule *versus* The Union we have never had the slightest doubt. The policy of establishing separate 'national' governments within the British Islands is many centuries behind the age in which we live. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen can never again be treated for political purposes as different nations; and for the simple but sufficient reason that they are *not* separate nations. For local purposes every attention should be paid to local feeling. Nationally we are all one. There are probably more Irishmen in Glasgow than, with two or three exceptions, in any Irish town. There are probably more Welshmen in Liverpool than in any town in Wales. Common interests bind us together. Modern civilisation every day helps to level such barriers as still remain to keep us apart. The age of the locomotive and the electric wire, the age of the formation of the kingdom of Italy, of the consolidation of Germany, and of the vindication of the unity of the United States, is not an age in which a plurality of 'nations' can be built up in these little islands. The Home Rule flag was hoisted in England in consequence of the extreme necessity of party politicians in distress. The Home Rule policy was not adopted because statesmen, after serious deliberation, had come to the conclusion that it afforded a remedy for the real troubles of the State. Hence that policy has never had in it any 'staying power.' Before or after trial it must break down as unsuited to the conditions of the present age. That it should break down before trial

* Emerson, 'Essay on Character.'

rather than after it is the earnest wish of every true friend of the Irish people—of every man who desires above all things the peace and prosperity of Ireland. Again, to quote the American essayist, 'foolish legislation is a rope of sand ' which perishes in the twisting; the State must follow and ' not lead the character and progress of the citizen.' Will the House of Commons aid the Government in twisting this ' rope of sand ' ? We do not believe it.

A word in conclusion. For six years Liberals and Conservatives have found it possible to co-operate in opposing national disintegration, and in forwarding national progress. The result of this alliance has been seen in the exceptional success which from the beginning to the end attended Lord Salisbury's administration. Nothing can prevent the triumph of the Unionist party so long as Unionists remain firm in resisting Home Rule on principle. They have shown themselves ready to give Ireland practically the same amount of ' local government ' as is enjoyed in England and Scotland. With ' Home Rule ' no kind of compromise is possible. It rests on a principle which is inadmissible—the separate political nationality of the Irish people. Who is to be Sovereign within the borders of the United Kingdom ? The whole people of the United Kingdom in their Parliament assembled. This is our only answer. This is the first and the last word of every Unionist. No division between political parties for centuries past has gone deeper than that which divides the Unionists from Home Rulers. The battle has been joined, and must be fought out ; and we, at all events, have not the slightest doubt on which side victory will at last be found.

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